THE IDEAL HOME MUSIC LIBRARY

FAVORITE HOME SONGS

VOCAL

Mrs Paul B. Weir.

The Ideal Home Music Library

Compiled and Edited by Albert E. Wier

Volume X

Favorite Home Songs

Songs of Home
Patriotic Songs — Children's Songs
Songs of the South — College Songs
Songs of Other Nations

. . .

Vocal

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VOLUME X—FAVORITE HOME SONGS

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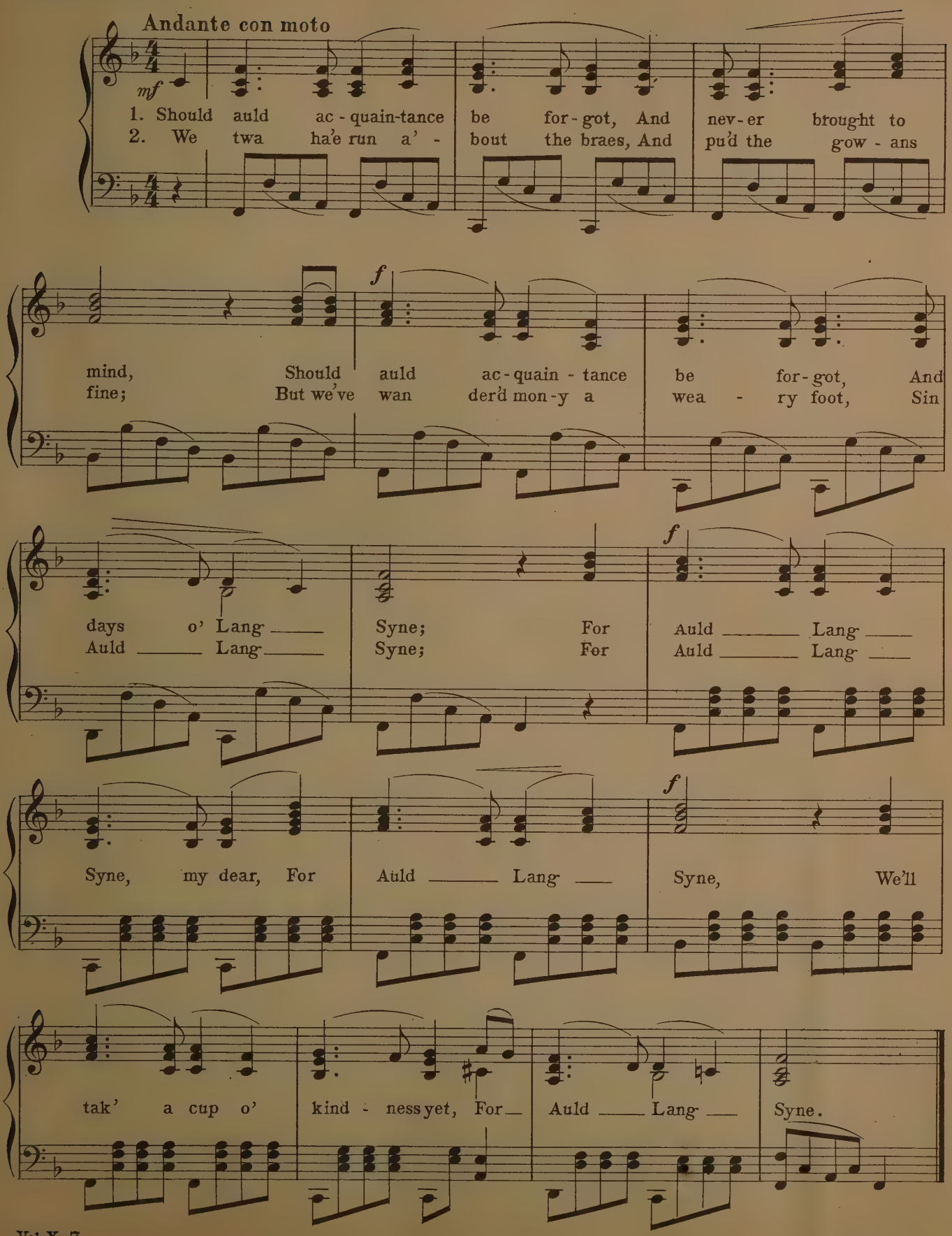
NOTE: Many of the folksongs of sentimental character associated with different nations will be found in Volume IX of "The Ideal Home Music Library."

Special Note Regarding the Song Words in this Volume

IN THIS VOLUME are included seven (7) different classes of songs, comprising a total of three hundred and twenty-eight dearly beloved melodies. It has only been possible to include this multitude of old favorites by eliminating those superfluous verses which are rarely sung and yet which, if inserted, would render the volume too bulky for use on the piano. We feel sure that this innovation will not only meet with approval but that the increased compactness of each song, rendering page turnings far less frequent, will be heartily appreciated by lovers of the old-time favorites.

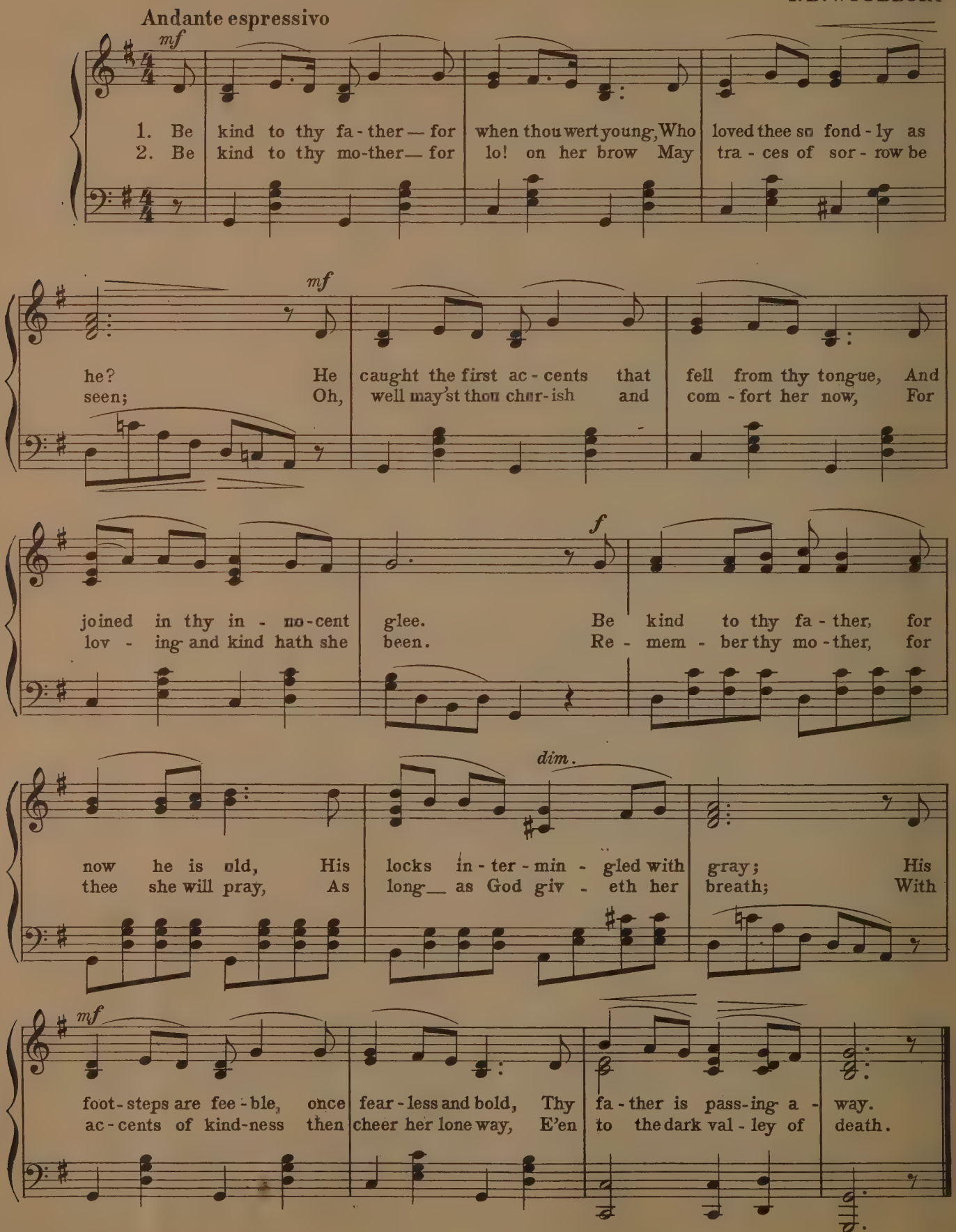
Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS


Andante con moto
mf
1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa ha'e run a'- bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
f
mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
fine; But we've wan der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin
f
days o' Lang Syne; For Auld Lang
Auld Lang Syne; For Auld Lang
f
Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne, We'll
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For Auld Lang Syne.

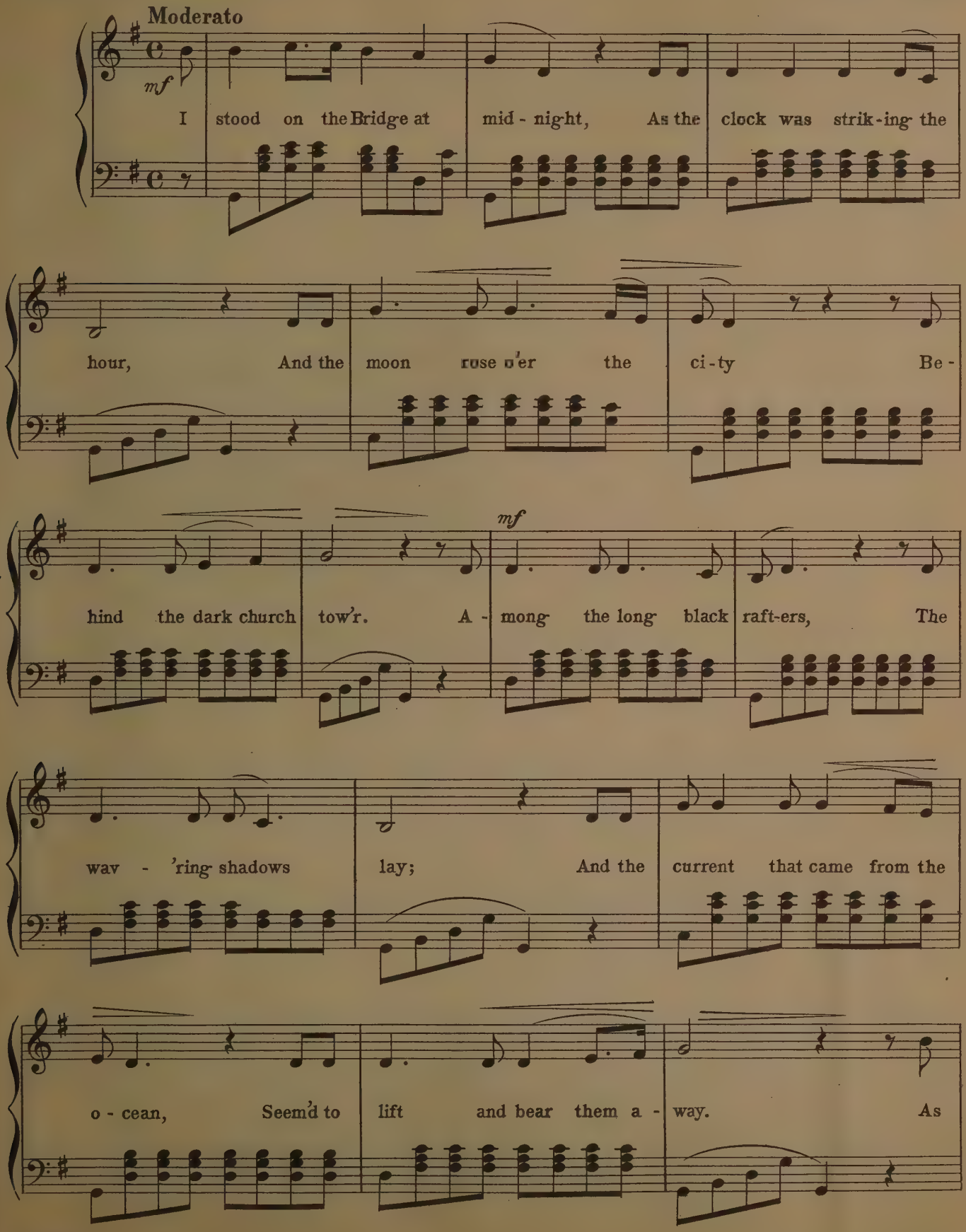
Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

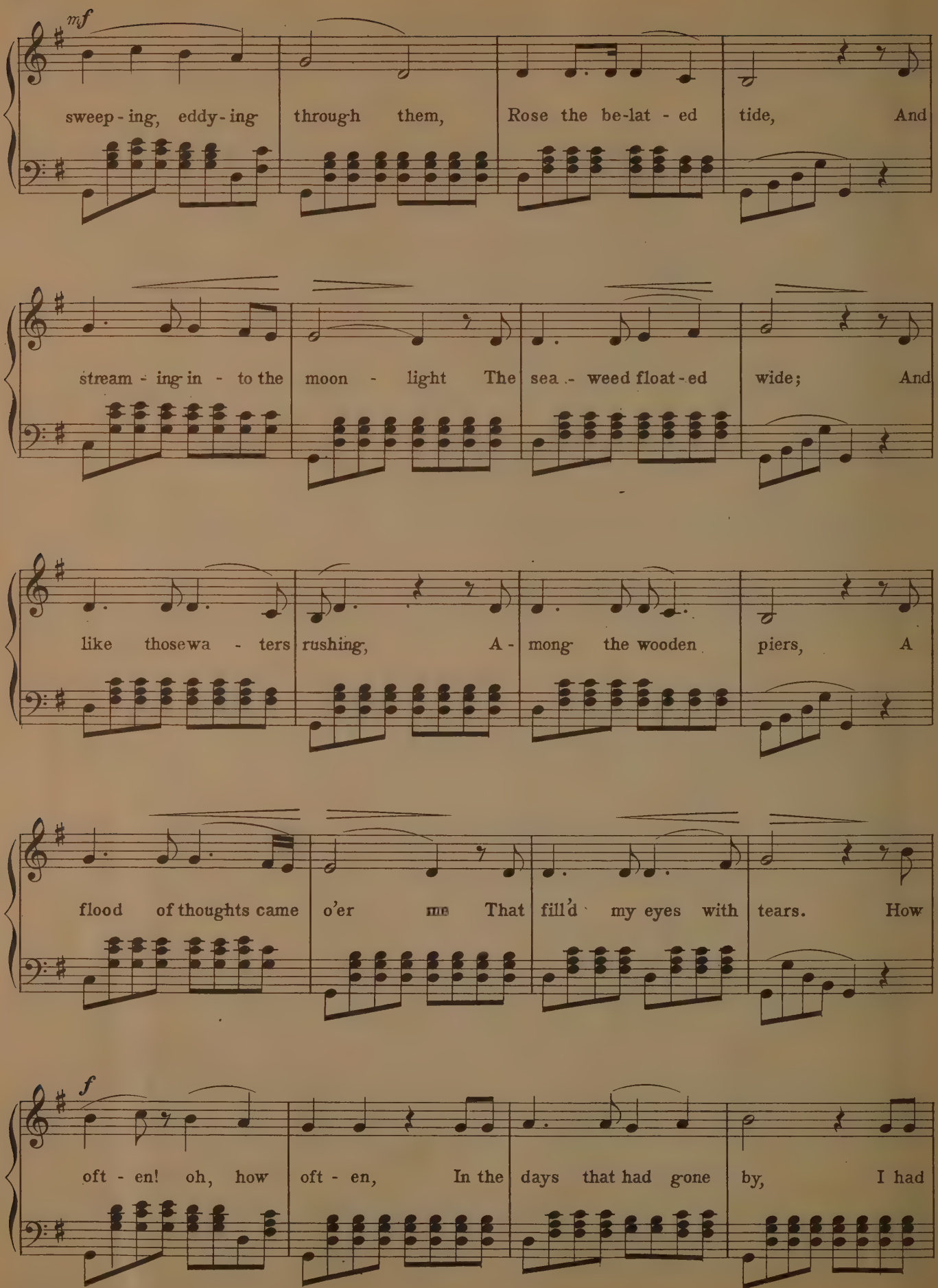
I. B. WOODBURY

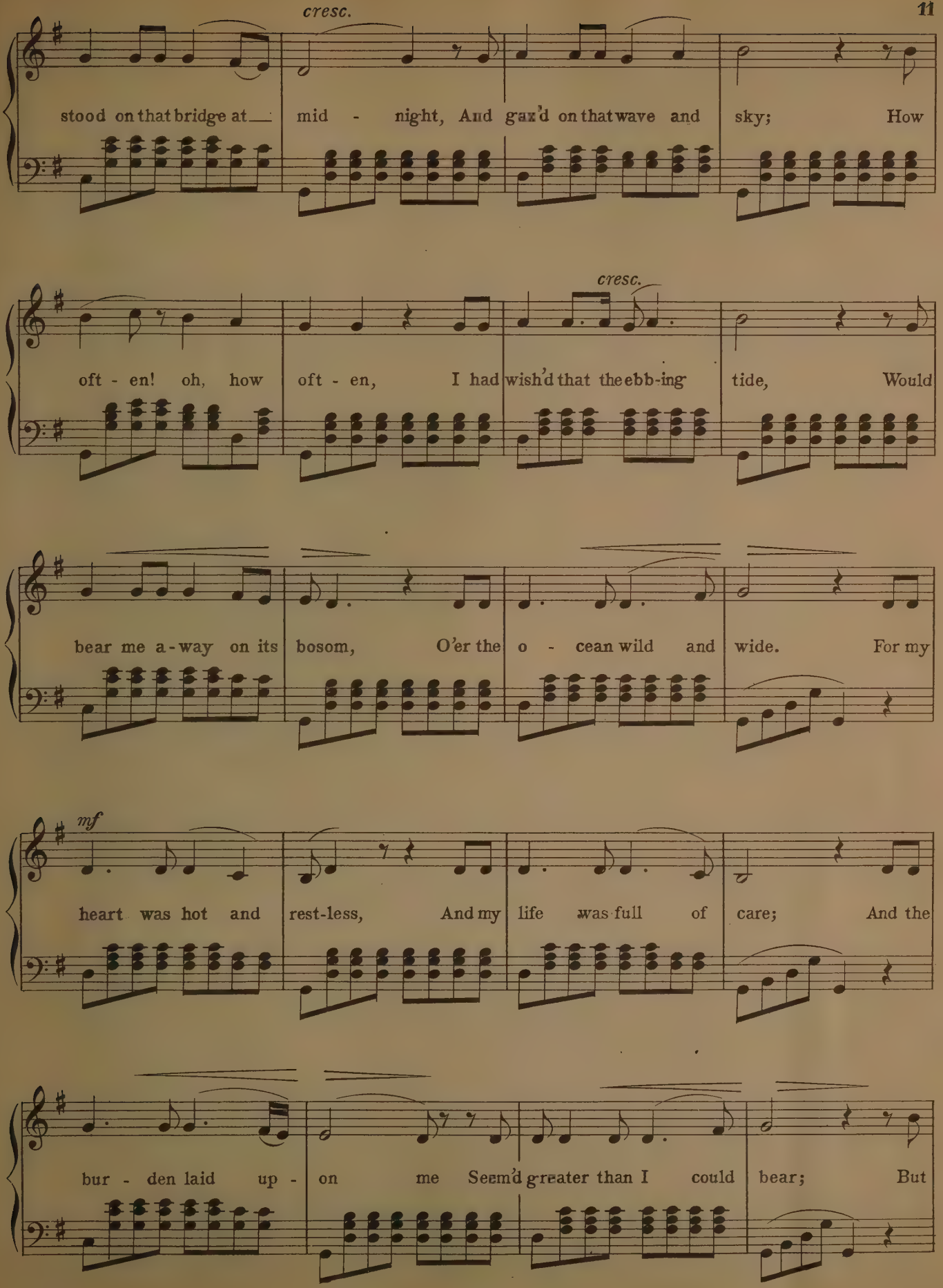

Andante espressivo
mf
1. Be kind to thy fa - ther — for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as
2. Be kind to thy mo-ther— for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be
mf
he? He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And
seen; Oh, well may'st thou chur-ish and com - fort her now, For
f
joined in thy in - no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for
lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re - mem - ber thy mo - ther, for
dim.
now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His
thee she will pray, As long— as God giv - eth her breath; With
mf
foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass-ing a - way.
ac - cents of kind-ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.

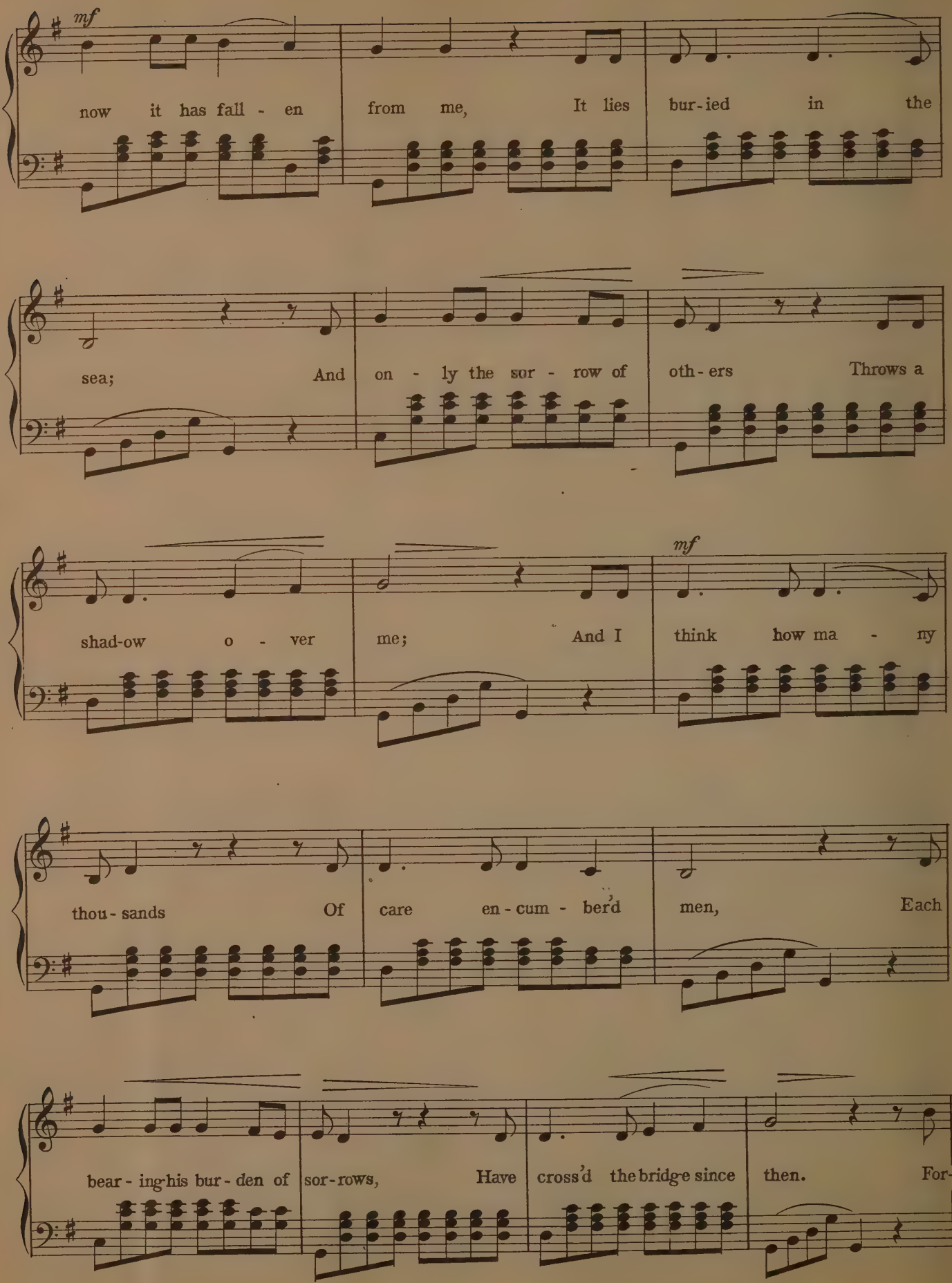
The Bridge

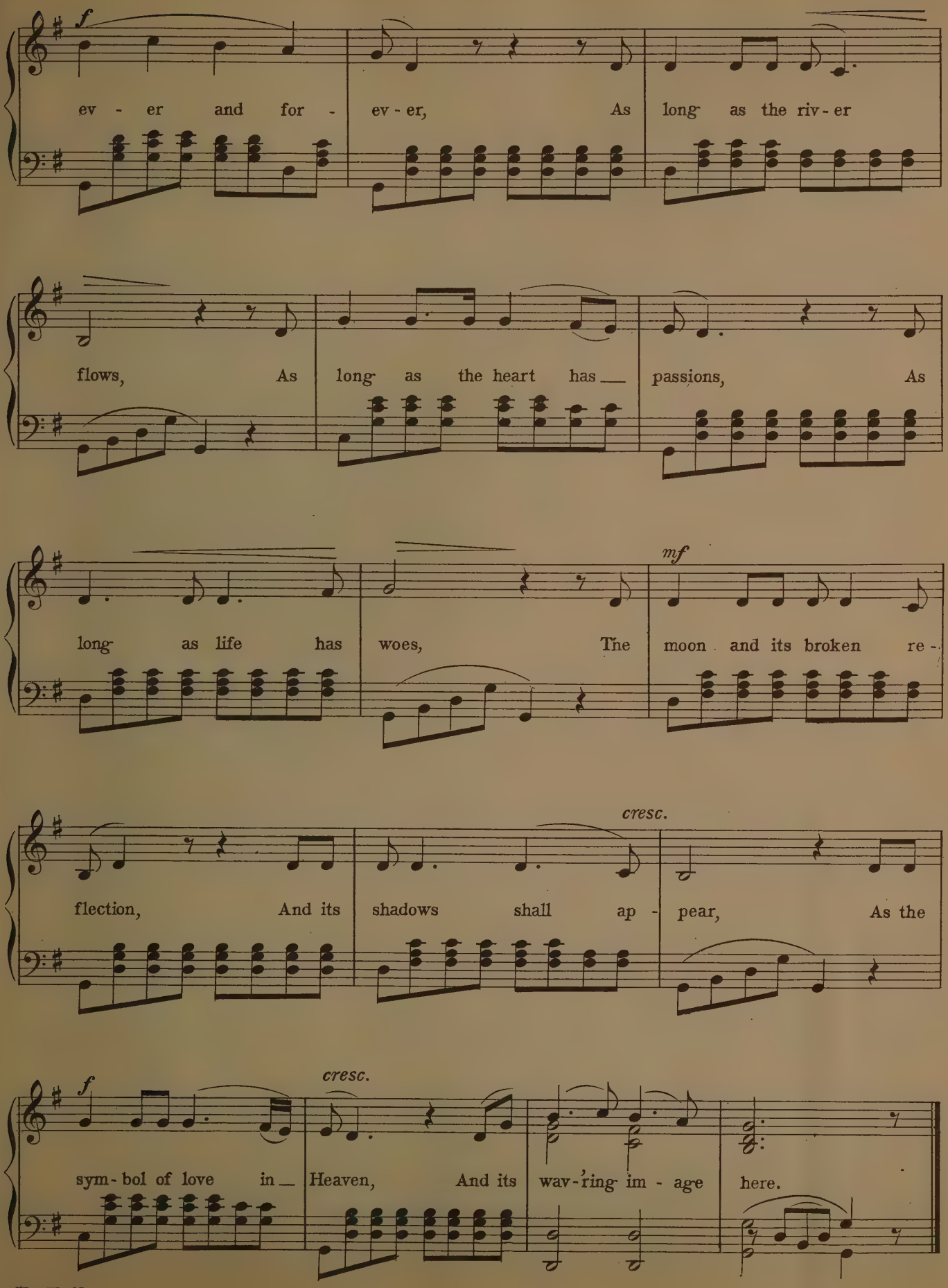
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — LADY CAREW


Moderato
mf
I stood on the Bridge at mid - night, As the clock was strik - ing the
hour, And the moon rose o'er the ci - ty Be -
mf
hind the dark church tow'r. A - mong the long black raft-ers, The
wav - 'ring shadows lay; And the current that came from the
o - cean, Seem'd to lift and bear them a - way. As


mf
sweep - ing, eddy - ing through them, Rose the be-lat - ed tide, And
stream - ing in - to the moon - light The sea - weed float - ed wide; And
like thosewa - ters rushing, A - mong the wooden piers, A
flood of thoughts came o'er me That fill'd my eyes with tears. How
f
oft - en! oh, how oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had


cresc.
stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gaz'd on that wave and sky; How
cresc.
oft - en! oh, how oft - en, I had wish'd that the ebb-ing tide, Would
bear me a-way on its bosom, O'er the o - cean wild and wide. For my
mf
heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care; And the
bur - den laid up - on me Seem'd greater than I could bear; But

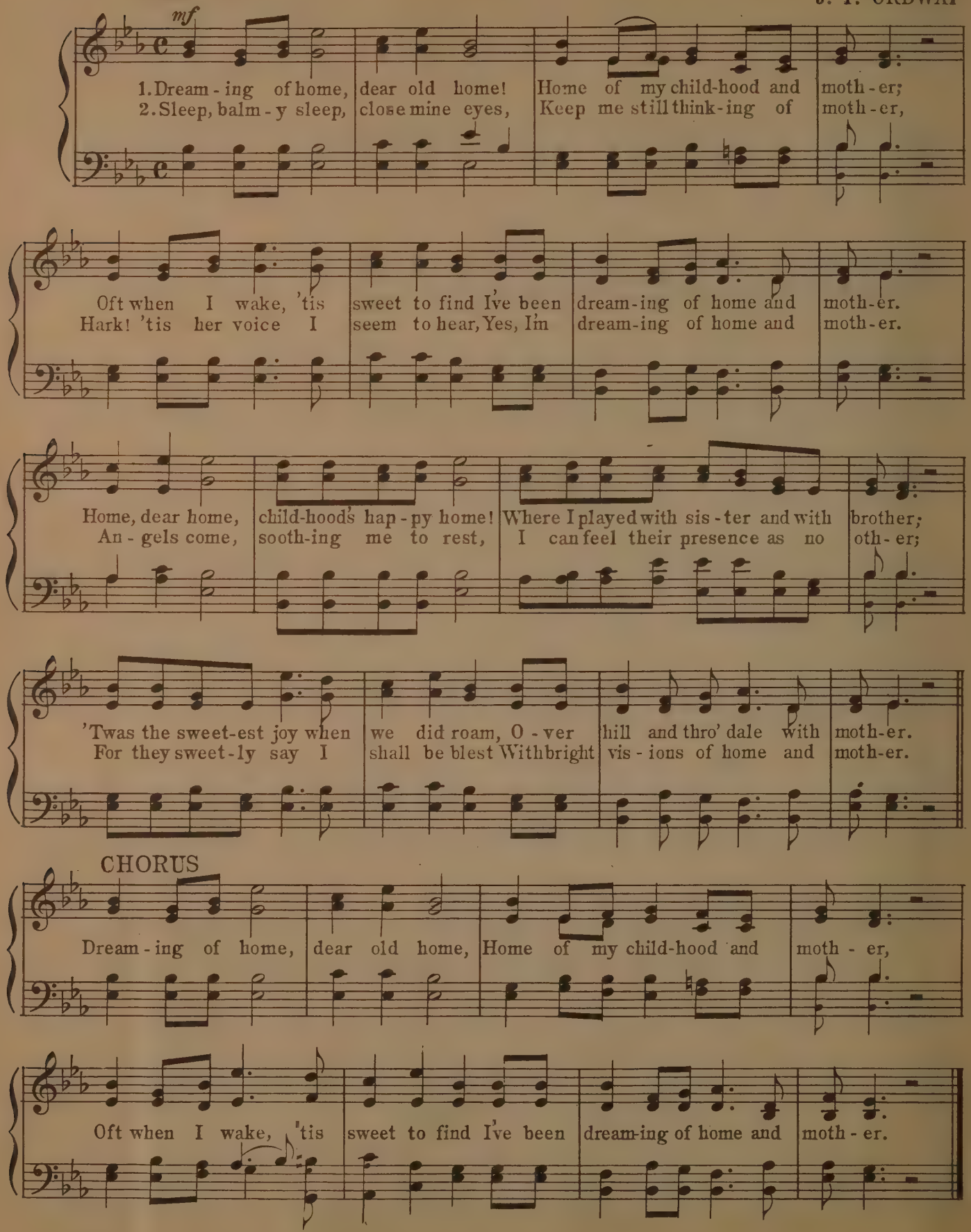

mf
now it has fall - en from me, It lies bur-ied in the
sea; And on - ly the sor - row of oth-ers Throws a
shad-ow o - ver me; And I think how ma - ny
mf
thou-sands Of care en-cum - ber'd men, Each
bear-ing his bur-den of sor-rows, Have cross'd the bridge since then. For-


f
ev - er and for - ev - er, As long as the riv - er
flows, As long as the heart has passions, As
long as life has woes, The
mf
moon and its broken re -
flection, And its shadows shall ap - pear, As the
cresc.
f
cresc.
sym - bol of love in Heaven, And its wav - ring im - age here.

Dreaming Of Home And Mother

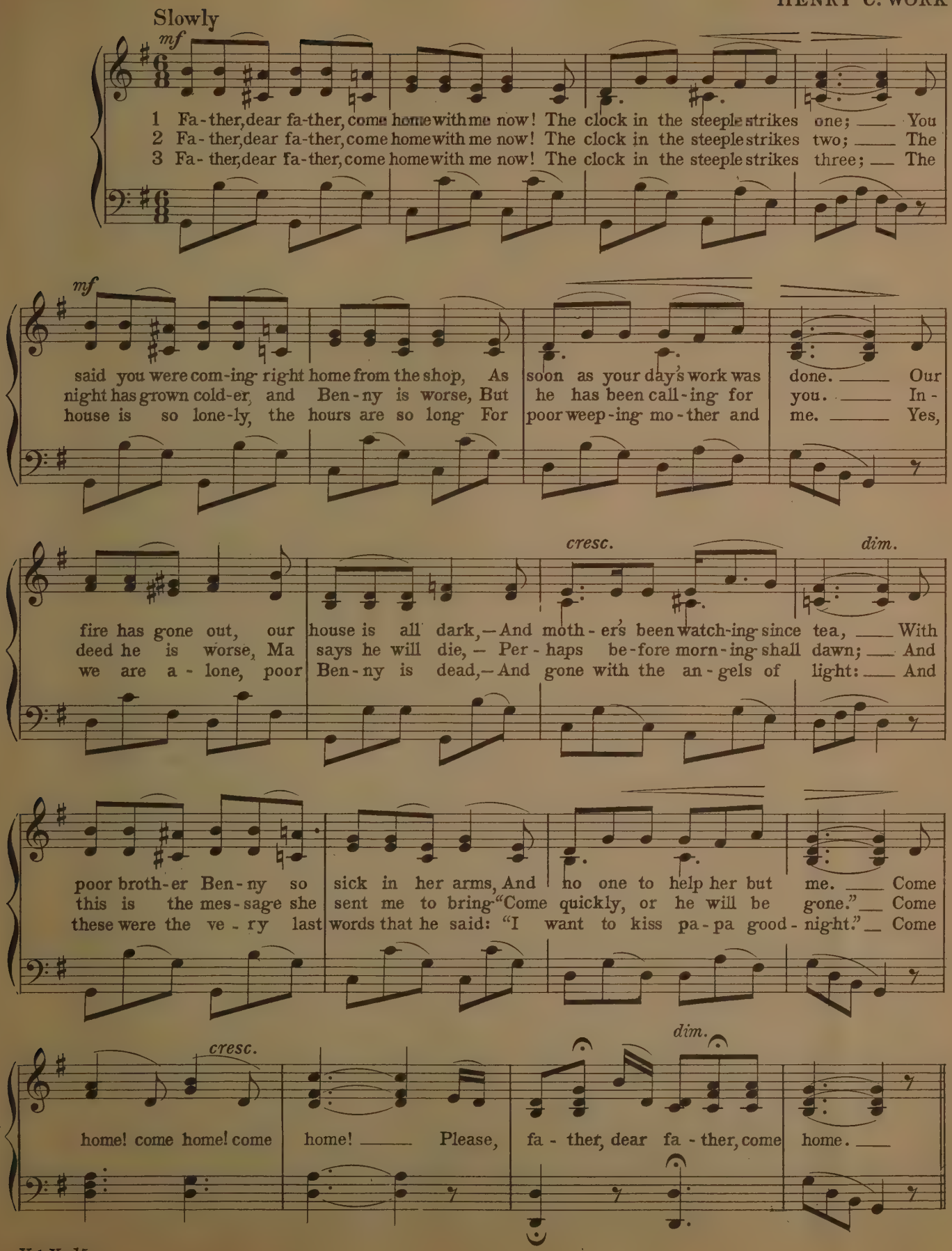
Moderato

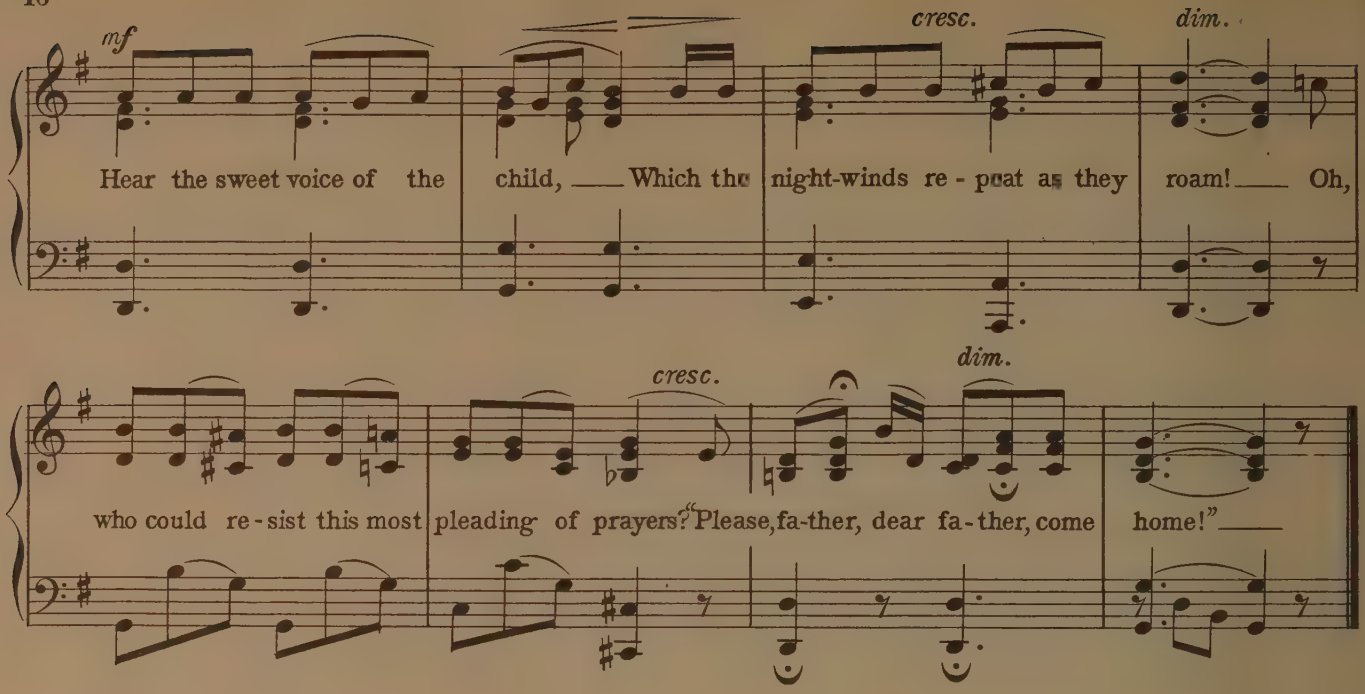
J. P. ORDWAY


mf
1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and moth - er;
2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of moth - er,
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream - ing of home and moth - er.
Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream - ing of home and moth - er.
Home, dear home, child-hood's hap - py home! Where I played with sis - ter and with brother;
An - gels come, sooth - ing me to rest, I can feel their presence as no oth - er;
'Twas the sweet-est joy when we did roam, O - ver hill and thro' dale with moth - er.
For they sweet - ly say I shall be blest With bright vis - ions of home and moth - er.
CHORUS
Dream - ing of home, dear old home, Home of my child-hood and moth - er,
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream - ing of home and moth - er.

Come Home, Father

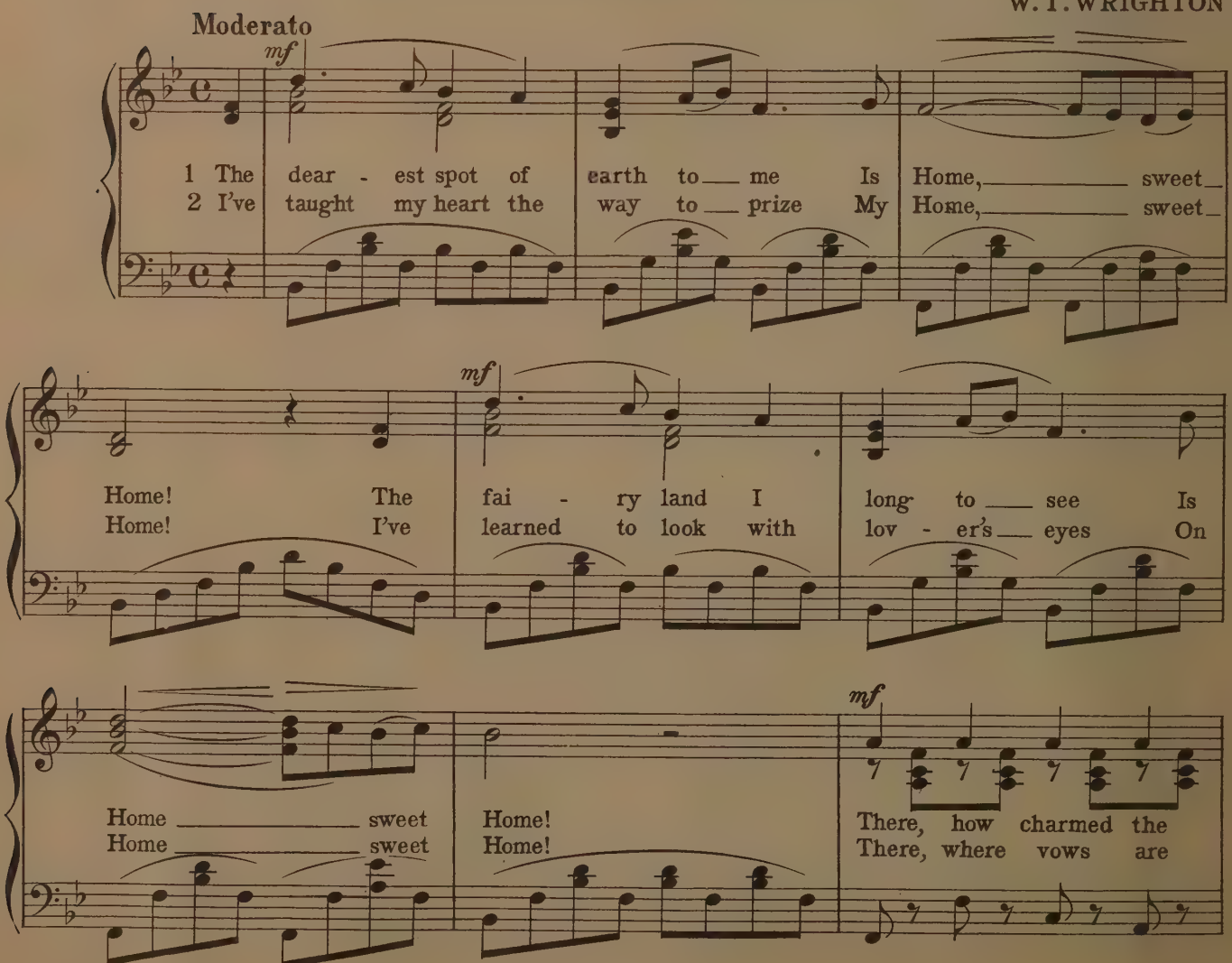
HENRY C. WORK

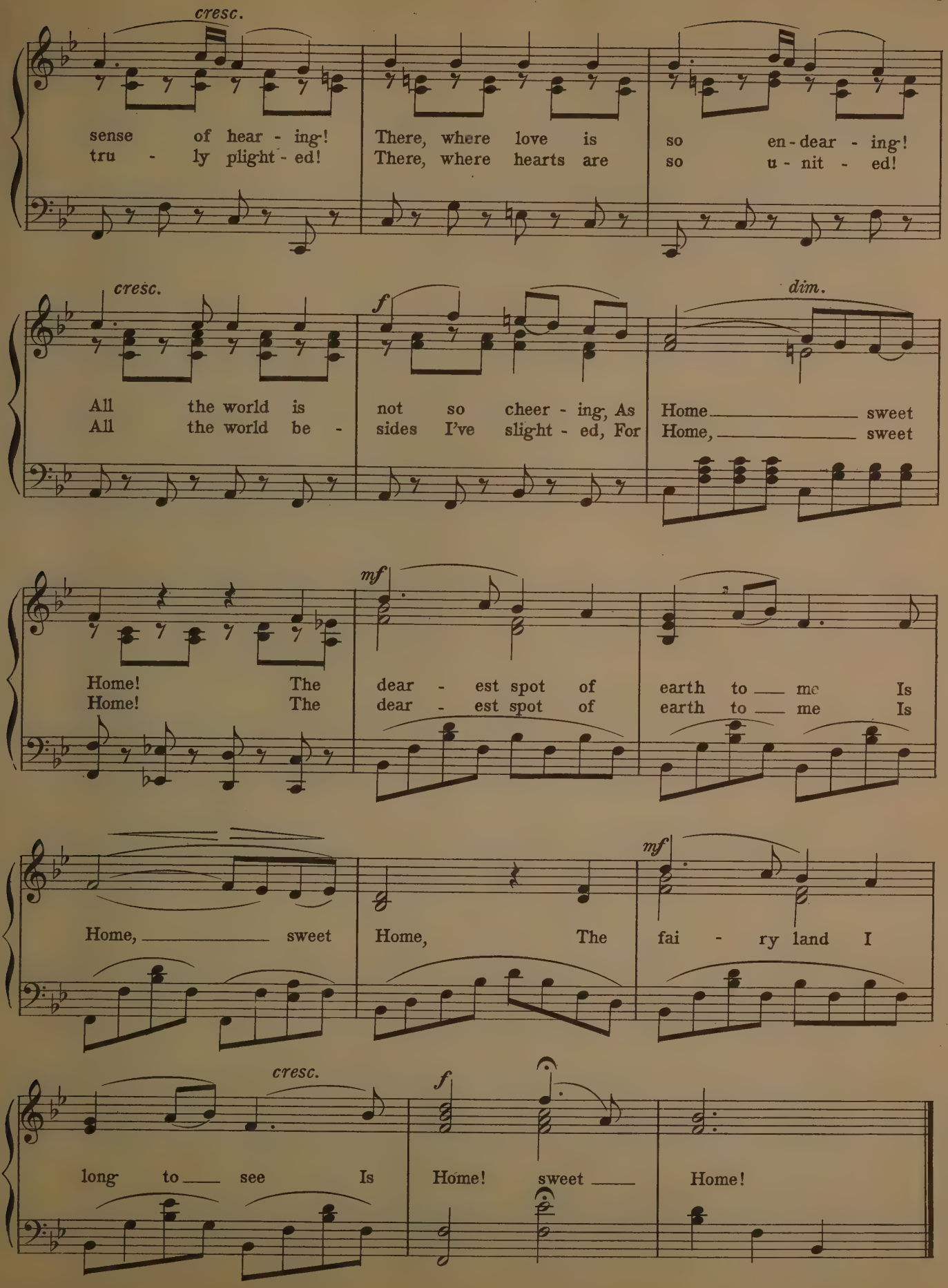

Slowly
mf
1 Fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; ___ You
2 Fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; ___ The
3 Fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes three; ___ The
mf
said you were com-ing right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. ___ Our
night has grown cold-er, and Ben-ny is worse, But he has been call-ing for you. ___ In-
house is so lone-ly, the hours are so long For poor weep-ing mo-ther and me. ___ Yes,
cresc.
dim.
fire has gone out, our house is all dark, — And moth-er's been watch-ing since tea, ___ With
deed he is worse, Ma says he will die, — Per-haps be-fore morn-ing shall dawn; ___ And
we are a-lone, poor Ben-ny is dead, — And gone with the an-gels of light: ___ And
poor broth-er Ben-ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. ___ Come
this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring "Come quickly, or he will be gone." ___ Come
these were the ve-ry last words that he said: "I want to kiss pa-pa good-night." ___ Come
cresc.
dim.
home! come home! come home! ___ Please, fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home. ___


mf
cresc.
dim.
Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the night-winds re - peat as they roam! Oh,
cresc.
dim.
who could re - sist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, fa-ther, dear fa - ther, come home!"

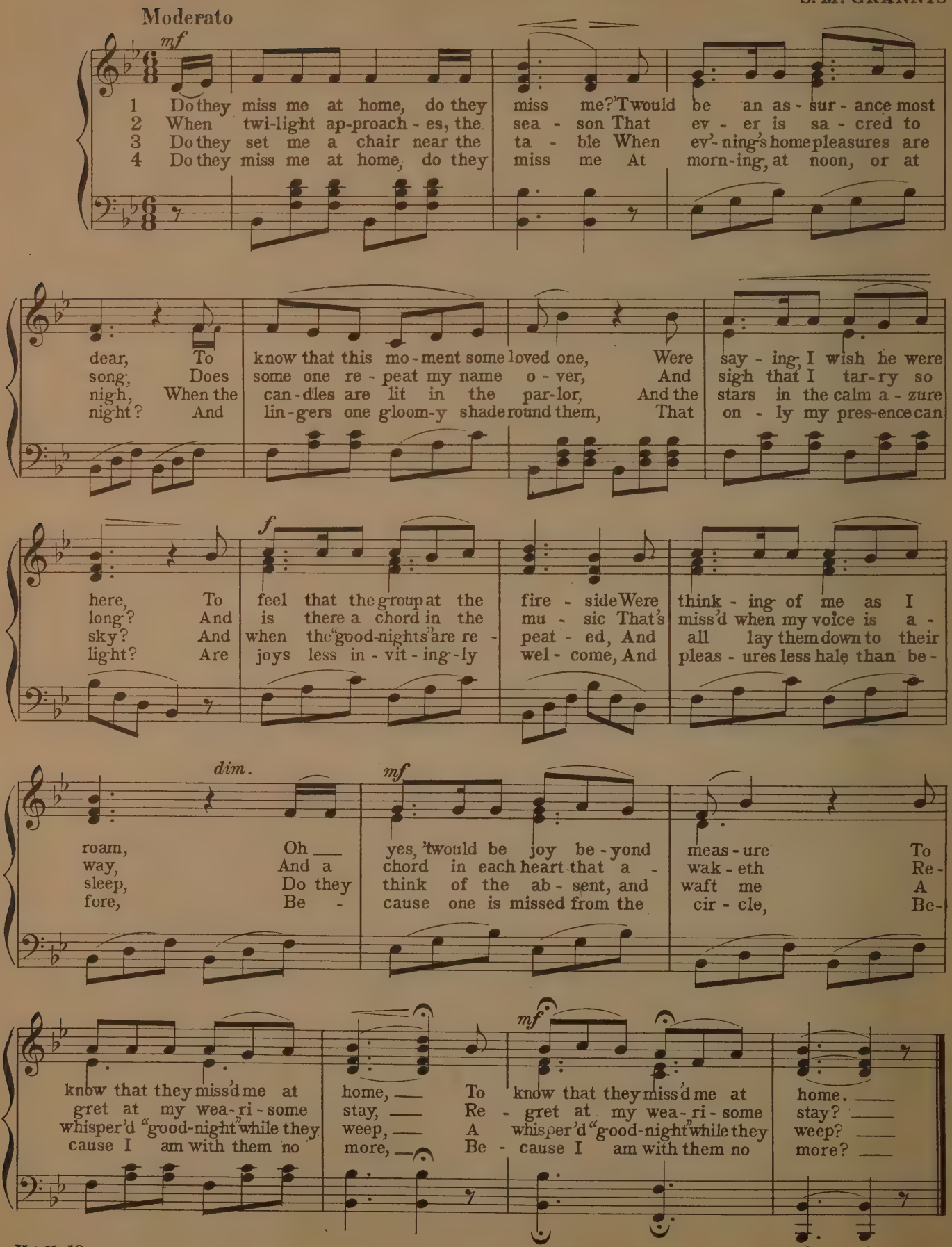
The Dearest Spot of Earth

W. T. WRIGHTON


Moderato
mf
1 The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home, sweet
2 I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home, sweet
mf
Home! The fai - ry land I long to see Is
Home! I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On
mf
Home sweet
Home sweet
Home!
Home!
There, how charmed the
There, where vows are

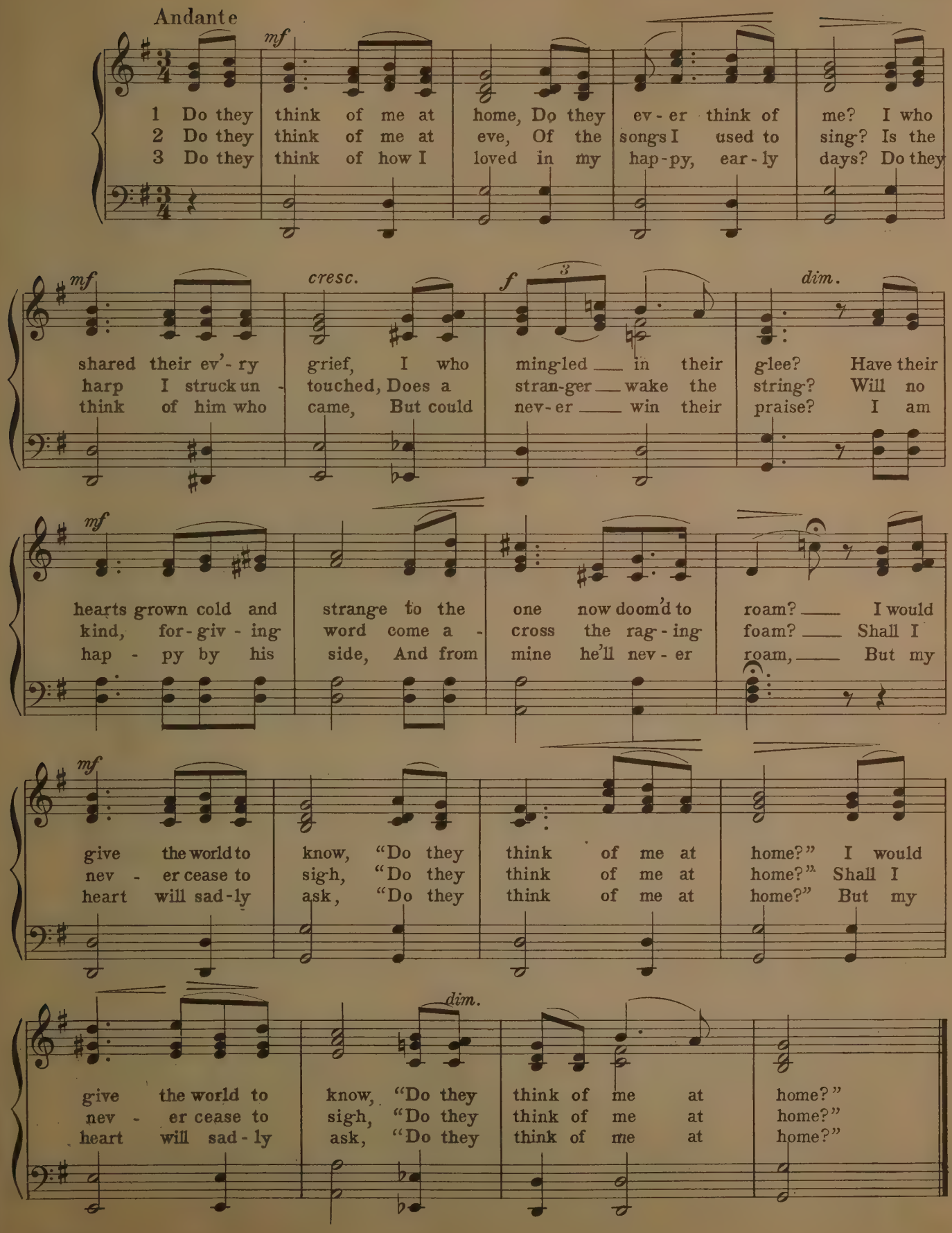

cresc.
sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
tru - ly plight - ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!
cresc.
f
dim.
All the world is not so cheer - ing, As Home sweet
All the world be - sides I've slight - ed, For Home, sweet
mf
Home! The dear - est spot of earth to me Is
Home! The dear - est spot of earth to me Is
mf
Home, sweet Home, The fai - ry land I
cresc.
f
long to see Is Home! sweet Home!

Do They Miss Me at Home?

S. M. GRANNIS

Moderato
mf
1 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most dear, To know that this mo - ment some loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were
2 When twi-light ap-proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song; Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar-ry so
3 Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble When ev'-ning's home pleasures are nigh, When the can-dles are lit in the par-lor, And the stars in the calm a - zure
4 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me At morn-ing, at noon, or at night? And lin-gers one gloom-y shade round them, That on - ly my pres-ence can
f
here, To feel that the group at the fire - side Were think - ing of me as I
long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's miss'd when my voice is a -
sky? And when the "good-nights" are re - peat - ed, And all lay them down to their
light? Are joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And pleas - ures less hale than be -
dim.
mf
roam, Oh ___ yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure To
way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re -
sleep, Do they think of the ab - sent, and waft me A
fore, Be - cause one is missed from the cir - cle, Be -
mf
know that they miss'd me at home, ___ To know that they miss'd me at home. ___
gret at my wea - ri - some stay, ___ Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay? ___
whisper'd "good-night" while they weep, ___ A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep? ___
cause I am with them no more, ___ Be - cause I am with them no more? ___

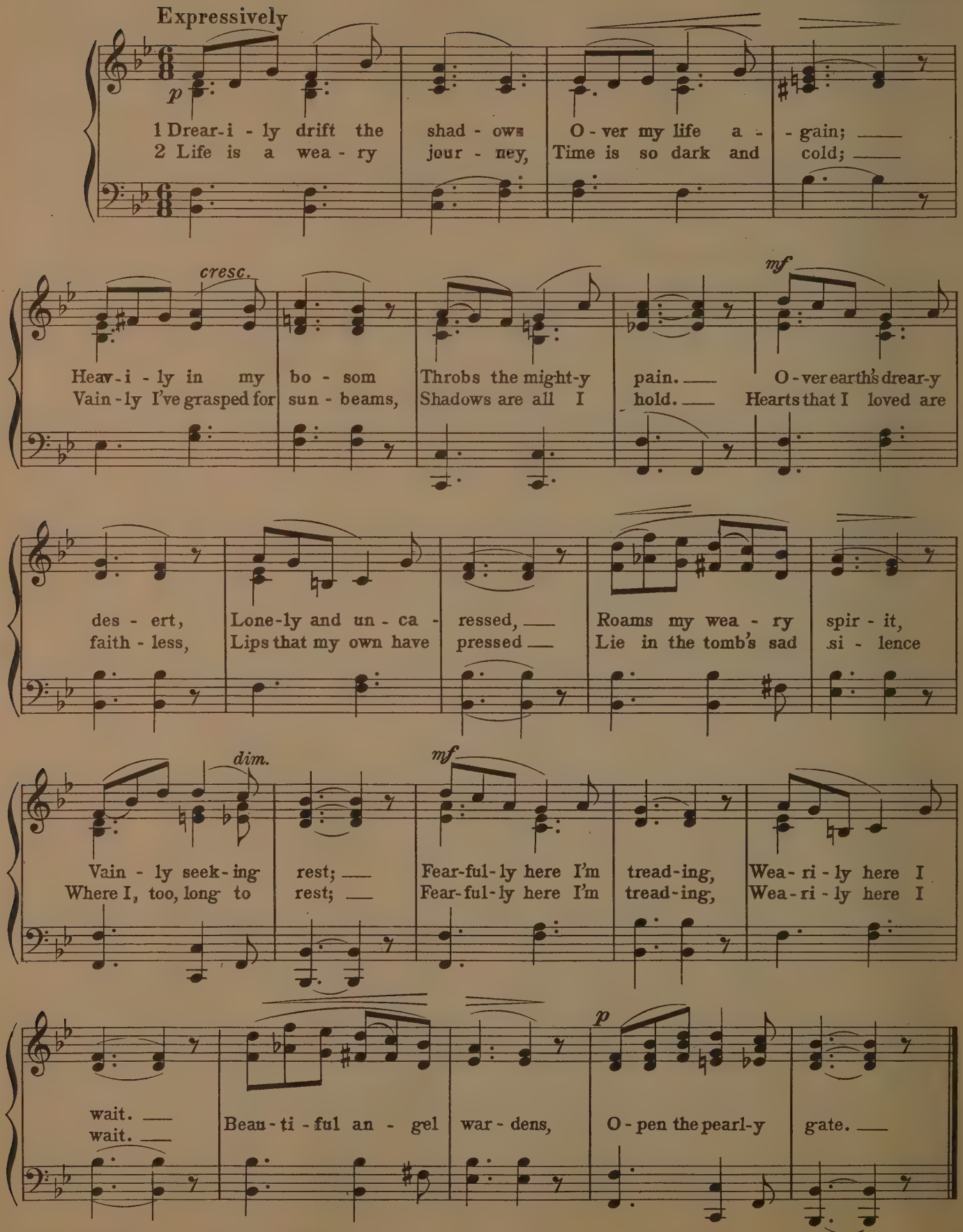
Do They Think of Me at Home?

C.W. GLOVER


Andante
mf
1 Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2 Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
3 Do they think of how I loved in my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they
mf
cresc.
f
dim.
shared their ev'- ry grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their
harp I struck un - touched, Does a stran-ger wake the string? Will no
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am
mf
hearts grown cold and strange to the one now doom'd to roam? I would
kind, for - giv - ing word come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I
hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my
mf
give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?" I would
nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I
heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?" But my
dim.
give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

Drifting

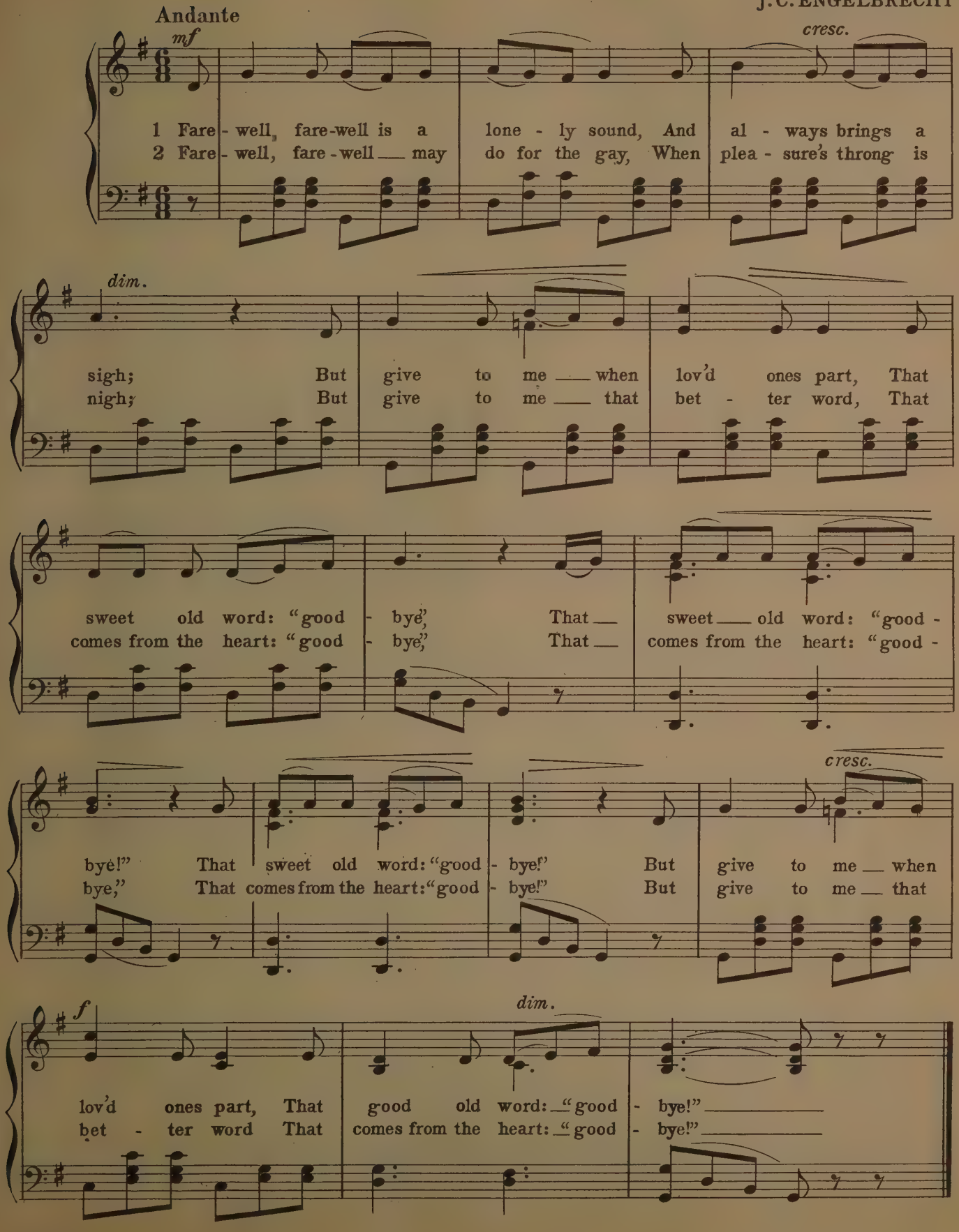
CLARIBEL


Expressively
p
1 Drear-i - ly drift the shad - ows O - ver my life a - - gain; ___
2 Life is a wea - ry jour - ney, Time is so dark and cold; ___
cresc.
mf
Heav-i - ly in my bo - som Throbs the might-y pain. ___ O - ver earth's drear-y
Vain - ly I've grasped for sun - beams, Shadows are all I hold. ___ Hearts that I loved are
des - ert, Lone-ly and un - ca - ressed, ___ Roams my wea - ry spir - it,
faith - less, Lips that my own have pressed ___ Lie in the tomb's sad si - lence
dim.
mf
Vain - ly seek - ing rest; ___ Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing, Wea - ri - ly here I
Where I, too, long to rest; ___ Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing, Wea - ri - ly here I
p
wait. ___
wait. ___
Beau - ti - ful an - gel war - dens, O - pen the pearl-y gate. ___

Good-Bye

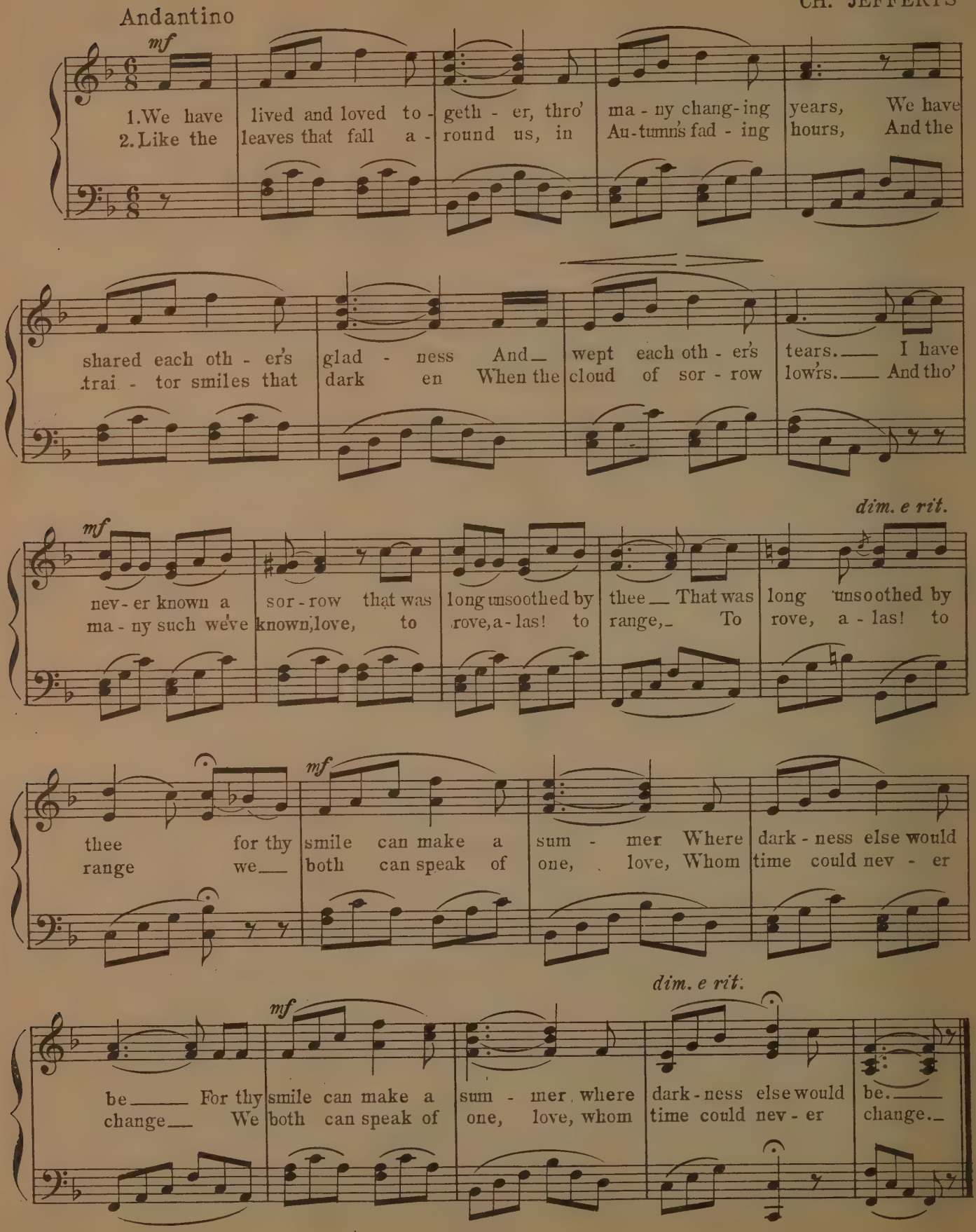
(FAREWELL IS A LONELY SOUND)

J. C. ENGELBRECHT


Andante
mf
cresc.
1 Fare - well, fare-well is a lone - ly sound, And al - ways brings a
2 Fare - well, fare - well may do for the gay, When plea - sure's throng is
dim.
sigh; But give to me when lov'd ones part, That
nigh; But give to me that bet - ter word, That
sweet old word: "good - bye," That sweet old word: "good -
comes from the heart: "good - bye," That comes from the heart: "good -
cresc.
bye!" That sweet old word: "good - bye!" But give to me when
bye," That comes from the heart: "good - bye!" But give to me that
f
dim.
lov'd ones part, That good old word: "good - bye!"
bet - ter word That comes from the heart: "good - bye!"

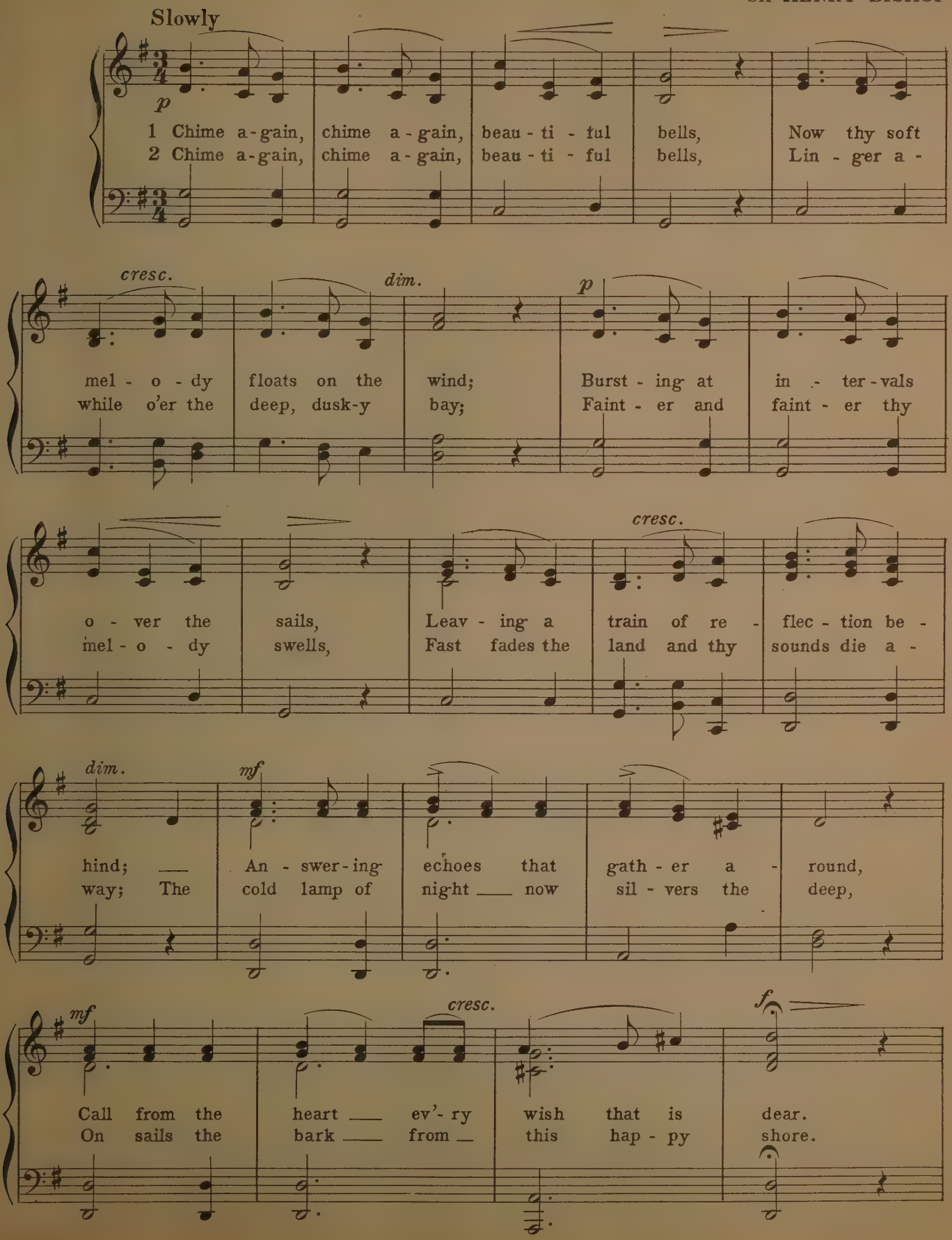
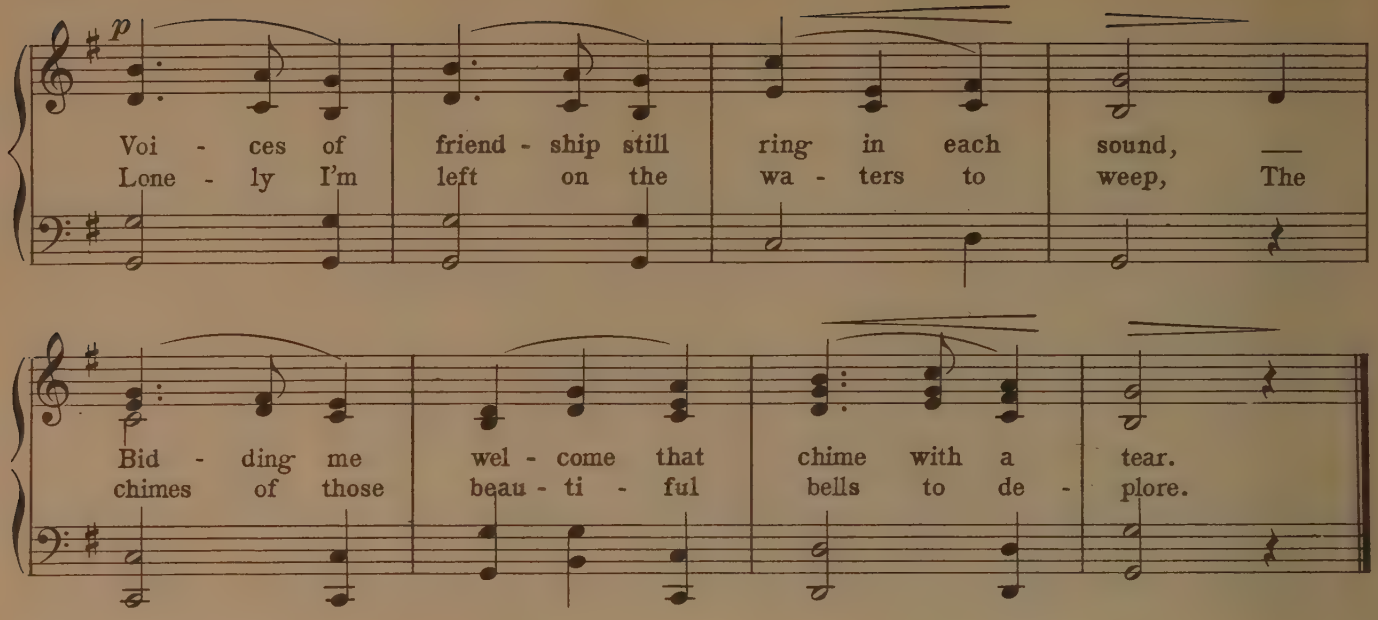
We Have Lived And Loved Together

CH. JEFFERYS


Andantino
mf
1.We have lived and loved to - geth - er, thro' ma - ny chang-ing years, We have
2.Like the leaves that fall a - round us, in Au-tumn's fad - ing hours, And the
shared each oth - er's glad - ness And wept each oth - er's tears. I have
trai - tor smiles that dark en When the cloud of sor - row lowrs. And tho'
dim. e rit.
mf
nev - er known a sor - row that was long unsoothed by thee That was long unsoothed by
ma - ny such we've known, love, to rove, a - las! to range, To rove, a - las! to
thee for thy smile can make a sum - mer Where dark - ness else would
range we both can speak of one, love, Whom time could nev - er
dim. e rit.
mf
be For thy smile can make a sum - mer where dark - ness else would be.
change We both can speak of one, love, whom time could nev - er change.

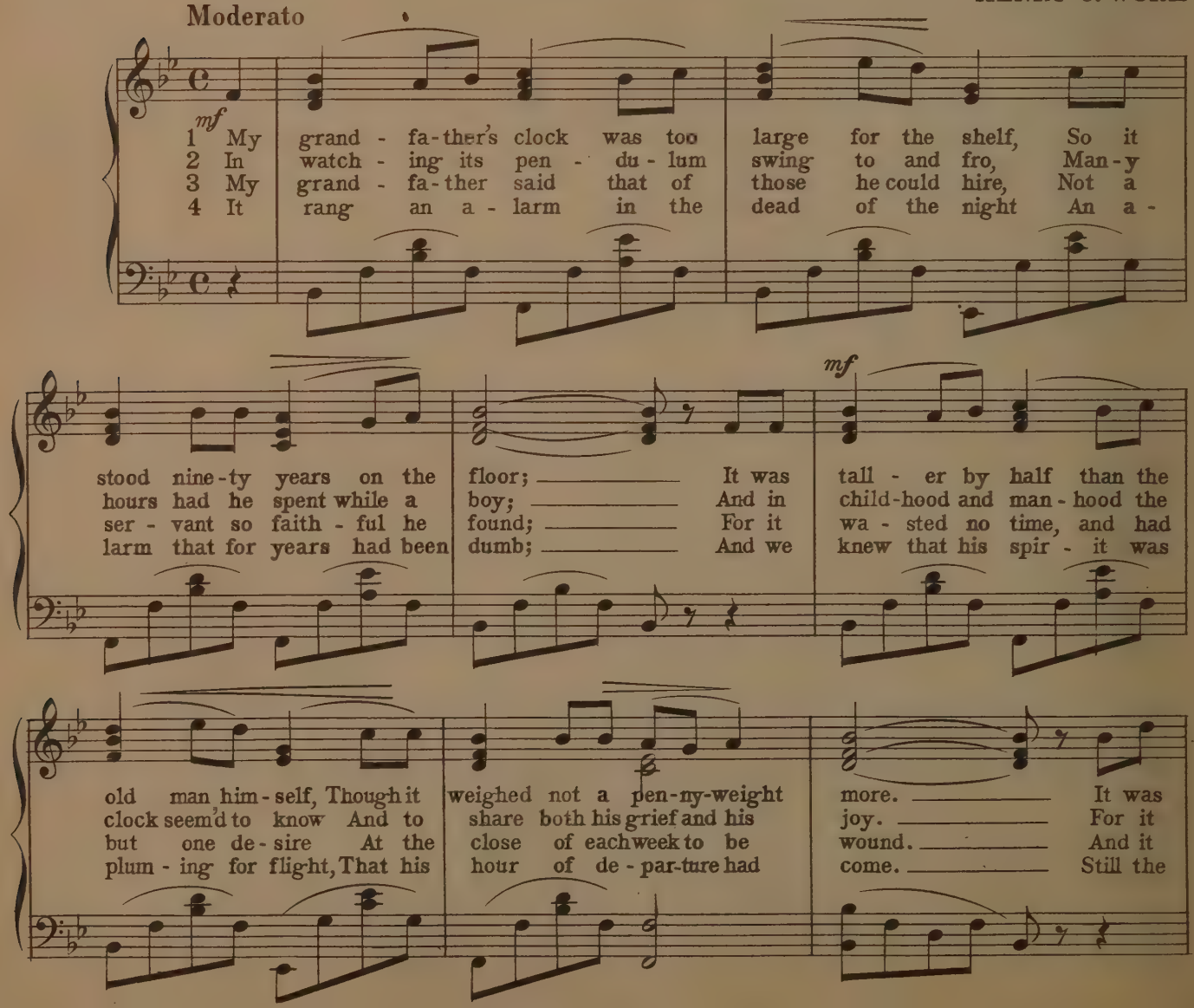
Chime Again, Beautiful Bells

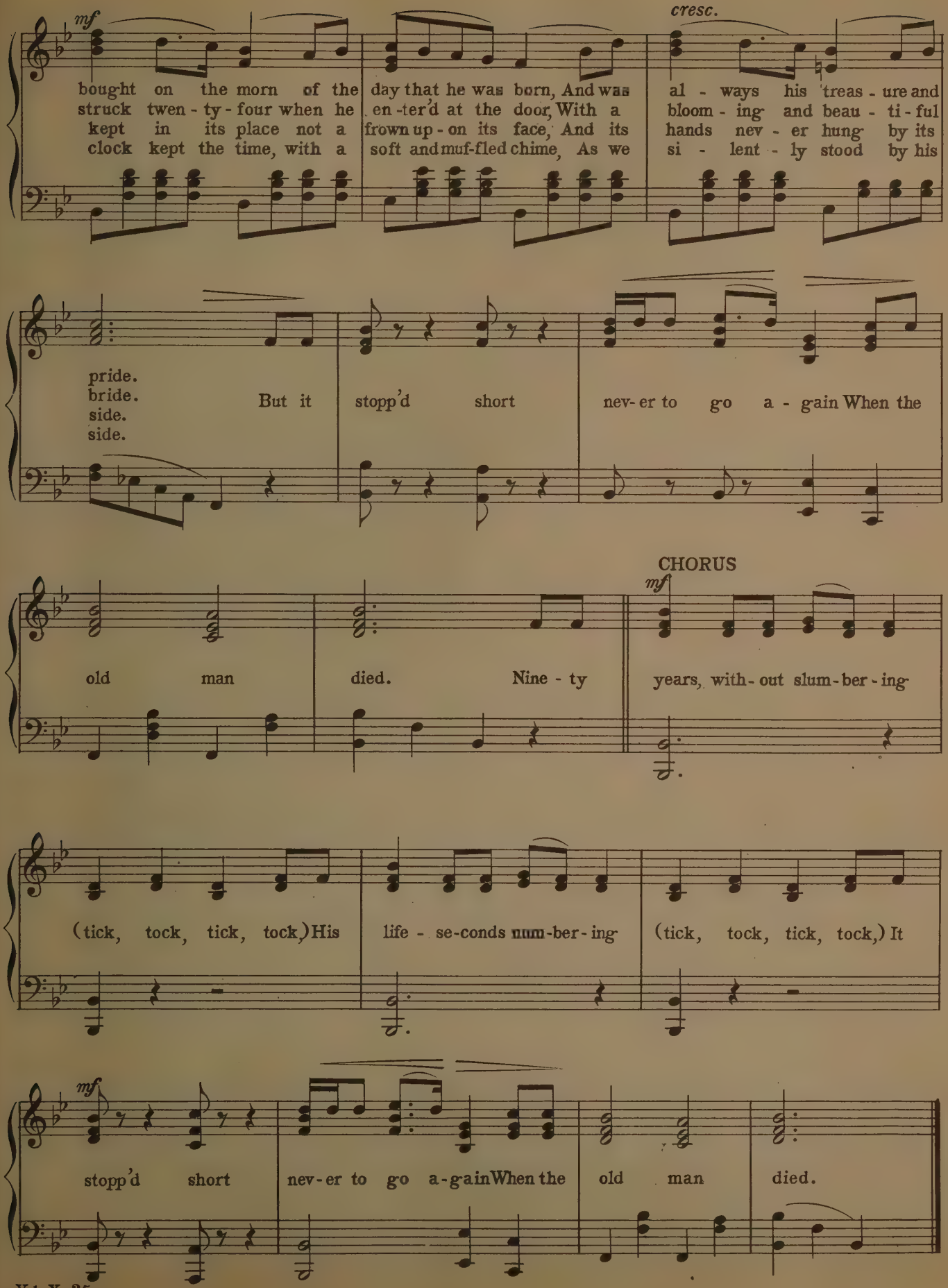
Sir HENRY BISHOP


Slowly
p
1 Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Now thy soft
2 Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Lin-ger a-
cresc.
dim.
p
mel-o-dy floats on the wind; Burst-ing at in-ter-vals
while o'er the deep, dusk-y bay; Faint-er and faint-er thy
o-ver the sails, Leav-ing a train of re-flec-tion be-
mel-o-dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die a-
cresc.
dim.
mf
hind; An-swer-ing echoes that gath-er a-round,
way; The cold lamp of night now sil-vers the deep,
mf
cresc.
f
Call from the heart ev'-ry wish that is dear.
On sails the bark from this hap-py shore.

p
Voi - ces of friend - ship still ring in each sound, —
Lone - ly I'm left on the wa - ters to weep, The
Bid - ding me wel - come that chime with a tear.
chimes of those beau - ti - ful bells to de - plore.

Grandfather's Clock

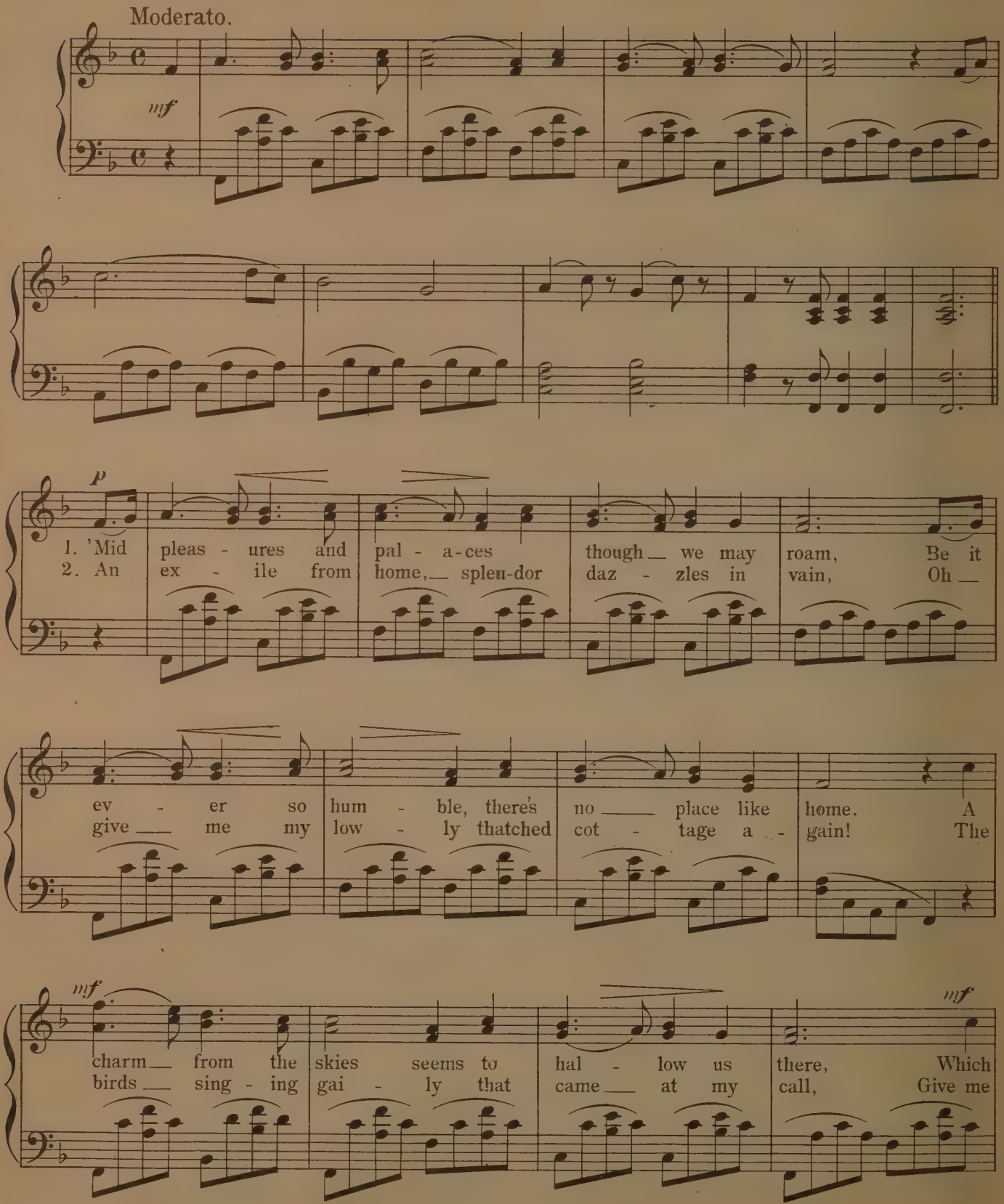
HENRY C. WORK

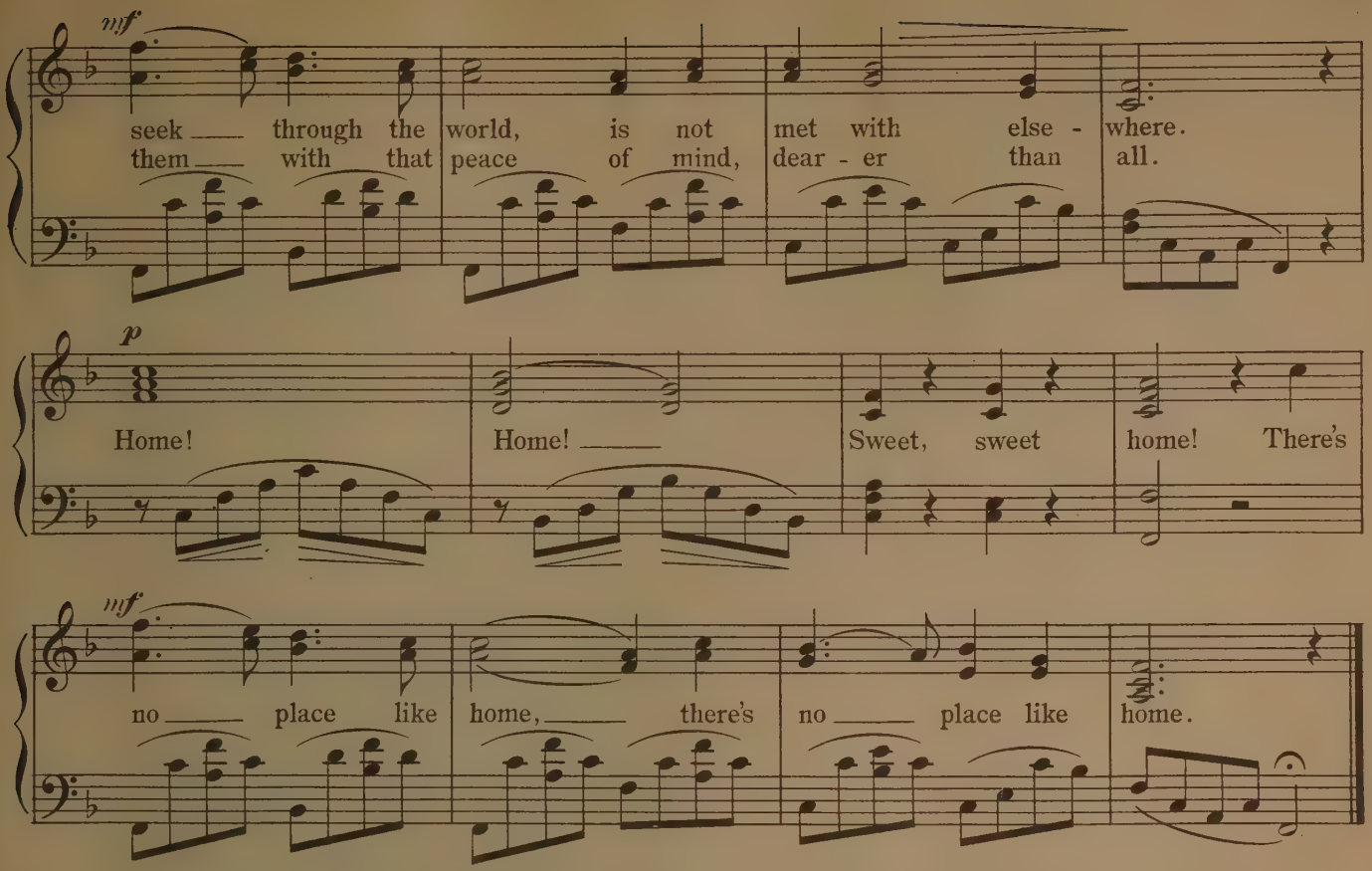
Moderato

mf
1 My grand - fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it
2 In watch - ing its pen - du - lum swing to and fro, Man - y
3 My grand - fa-ther said that of those he could hire, Not a
4 It rang an a - larm in the dead of the night An a -
stood nine-ty years on the floor; — It was
hours had he spent while a boy; — And in
ser - vant so faith - ful he found; — For it
larm that for years had been dumb; — And we
mf
tall - er by half than the
child-hood and man - hood the
wa - sted no time, and had
knew that his spir - it was
old man him - self, Though it
clock seem'd to know And to
but one de - sire At the
plum - ing for flight, That his
weighed not a pen-ny-weight
share both his grief and his
close of each week to be
hour of de - par-ture had
more. — It was
joy. — For it
wound. — And it
come. — Still the


mf
cresc.
bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas - ure and
struck twen - ty - four when he en - ter'd at the door, With a bloom - ing and beau - ti - ful
kept in its place not a frown up - on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its
clock kept the time, with a soft and muf-fled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his
pride.
bride.
side.
side.
But it stopp'd short nev- er to go a - gain When the
CHORUS
mf
old man died. Nine - ty years, with - out slum - ber - ing
(tick, tock, tick, tock,) His life - se-conds num-ber - ing (tick, tock, tick, tock,) It
mf
stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gainWhen the old man died.

Home, Sweet Home.

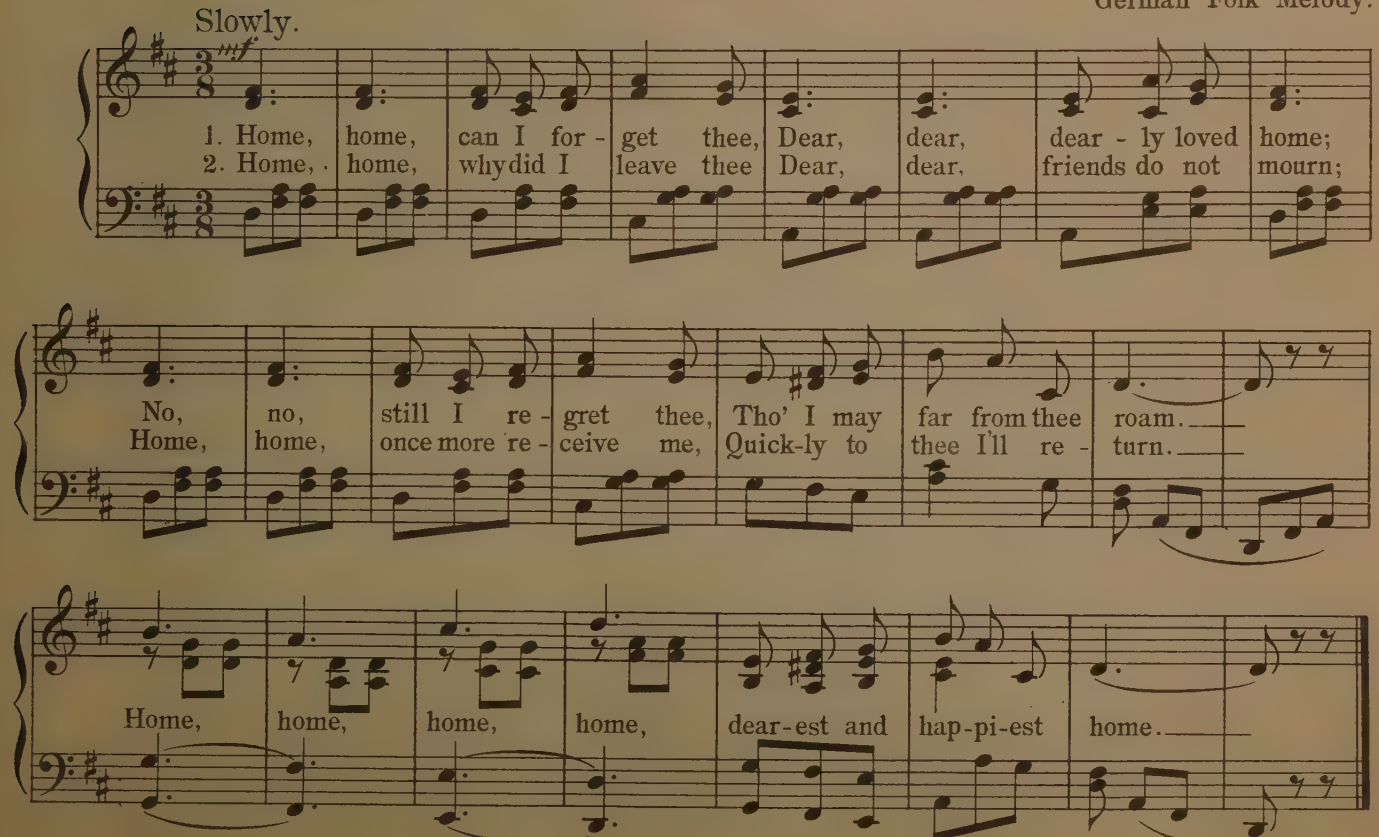
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. HENRY C. BISHOP.


Moderato.
mf
p
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a-ces though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. A
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The
mf
mf
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which
birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call, Give me


mf
seek through the world, is not met with else - where.
them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
p
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! There's
mf
no place like home, there's no place like home.

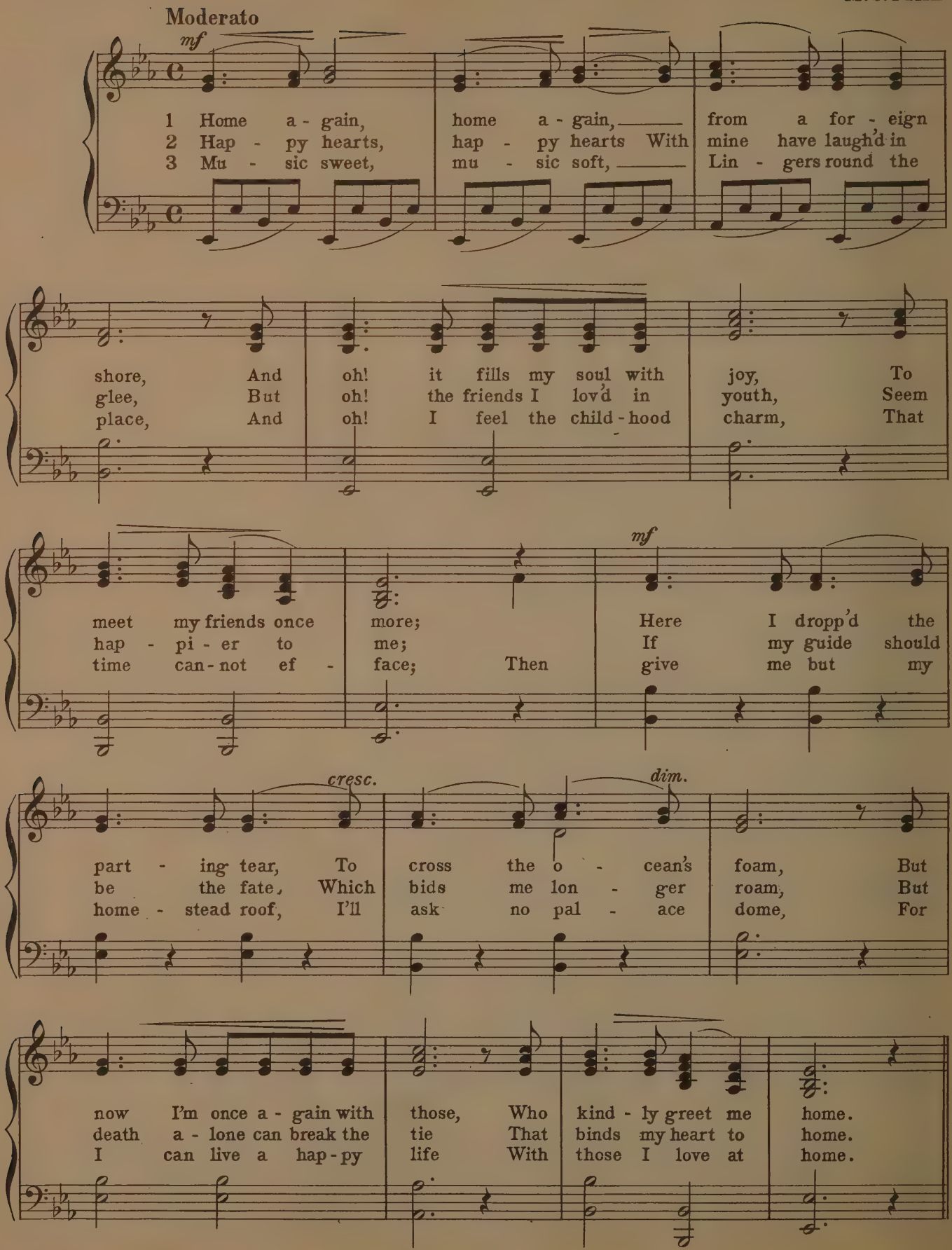
Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee.

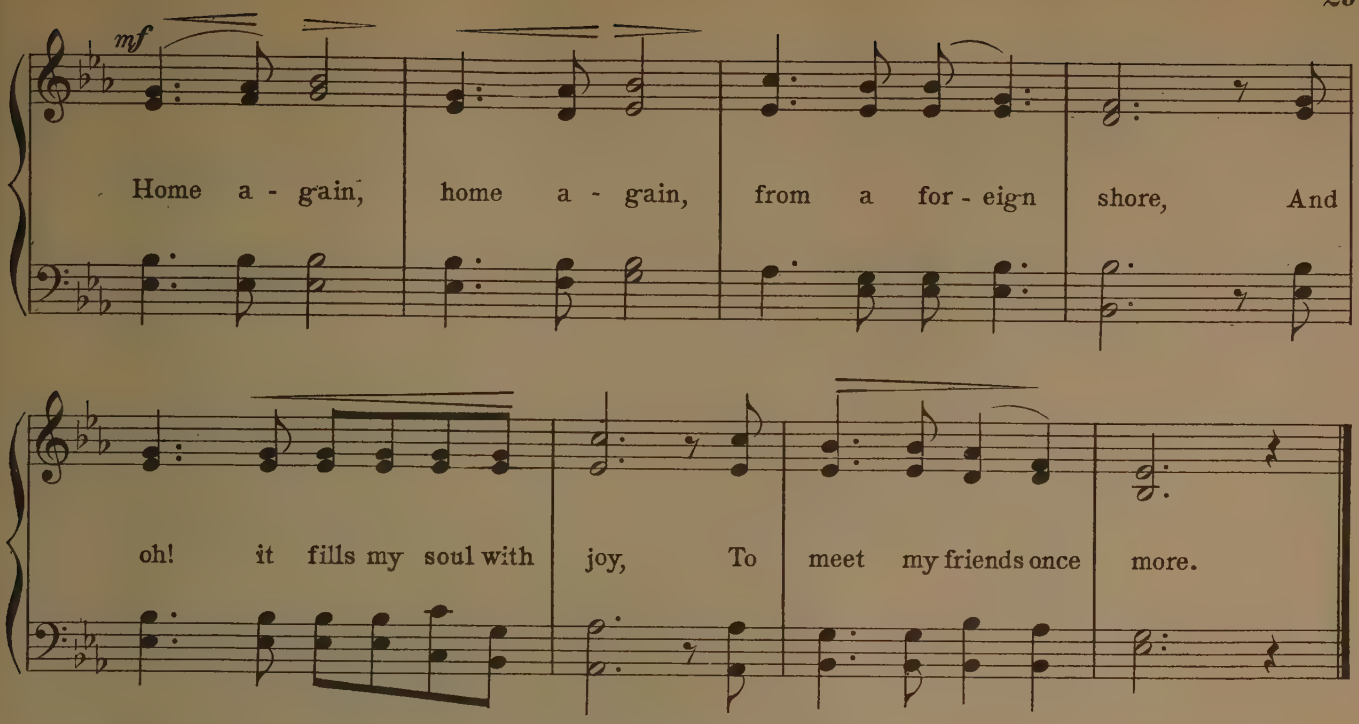
German Folk Melody.


Slowly.
mf
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home;
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee Dear, dear, friends do not mourn;
No, no, still I re - gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, once more re - ceive me, Quick-ly to thee I'll re - turn.
Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap-pi-est home.

Home Again

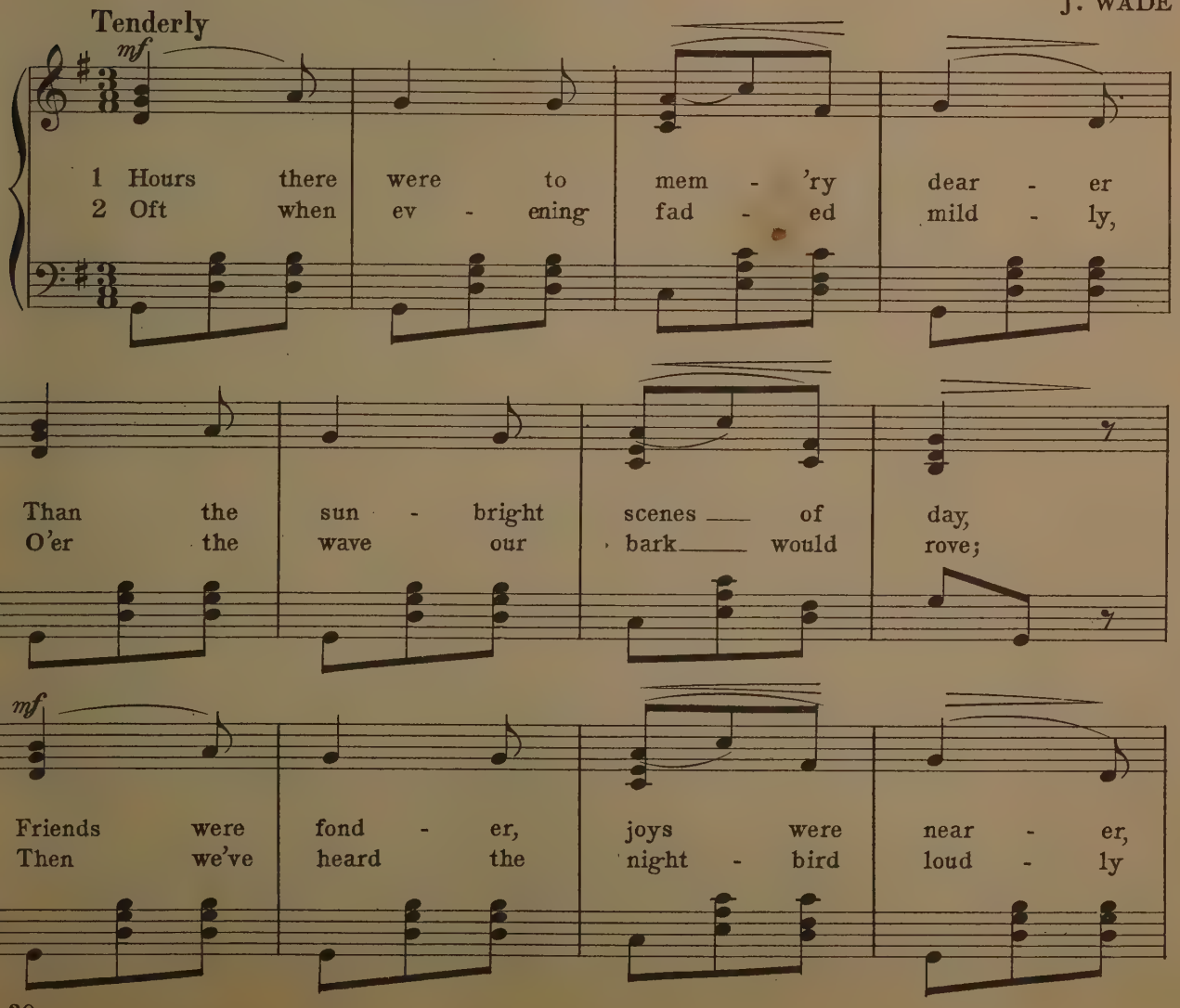
M. S. PIKE

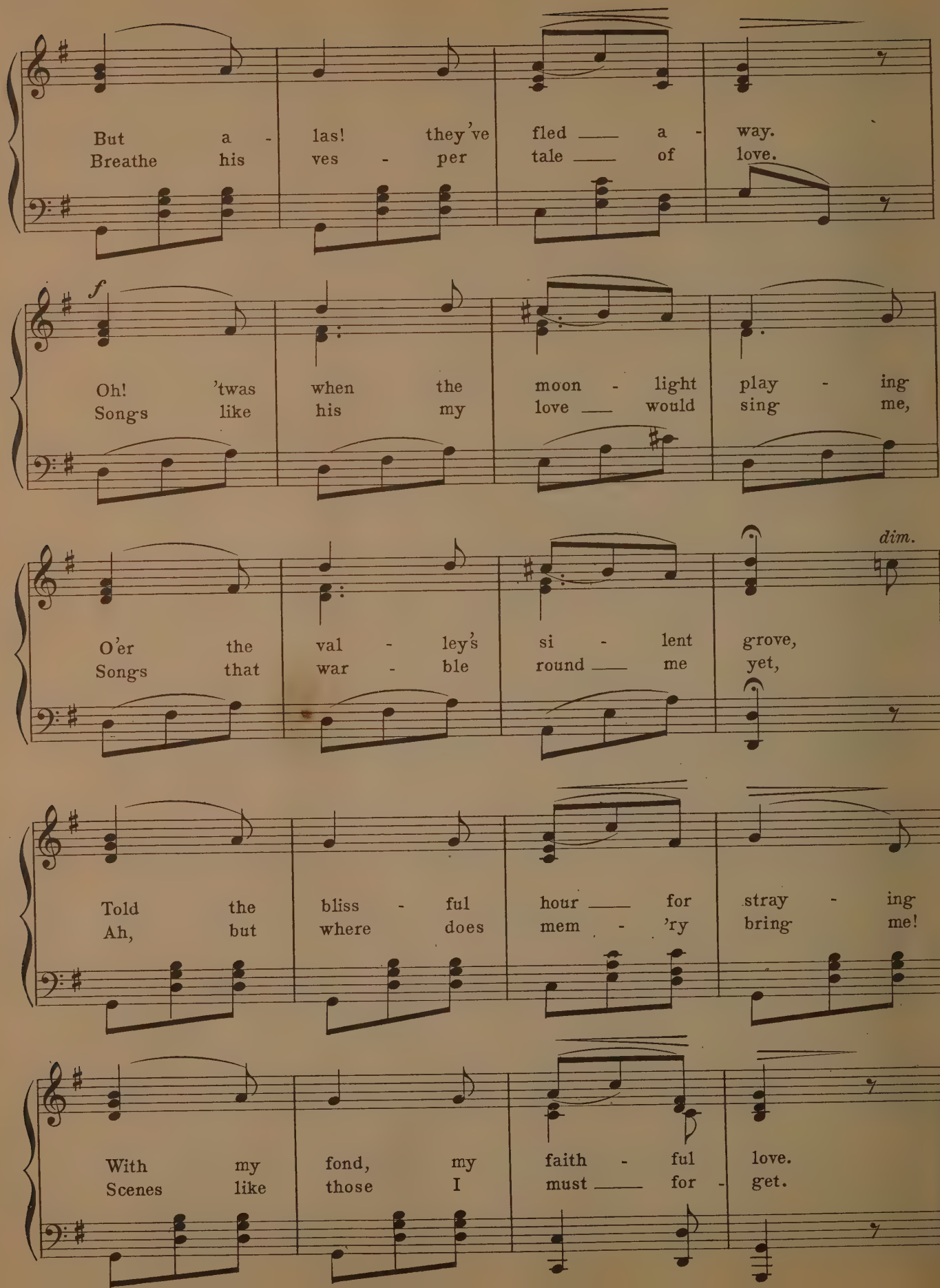

Moderato
mf
1 Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign
2 Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in
3 Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the
shore, And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To
glee, But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth, Seem
place, And oh! I feel the child - hood charm, That
meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the
hap - pi - er to me; If my guide should
time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my
mf
cresc.
dim.
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But
be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam, But
home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For
now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kind - ly greet me home.
death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.



Hours That Were

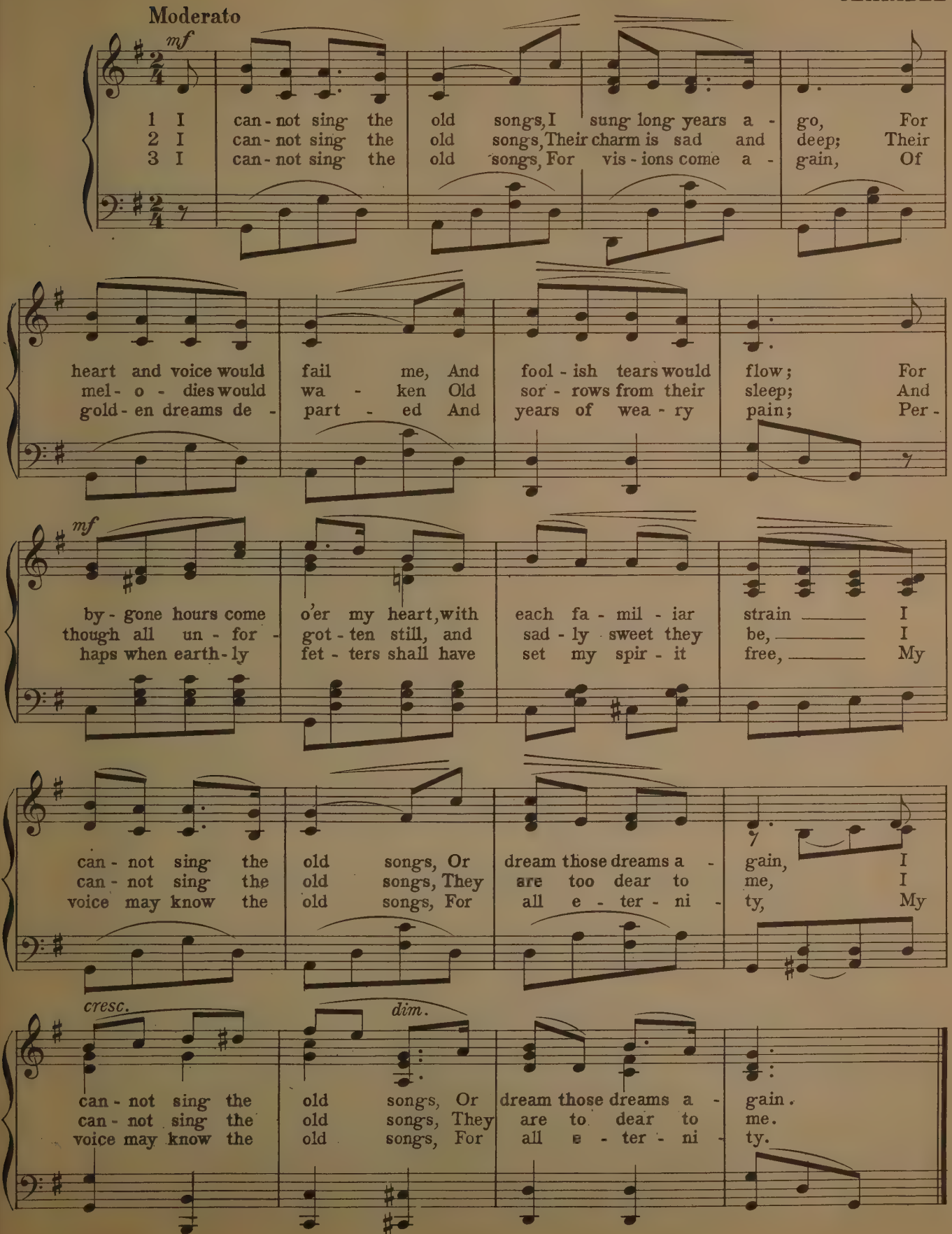
J. WADE


Tenderly
mf
1 Hours there were to mem - 'ry dear - er
2 Oft when ev - ening fad - ed mild - ly,
Than the sun - bright scenes of day,
O'er the wave our bark would rove;
mf
Friends were fond - er, joys were near - er,
Then we've heard the night - bird loud - ly

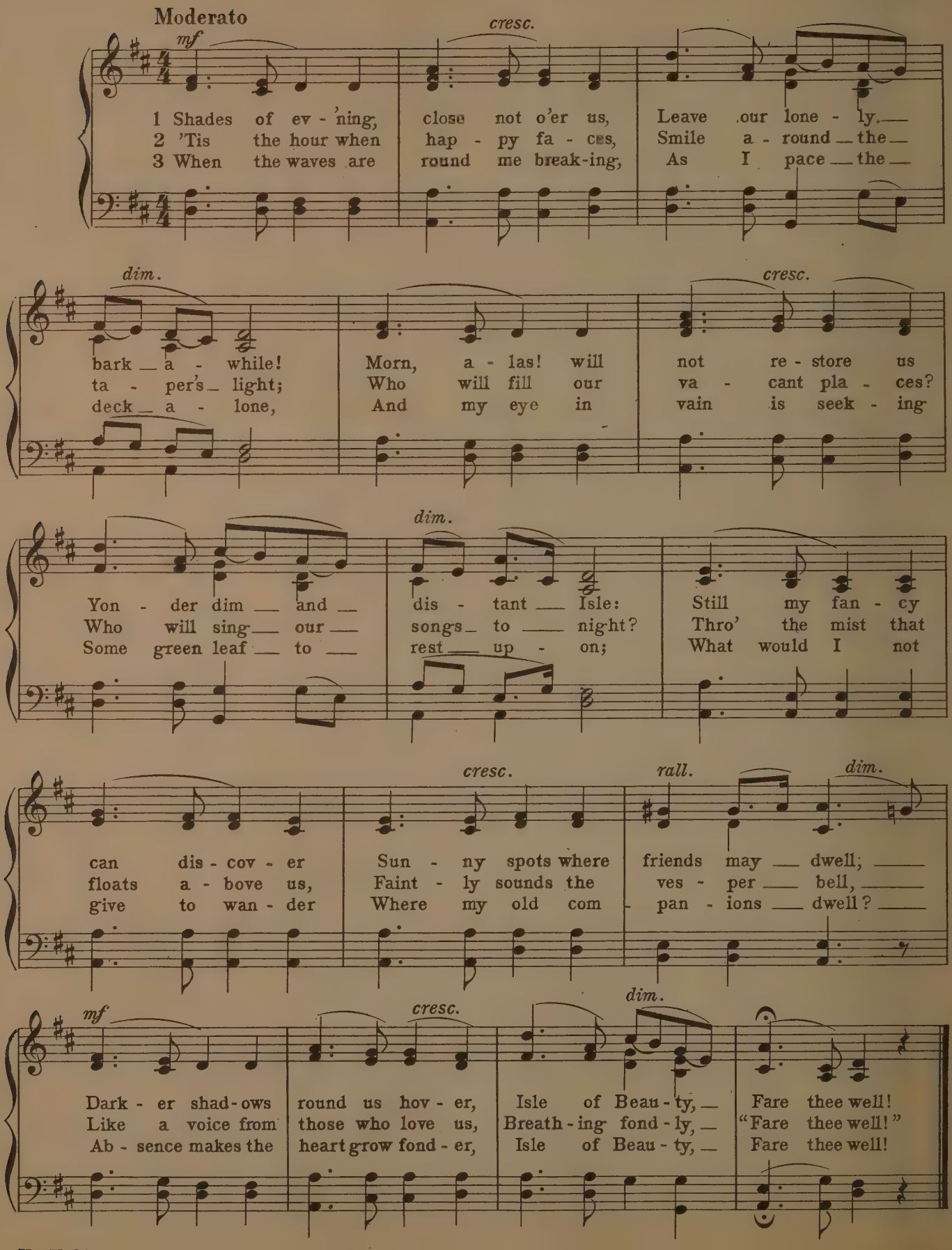

But a - las! they've fled a - way.
Breathe his ves - per tale of love.
f
Oh! 'twas when the moon - light play - ing
Songs like his my love would sing me,
dim.
O'er the val - ley's si - lent grove,
Songs that war - ble round me yet,
Told the bliss - ful hour for stray - ing
Ah, but where does mem - 'ry bring me!
With my fond, my faith - ful love.
Scenes like those I must for - get.

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

CLARIBEL

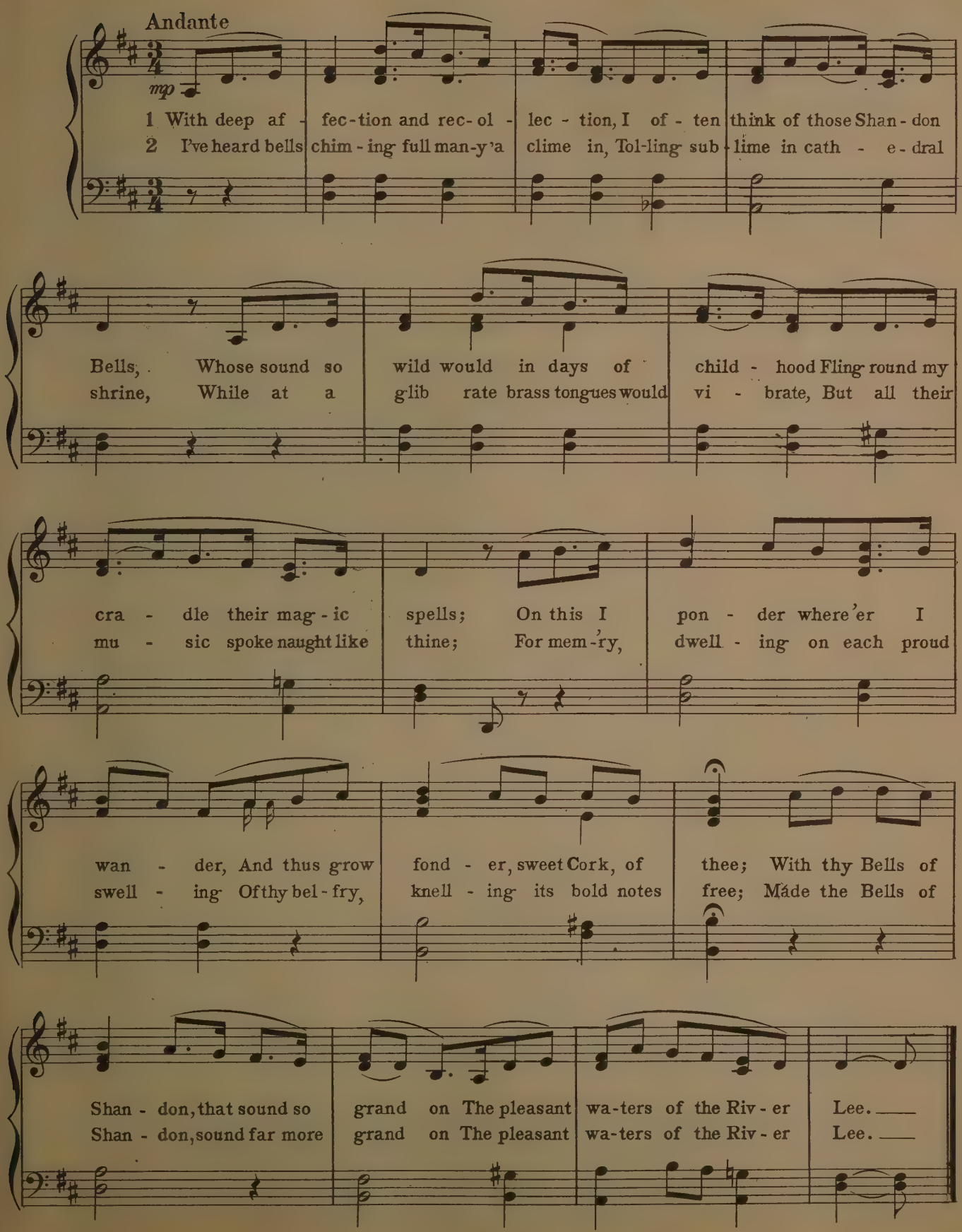

Moderato
mf
1 I can - not sing the old songs, I sung long years a - go, For
2 I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
3 I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of
heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For
mel - o - dies would wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep; And
gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -
mf
by - gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa - mil - iar strain I
though all un - for - got - ten still, and sad - ly sweet they be, I
haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall have set my spir - it free, My
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I
can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I
voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty, My
cresc.
dim.
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
can - not sing the old songs, They are to dear to me.
voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

Isle of Beauty

T. H. BAYLY

Moderato
mf
cresc.
1 Shades of ev - 'ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly.
2 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces, Smile a - round the
3 When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the
dim.
cresc.
bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will not re - store us
ta - per's light; Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces?
deck a - lone, And my eye in vain is seek - ing
dim.
Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle:
Who will sing our songs to night?
Some green leaf to rest up - on;
Still my fan - cy
Thro' the mist that
What would I not
cresc.
rall.
dim.
can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell,
give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell?
mf
cresc.
dim.
Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly, "Fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!

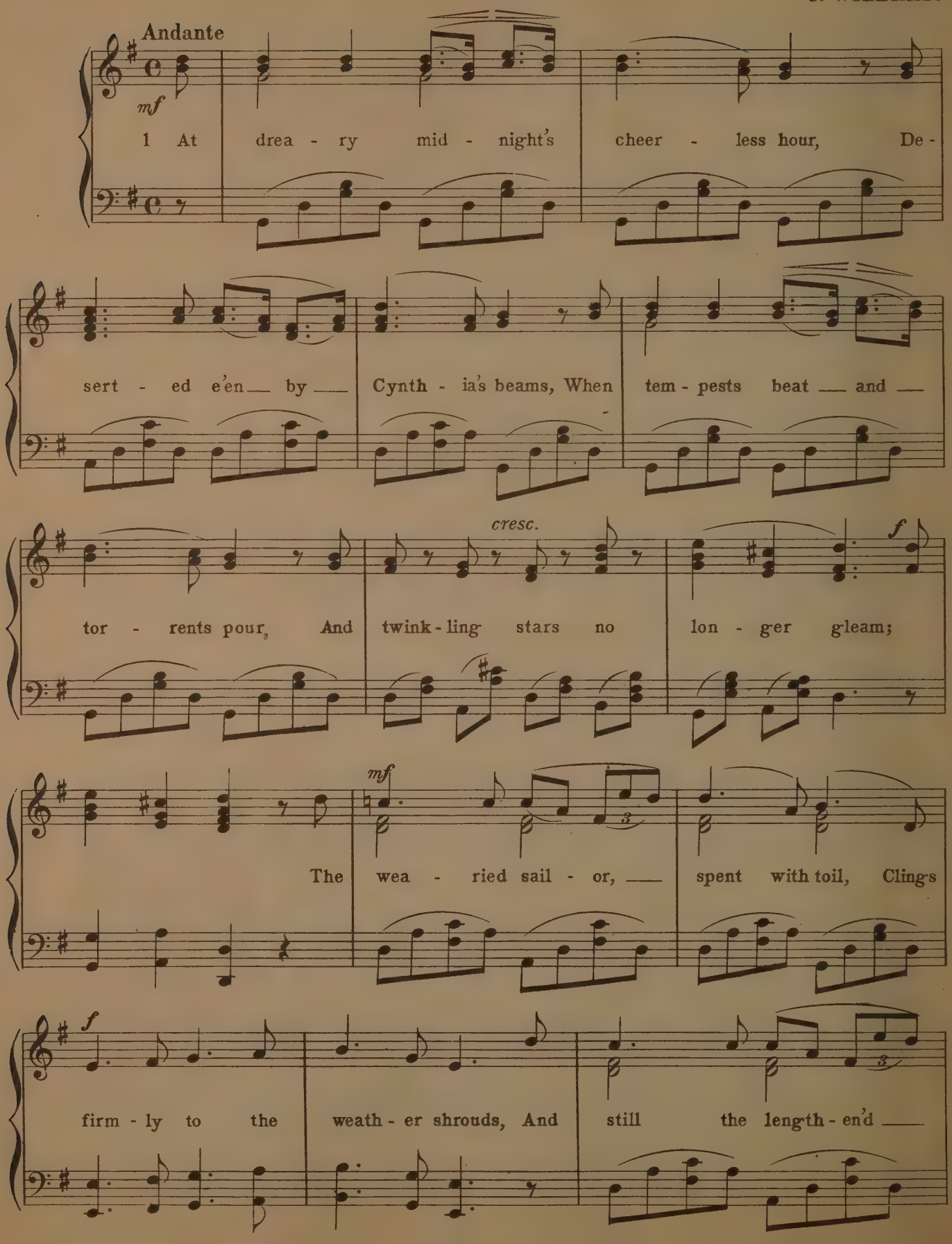
Bells of Shandon

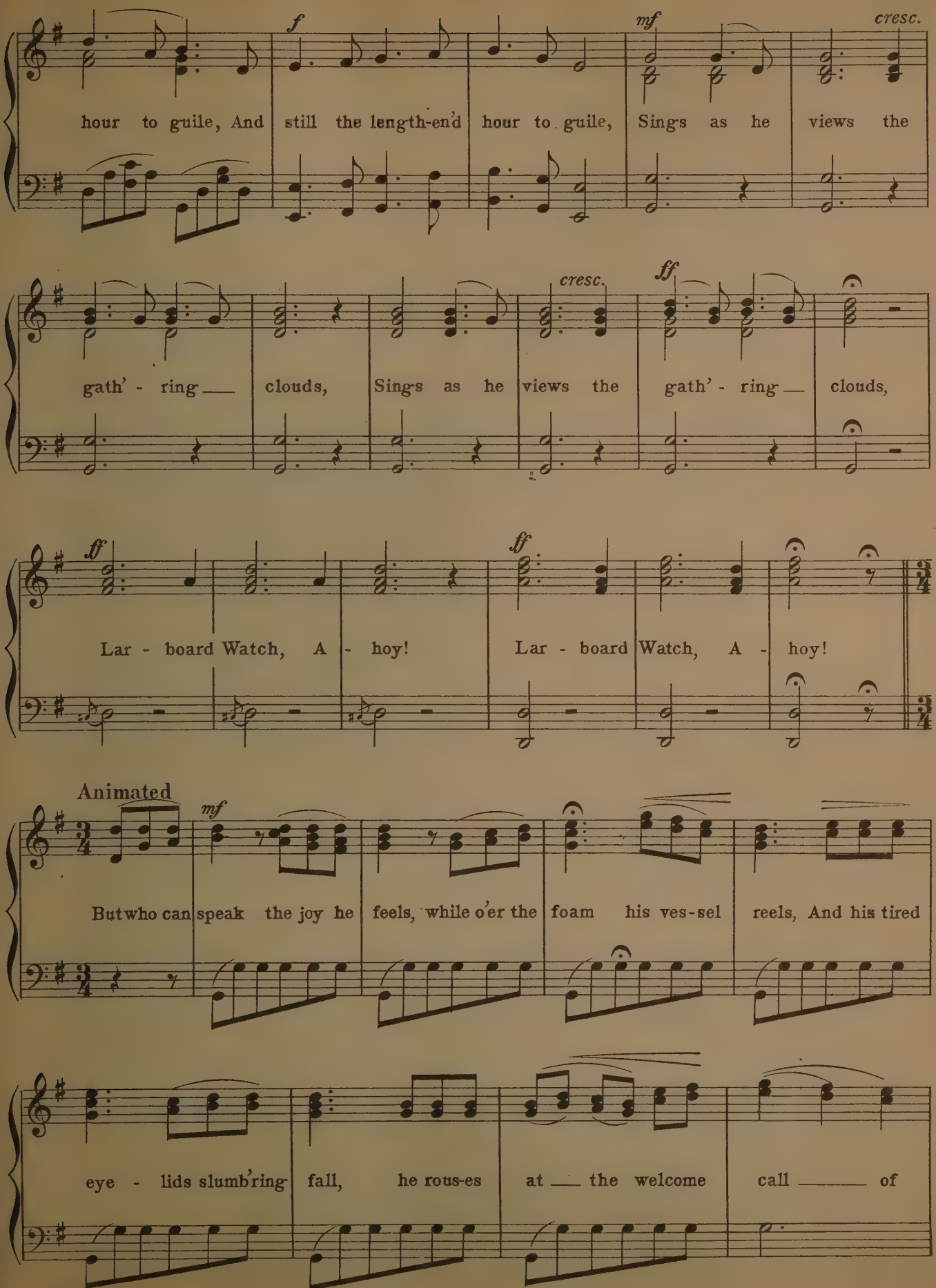
Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY

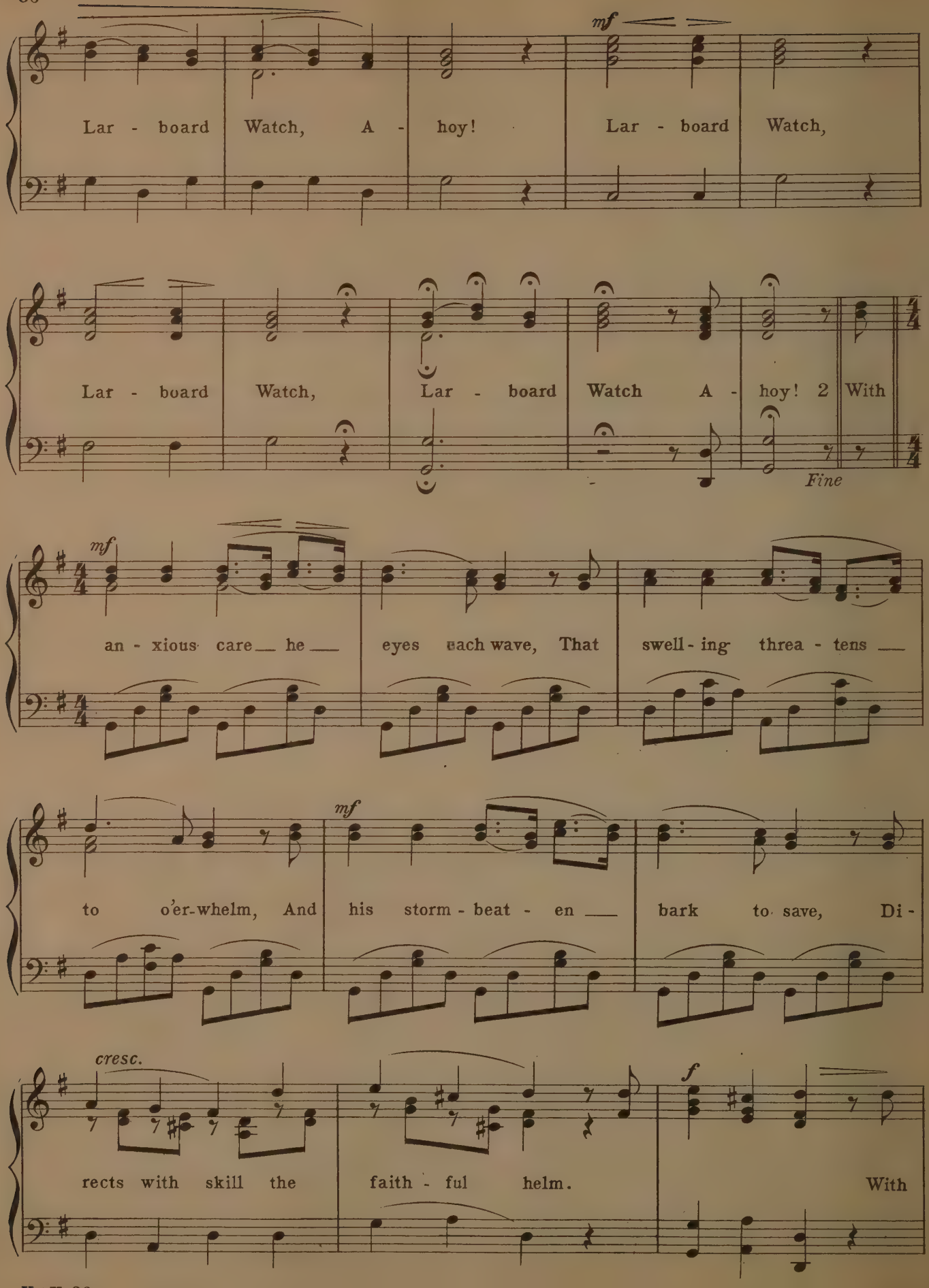

Andante
mp
1 With deep af - fec-tion and rec-ol - lec - tion, I of - ten think of those Shan - don
2 I've heard bells chim - ing full man-y a clime in, Tol-ling sub - lime in cath - e - dral
Bells, Whose sound so wild would in days of child - hood Fling round my
shrine, While at a glib rate brass tongues would vi - brate, But all their
cra - dle their mag - ic spells; On this I pon - der where'er I
mu - sic spoke naught like thine; For mem-'ry, dwell - ing on each proud
wan - der, And thus grow fond - er, sweet Cork, of thee; With thy Bells of
swell - ing Of thy bel - fry, knell - ing its bold notes free; Made the Bells of
Shan - don, that sound so grand on The pleasant wa-ters of the Riv - er Lee.
Shan - don, sound far more grand on The pleasant wa-ters of the Riv - er Lee.

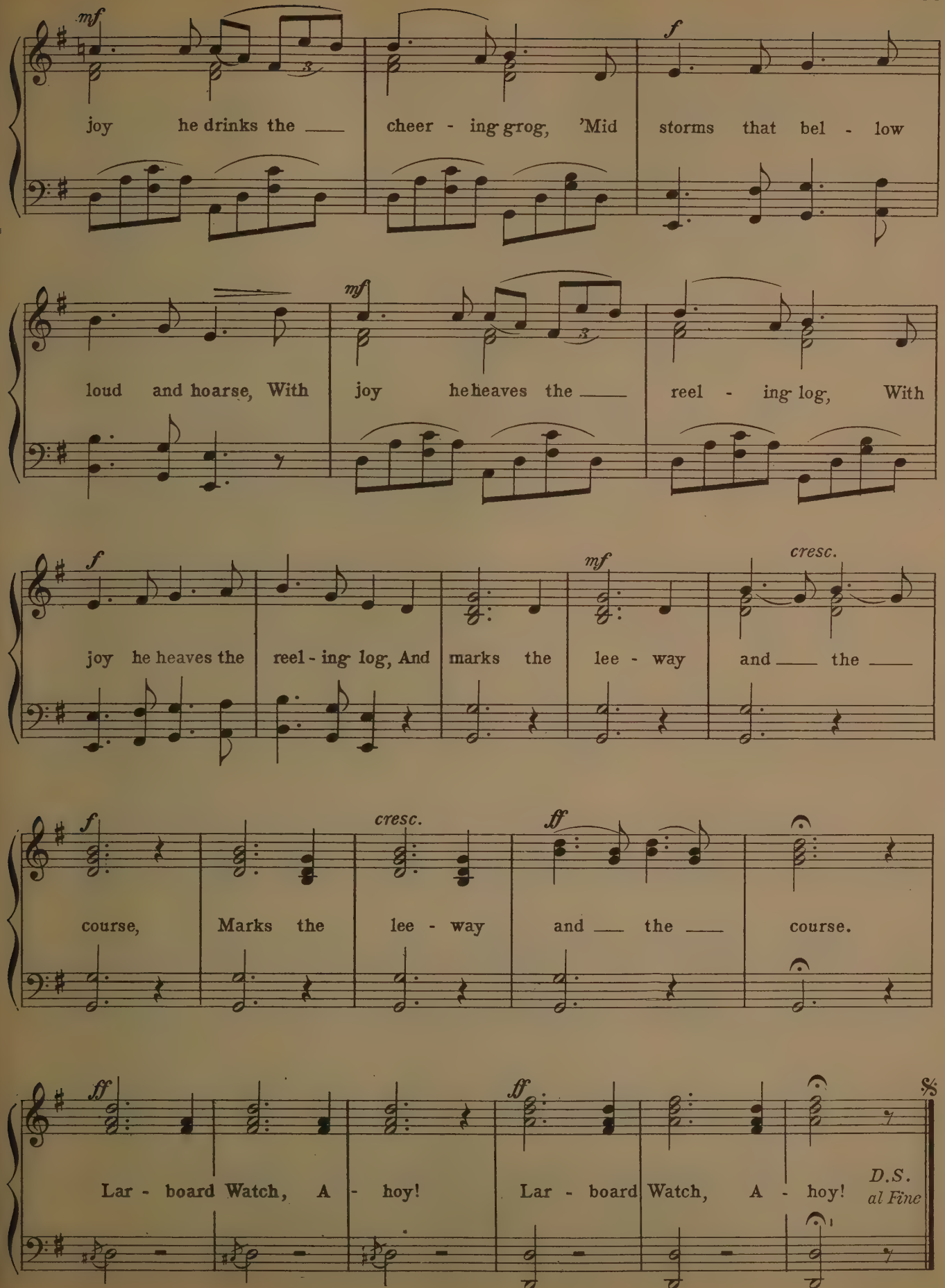
Larboard Watch

T. WILLIAMS


Andante
mf
1 At drea - ry mid - night's cheer - less hour, De -
sert - ed e'en by Cynth - ia's beams, When tem - pests beat and
cresc.
f
tor - rents pour, And twink - ling stars no lon - ger gleam;
mf
The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings
f
firm - ly to the weath - er shrouds, And still the length - en'd

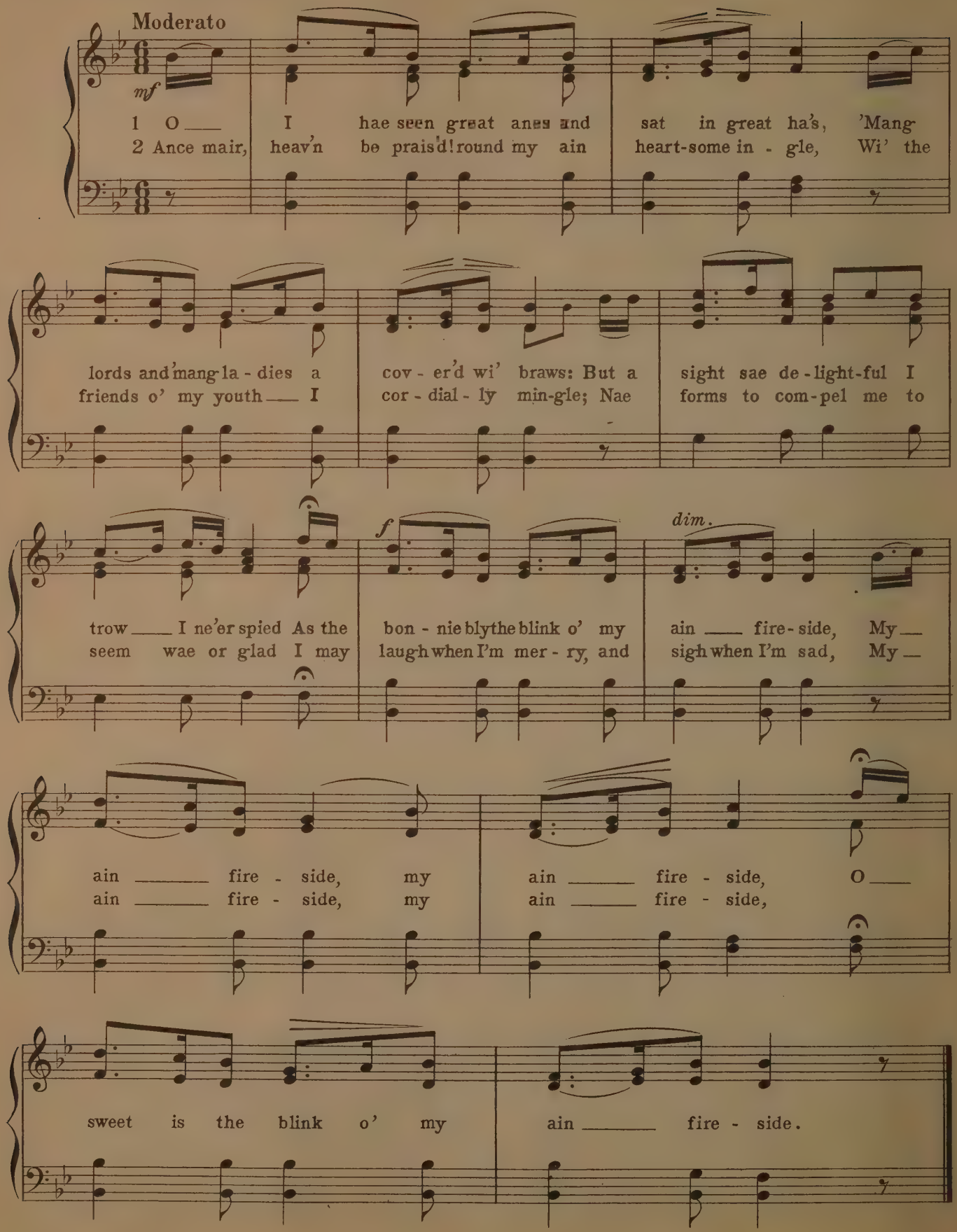

f
mf
cresc.
hour to guile, And still the length-en'd hour to guile, Sings as he views the
cresc.
ff
gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he views the gath' - ring clouds,
ff
ff
Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!
Animated
mf
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves-sel reels, And his tired
eye - lids slumb'ring fall, he rous-es at the welcome call of


mf
Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch,
Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch A - hoy! 2 With
Fine
mf
an - xious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing threa - tens
mf
to o'er-whelm, And his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di -
cresc.
f
rects with skill the faith - ful helm. With


mf
joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog, 'Mid
f
storms that bel - low
mf
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With
f
joy he heaves the reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the
mf
cresc.
f
course, Marks the lee - way and the course.
cresc.
ff
ff
Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!
ff
Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!
D.S. al Fine

My Ain Fireside

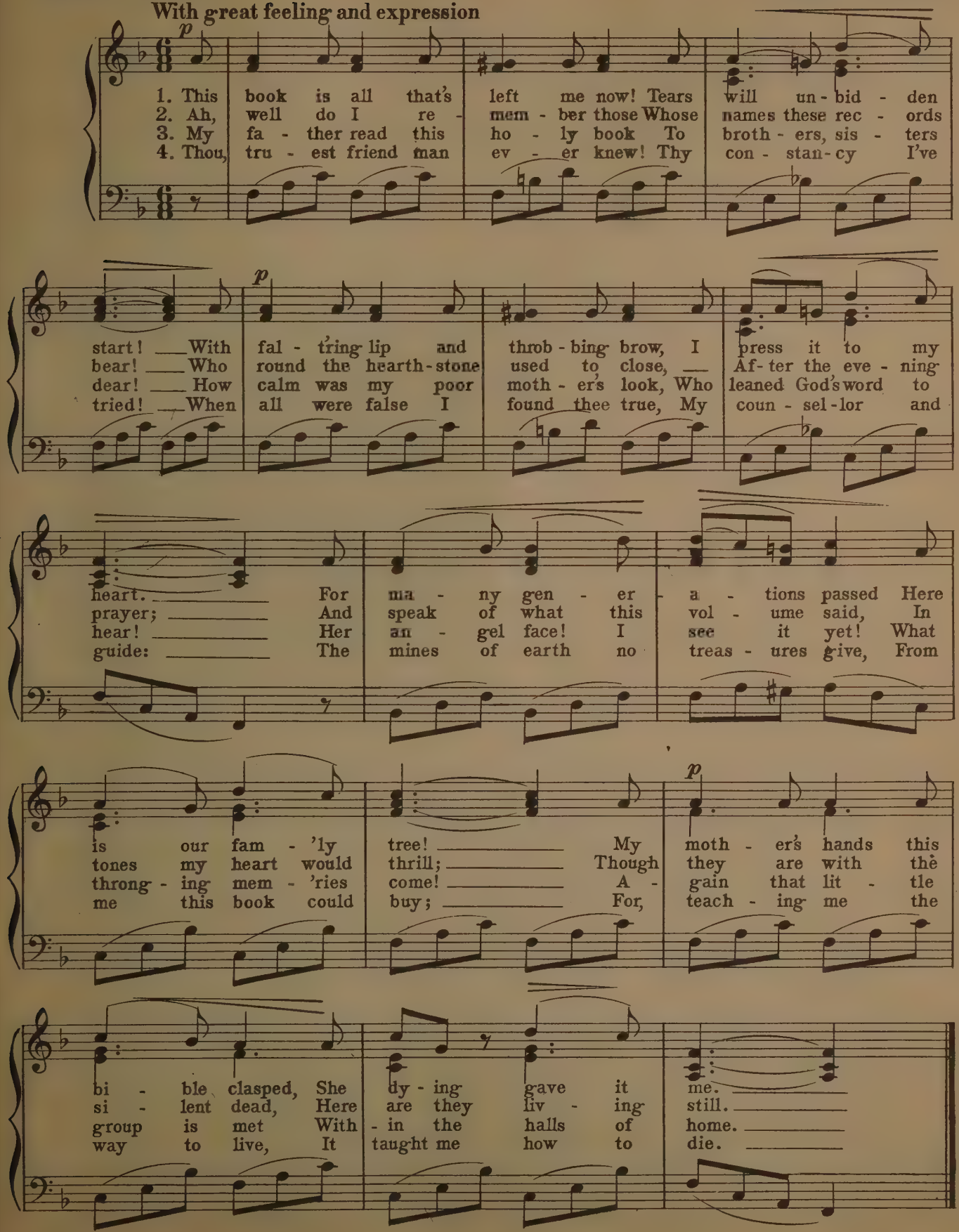
ELIZABETH HAMILTON


Moderato
mf
1 O I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang
2 Ance mair, heav'n be prais'd! round my ain heart-some in - gle, Wi' the
lords and 'mang la - dies a cov - er'd wi' braws: But a sight sae de - light-ful I
friends o' my youth I cor - dial - ly min-gle; Nae forms to com-pel me to
f
dim.
trow I ne'er spied As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side, My
seem wae or glad I may laugh when I'm mer - ry, and sigh when I'm sad, My
ain fire - side, my ain fire - side, O
ain fire - side, my ain fire - side,
sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.

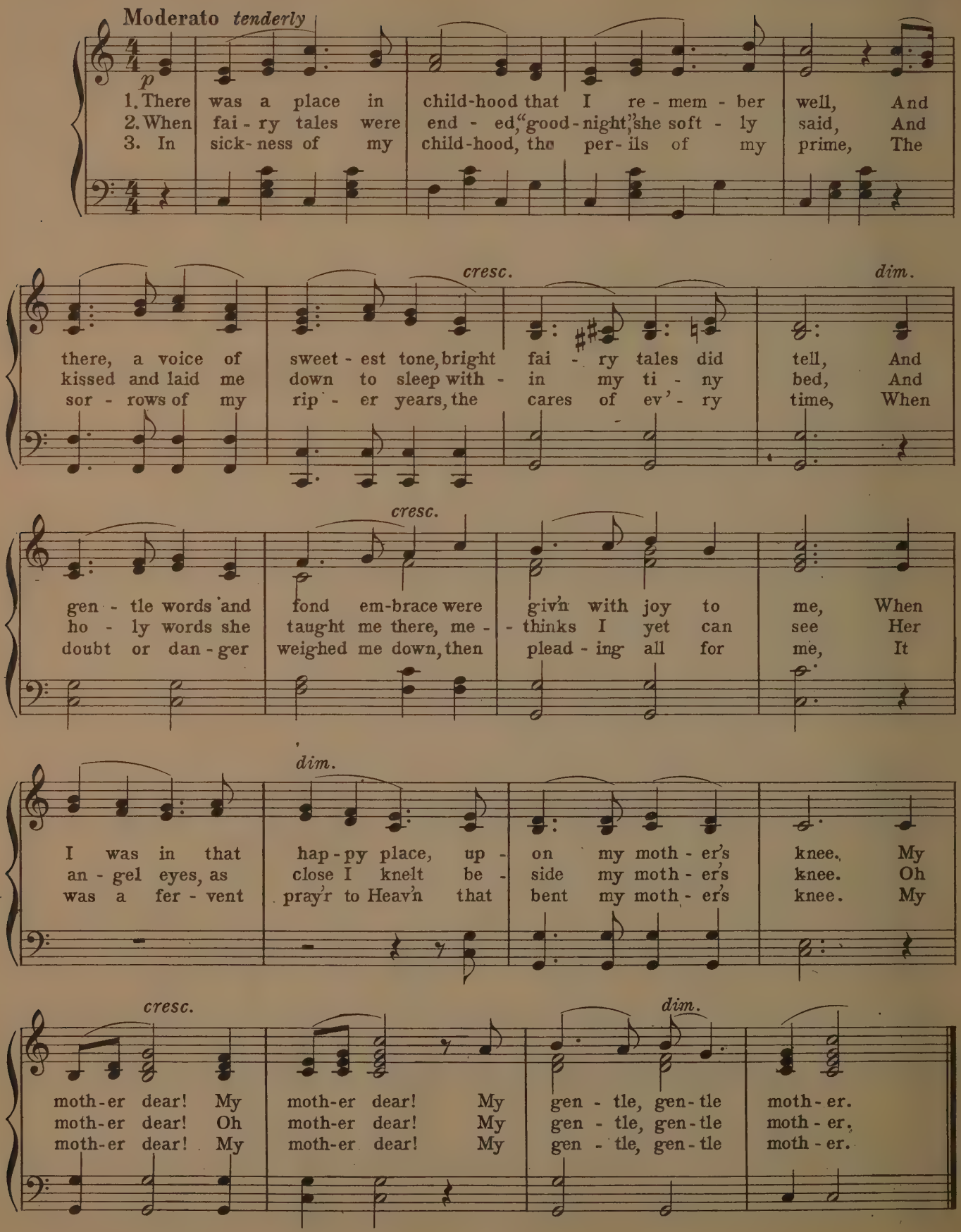
My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL

With great feeling and expression

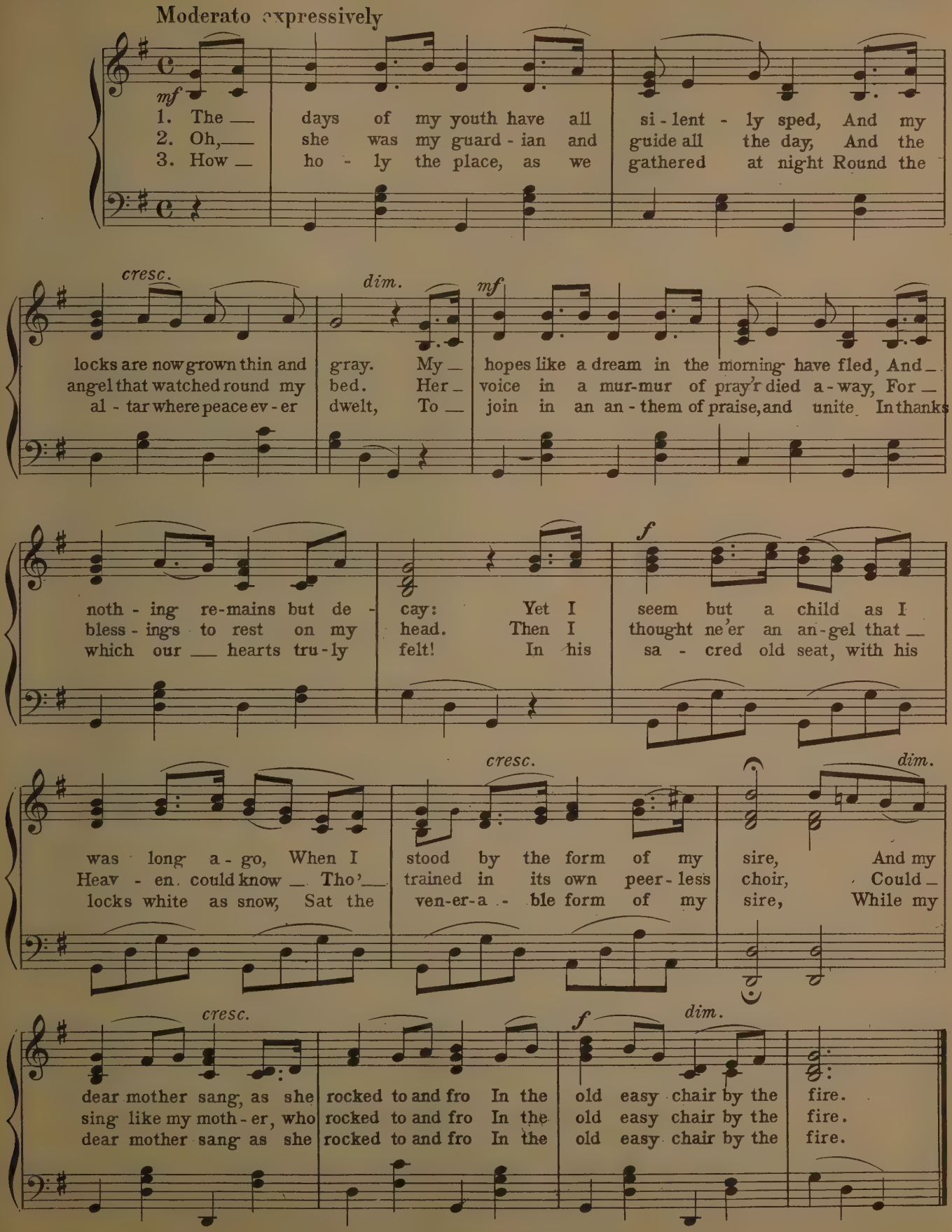

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den
2. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these rec - ords
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters
4. Thou, tru - est friend man ev - er knew! Thy con - stan - cy I've
start! With fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my
bear! Who round the hearth - stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning
dear! How calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to
tried! When all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and
heart. For ma - ny gen - er - a - tions passed Here
prayer; And speak of what this vol - ume said, In
hear! Her an - gel face! I see it yet! What
guide: The mines of earth no treas - ures give, From
is our fam - 'ly tree! My moth - er's hands this
tones my heart would thrill; Though they are with the
throng - ing mem - 'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle
me this book could buy; For, teach - ing me the
bi - ble clasped, She dy - ing gave it me.
si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
group is met With - in the halls of home.
way to live, It taught me how to die.

My Mother Dear

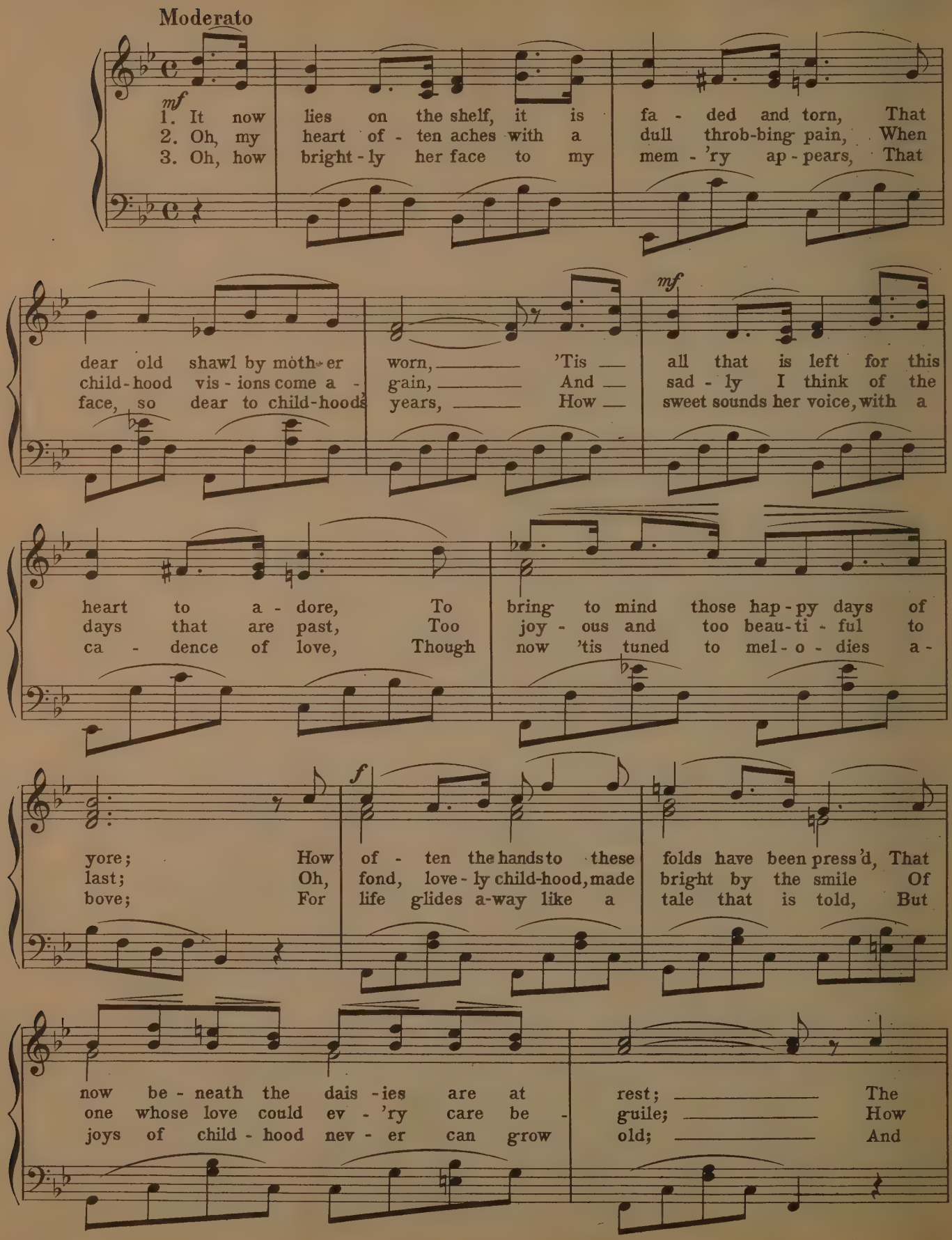
SAMUEL LOVER

Moderato tenderly
p
1. There was a place in child-hood that I re - mem - ber well, And
2. When fai - ry tales were end - ed, "good - night," she soft - ly said, And
3. In sick - ness of my child-hood, the per - ils of my prime, The
cresc.
dim.
there, a voice of sweet - est tone, bright fai - ry tales did tell, And
kissed and laid me down to sleep with - in my ti - ny bed, And
sor - rows of my rip - er years, the cares of ev' - ry time, When
cresc.
gen - tle words and fond em-brace were giv'n with joy to me, When
ho - ly words she taught me there, me - thinks I yet can see Her
doubt or dan - ger weighed me down, then plead - ing all for me, It
dim.
I was in that hap - py place, up - on my moth - er's knee. My
an - gel eyes, as close I knelt be - side my moth - er's knee. Oh
was a fer - vent pray'r to Heav'n that bent my moth - er's knee. My
cresc.
dim.
moth - er dear! My moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.
moth - er dear! Oh moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.
moth - er dear! My moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.

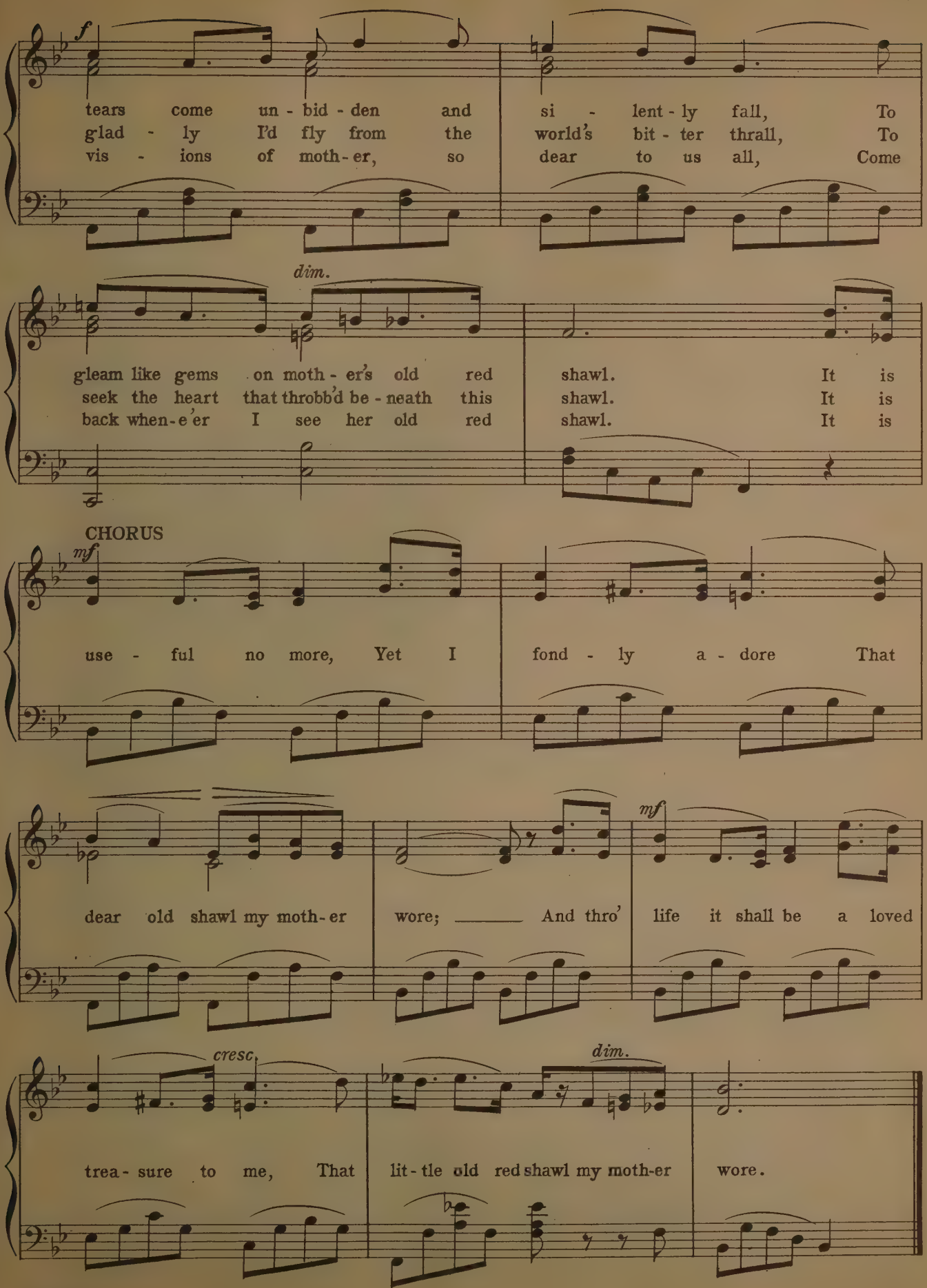
The Old Easy Chair by the Fire

JAMES C. BECKEL

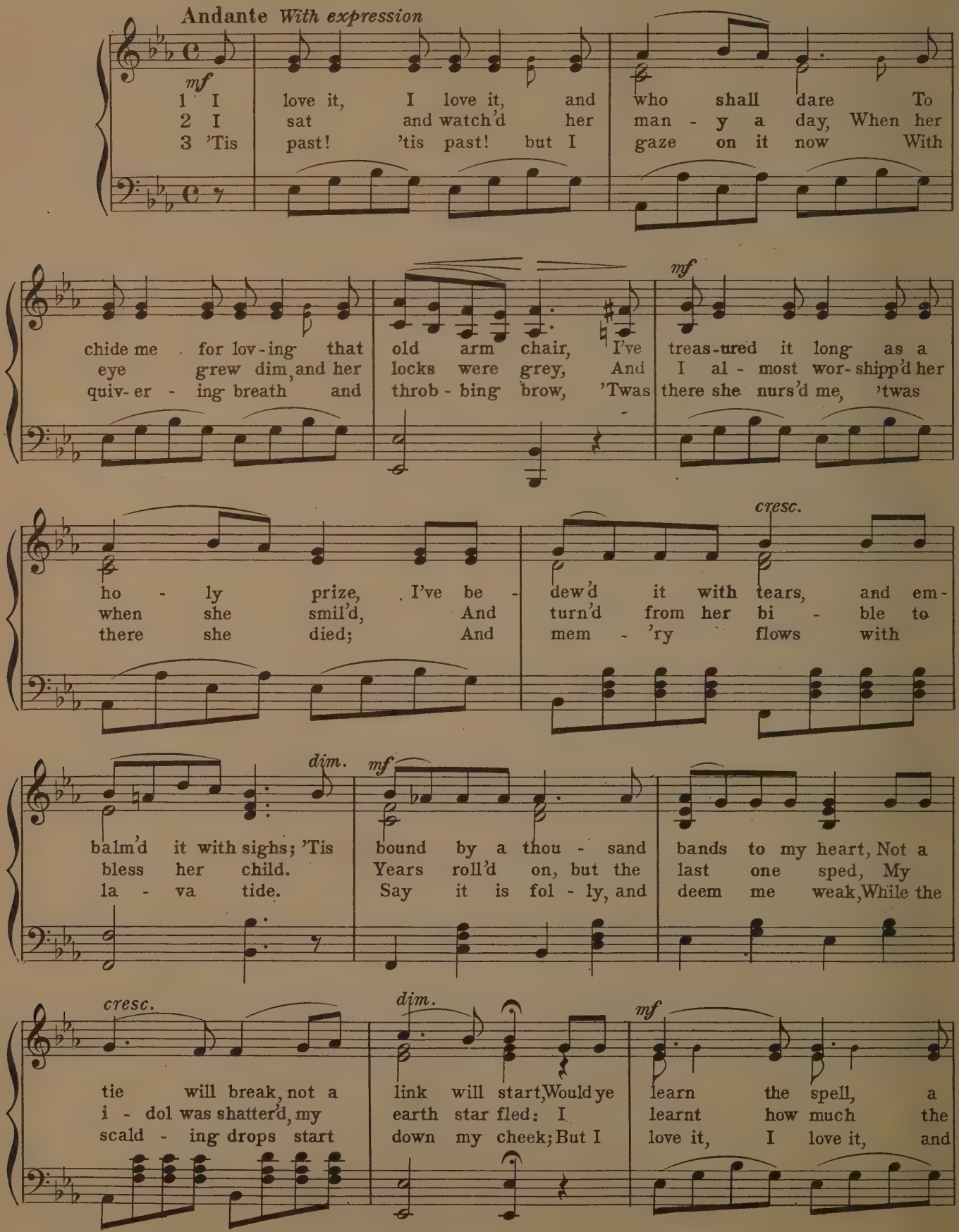

Moderato expressively
mf
1. The days of my youth have all si - lent - ly sped, And my
2. Oh, she was my guard - ian and guide all the day, And the
3. How ho - ly the place, as we gathered at night Round the
cresc.
dim.
mf
locks are now grown thin and gray. My hopes like a dream in the morning have fled, And
angel that watched round my bed. Her voice in a mur-mur of pray'r died a - way, For
al - tar where peace ev - er dwelt, To join in an an - them of praise, and unite In thanks
noth - ing re-mains but de - cay: Yet I seem but a child as I
bless - ings to rest on my head. Then I thought ne'er an an - gel that
which our hearts tru - ly felt! In his sa - cred old seat, with his
f
cresc.
dim.
was long a - go, When I stood by the form of my sire, And my
Heav - en could know Tho' trained in its own peer - less choir, Could
locks white as snow, Sat the ven-er-a - ble form of my sire, While my
cresc.
f
dim.
dear mother sang, as she rocked to and fro In the old easy chair by the fire.
sing like my moth - er, who rocked to and fro In the old easy chair by the fire.
dear mother sang as she rocked to and fro In the old easy chair by the fire.

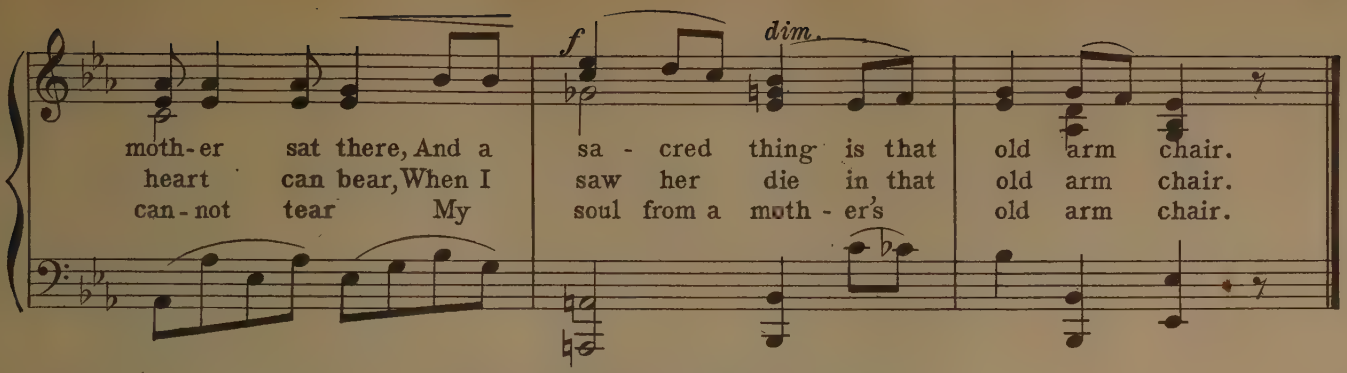
My Mother's Old Red Shawl

CHARLES MOULAND

Moderato
mf
1. It now lies on the shelf, it is fa - ded and torn, That
2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull throb-bing pain, When
3. Oh, how bright - ly her face to my mem - 'ry ap - pears, That
dear old shawl by moth-er worn, 'Tis all that is left for this
child - hood vis - ions come a - gain, And sad - ly I think of the
face, so dear to child-hood's years, How sweet sounds her voice, with a
mf
heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of
days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to
ca - dence of love, Though now 'tis tuned to mel - o - dies a -
yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That
last; Oh, fond, love - ly child-hood, made bright by the smile Of
bove; For life glides a-way like a tale that is told, But
f
now be - neath the dais - ies are at rest; The
one whose love could ev - 'ry care be - guile; How
joys of child - hood nev - er can grow old; And


f
tears come un - bid - den and si - lent - ly fall, To
glad - ly I'd fly from the world's bit - ter thrall, To
vis - ions of moth - er, so dear to us all, Come
dim.
gleam like gems on moth - er's old red shawl. It is
seek the heart that throbb'd be - neath this shawl. It is
back when - e'er I see her old red shawl. It is
CHORUS
mf
use - ful no more, Yet I fond - ly a - dore That
dear old shawl my moth - er wore; And thro' life it shall be a loved
mf
cresc.
dim.
trea - sure to me, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

The Old Arm Chair

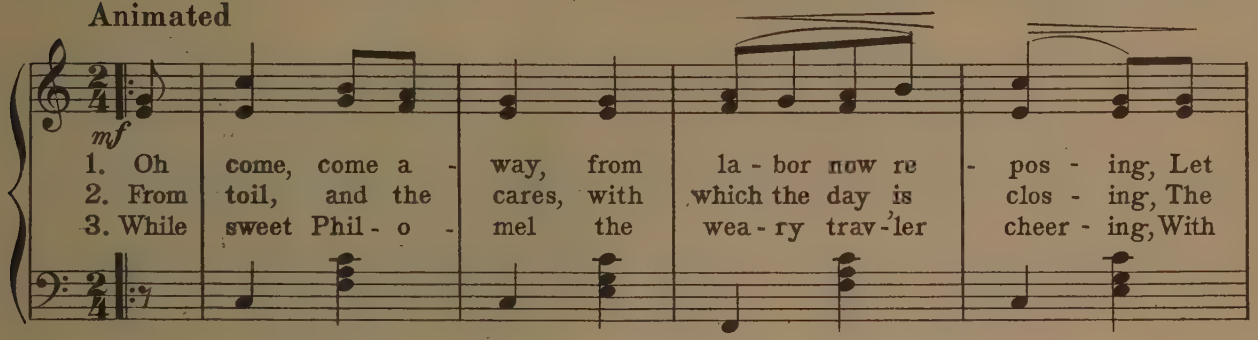
ELIZA COOKE — HENRY RUSSELL

Andante With expression
mf
1 I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To
2 I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her
3 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With
chide me for lov-ing that old arm chair, I've treas-ured it long as a
eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor-shipp'd her
quiv-er - ing breath and throb - bing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas
mf
ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em-
when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to
there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with
cresc.
balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a
bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My
la - va tide. Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the
dim.
mf
tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye learn the spell, a
i - dol was shatter'd, my earth star fled: I learnt how much the
scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and
cresc.
dim.
mf

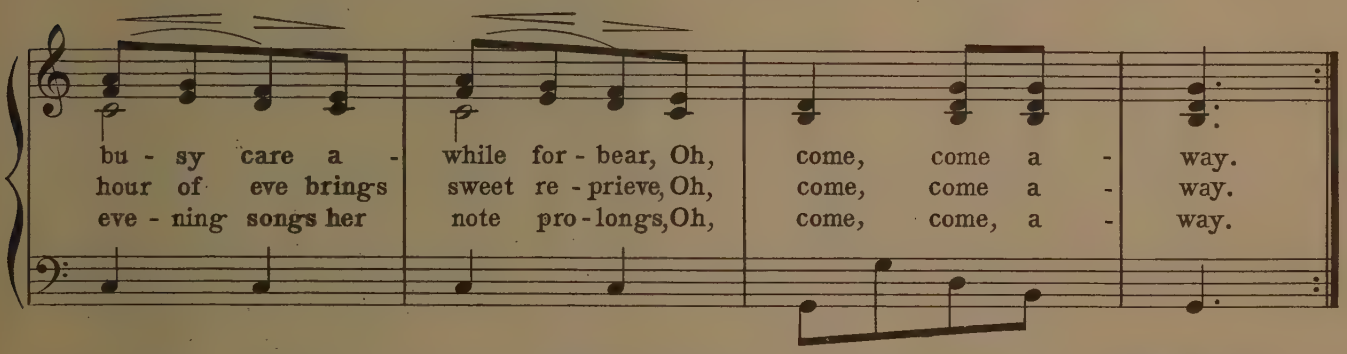

f
dim.
moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
can-not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.

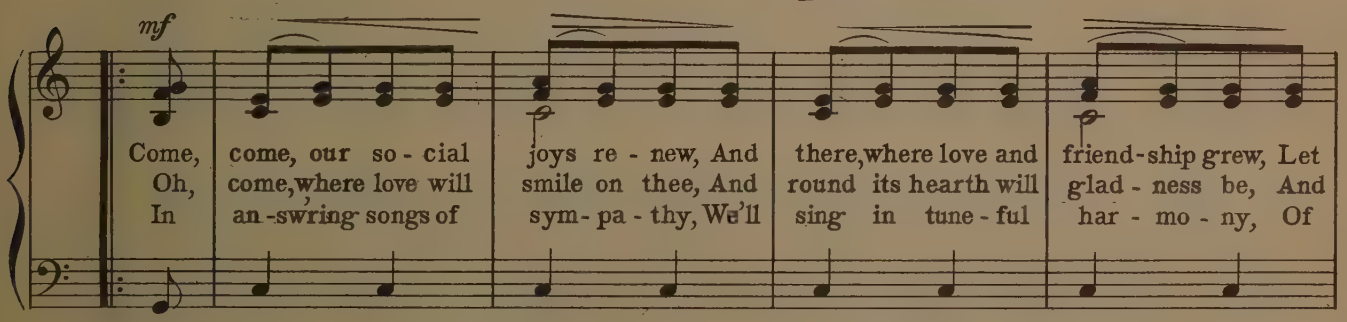
Oh, Come, Come Away

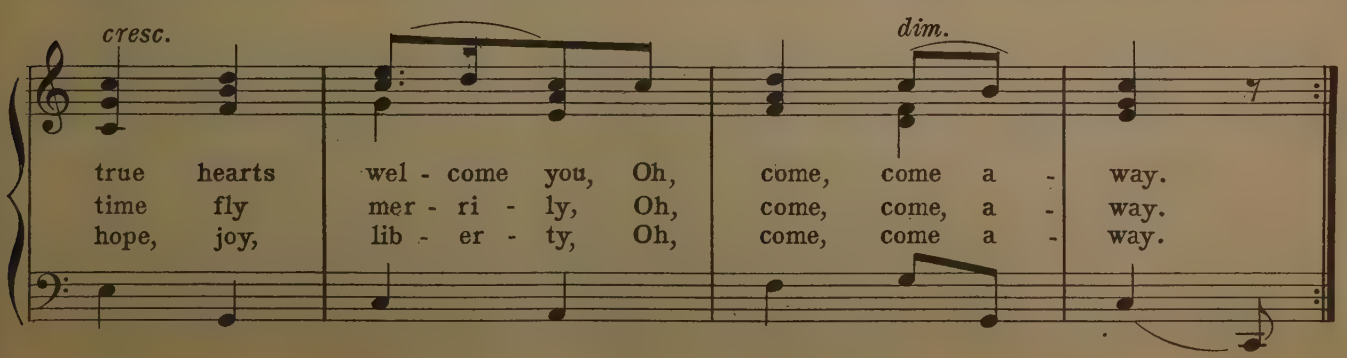
W. E. HICKSON

Animated


mf
1. Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let
2. From toil, and the cares, with which the day is clos - ing, The
3. While sweet Phil - o - mel the wea - ry trav - ler cheer - ing, With

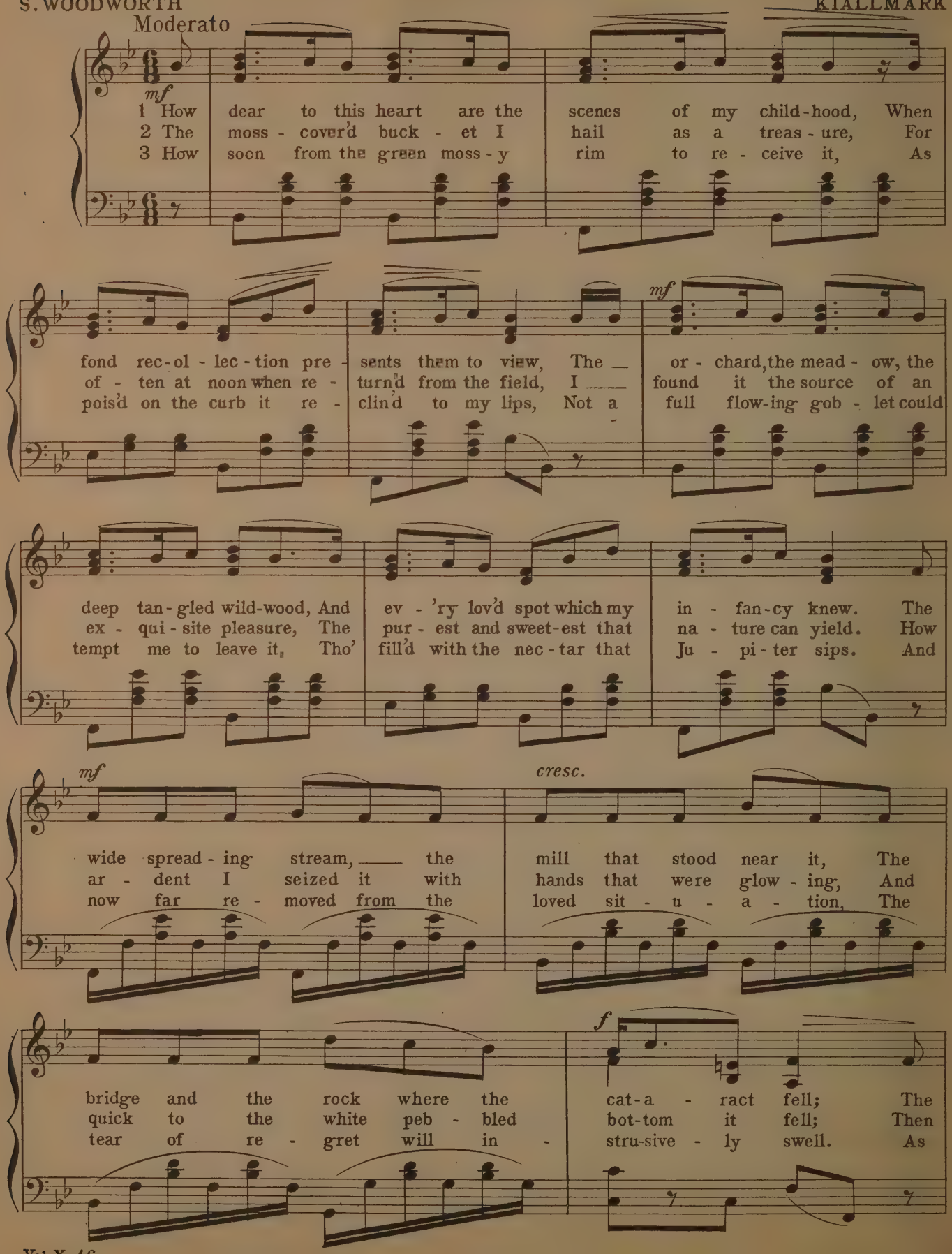

bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh, come, come a - way.
hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve, Oh, come, come a - way.
eve - ning songs her note pro - longs, Oh, come, come, a - way.

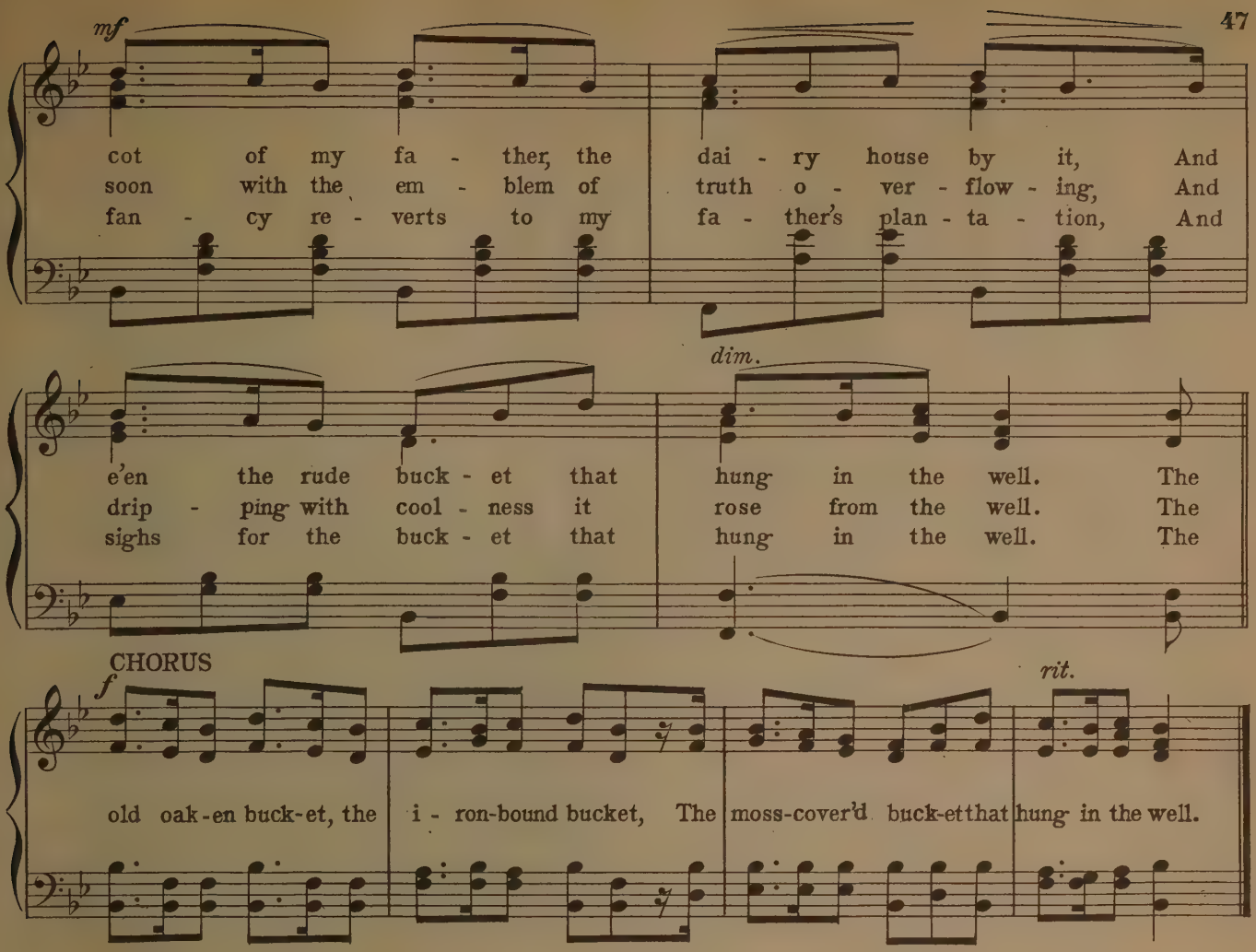

mf
Come, come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there, where love and friend - ship grew, Let
Oh, come, where love will smile on thee, And round its hearth will glad - ness be, And
In an - swring songs of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in tune - ful har - mo - ny, Of



The Old Oaken Bucket

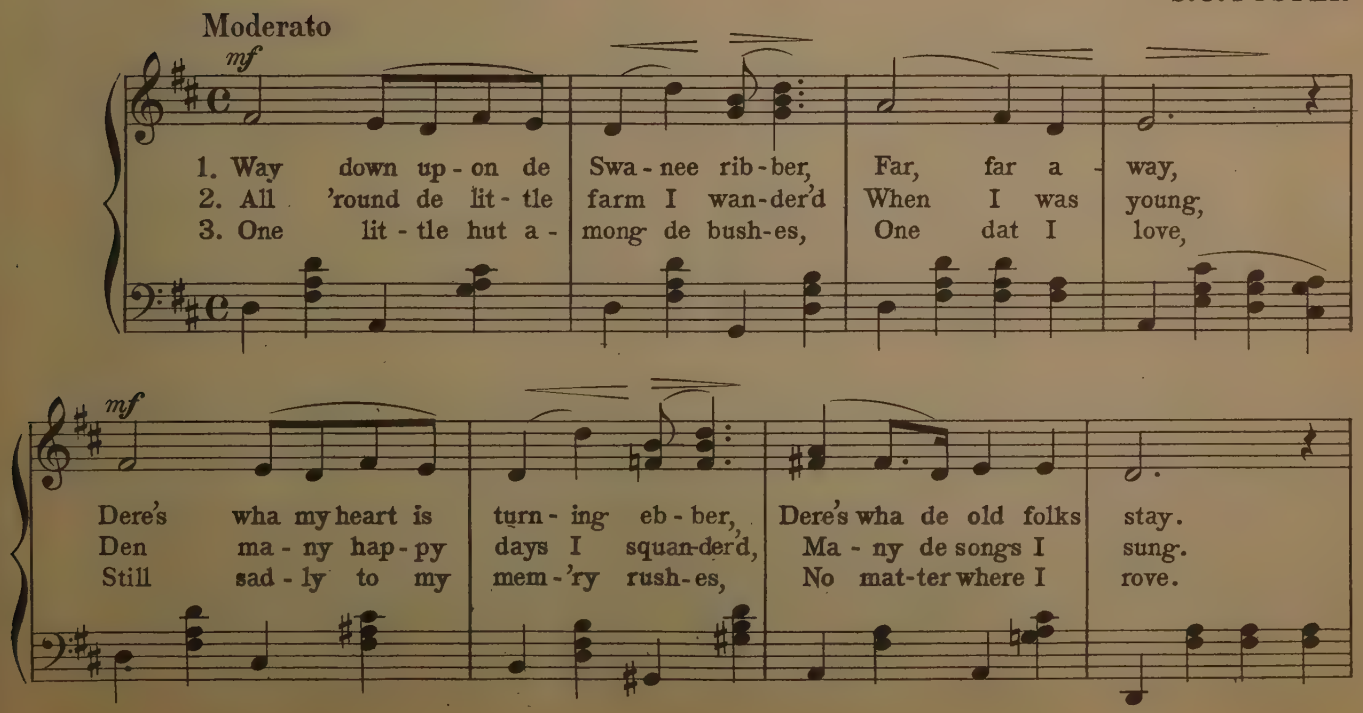
S. WOODWORTH — KIALLMARK

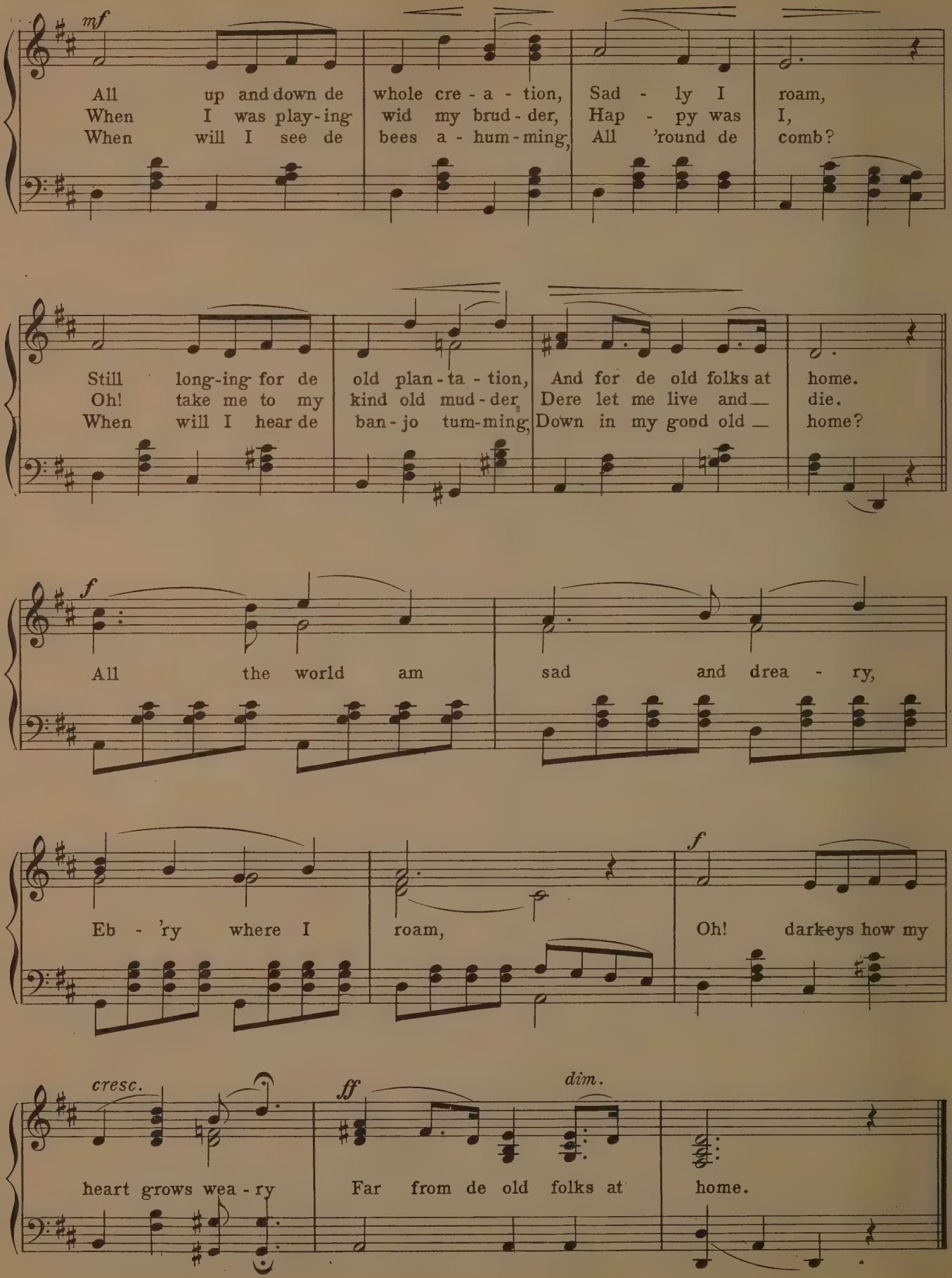
Moderato

mf
1 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
2 The moss - cover'd buck - et I hail as a treas - ure, For
3 How soon from the green moss - y rim to re - ceive it, As
fond rec-ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The or - chard, the mead - ow, the
of - ten at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob - let could
mf
deep tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew. The
ex - qui - site pleasure, The pur - est and sweet-est that na - ture can yield. How
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And
mf
cresc.
wide spread - ing stream, the mill that stood near it, The
ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glow - ing, And
now far re - moved from the loved sit - u - a - tion, The
f
bridge and the rock where the cat-a - ract fell; The
quick to the white peb - bled bot-tom it fell; Then
tear of re - gret will in - stru-sive - ly swell. As


mf
cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And
dim.
e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The
drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The
CHORUS
f
rit.
old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.

The Old Folks at Home

S.C. FOSTER

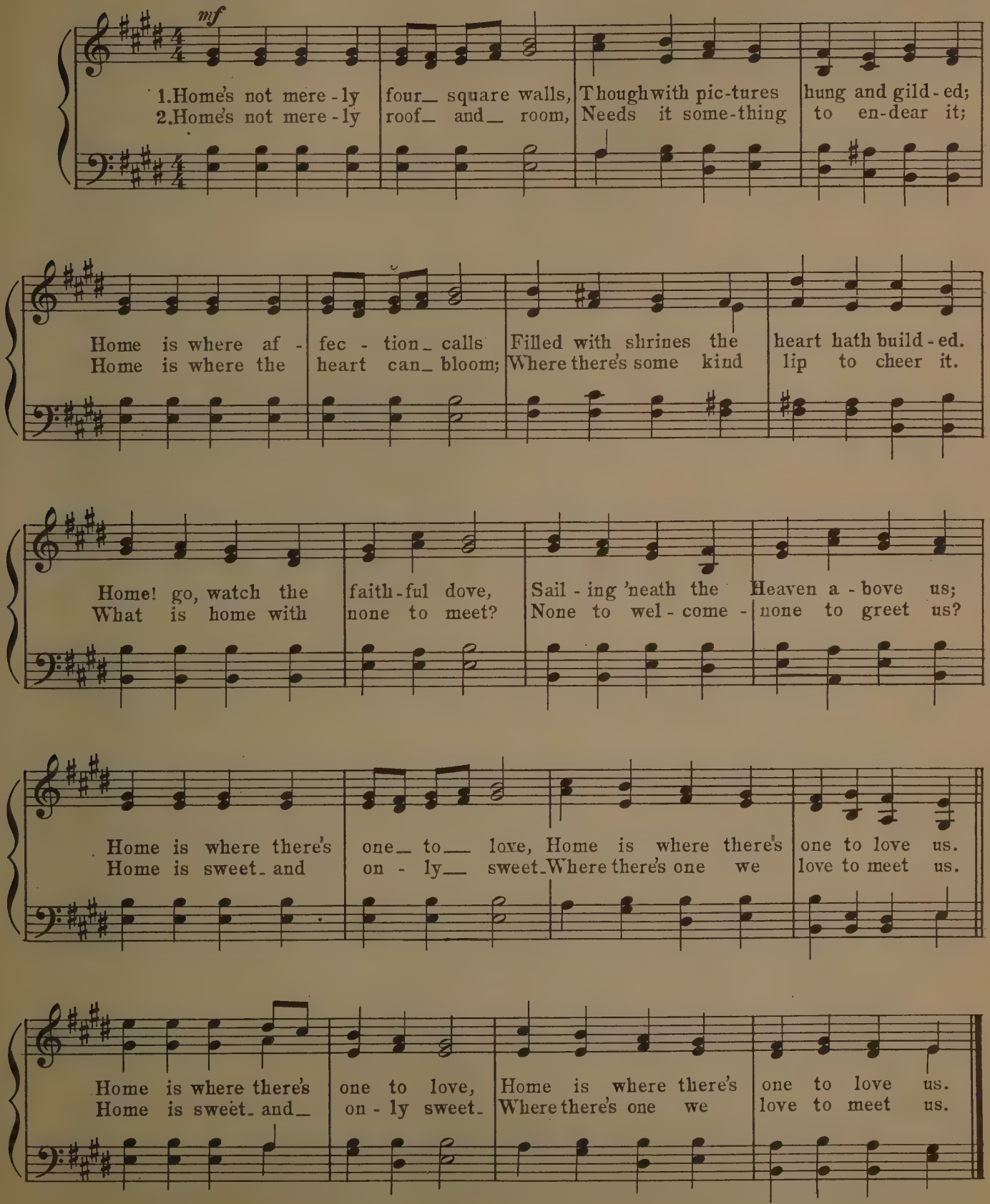

Moderato
mf
1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
mf
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan-der'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.


mf
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All 'round de comb?
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?
f
All the world am sad and drea - ry,
Eb - 'ry where I roam,
f
Oh! darkeys how my
cresc.
heart grows wea - ry
ff
dim.
Far from de old folks at home.

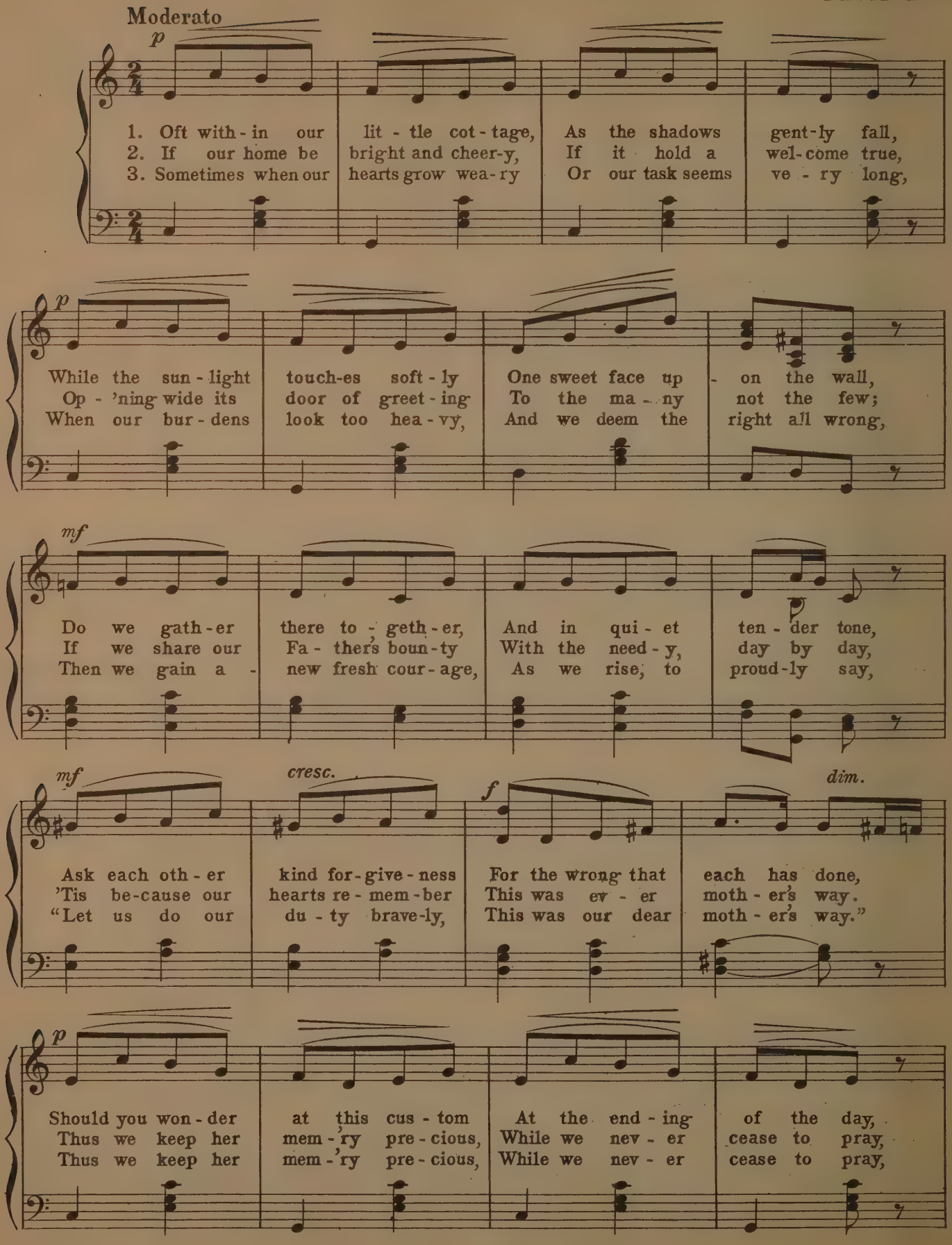
Home's Not Merely Four Square Walls

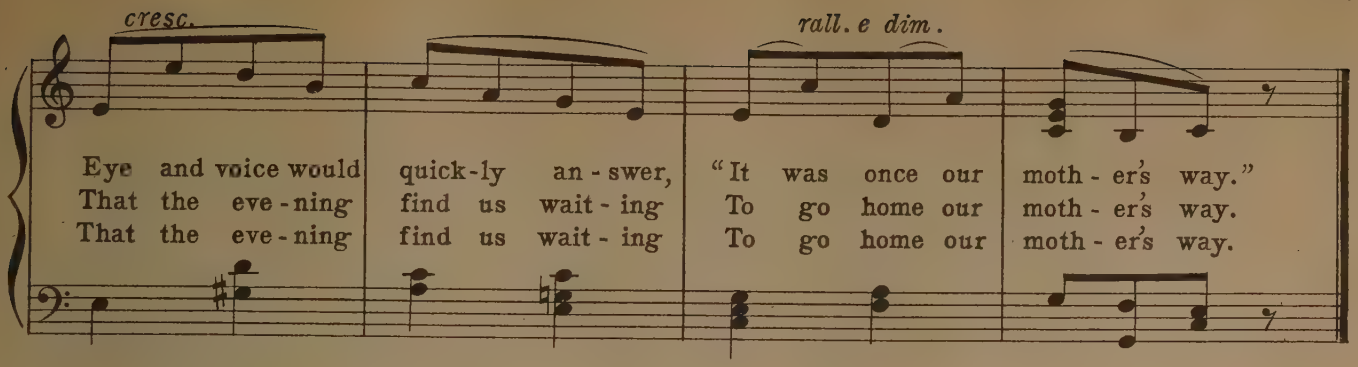
Moderato

CHAS. SWAIN


mf
1.Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Though with pic-tures hung and gild-ed;
2.Home's not mere-ly roof and room, Needs it some-thing to en-dear it;
Home is where af- fec- tion calls Filled with shrines the heart hath build-ed.
Home is where the heart can bloom; Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
Home! go, watch the faith-ful dove, Sail-ing 'neath the Heaven a-bove us;
What is home with none to meet? None to wel-come- none to greet us?
Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
Home is sweet and on-ly sweet Where there's one we love to meet us.
Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
Home is sweet and on-ly sweet Where there's one we love to meet us.

Our Mother's Way

DAVID LEE

Moderato
p
1. Oft with - in our lit - tle cot - tage, As the shadows gent - ly fall,
2. If our home be bright and cheer - y, If it hold a wel - come true,
3. Sometimes when our hearts grow wea - ry Or our task seems ve - ry long,
p
While the sun - light touch-es soft - ly One sweet face up - on the wall,
Op - 'ning wide its door of greet - ing To the ma - ny not the few;
When our bur - dens look too hea - vy, And we deem the right all wrong,
mf
Do we gath - er there to - geth - er, And in qui - et ten - der tone,
If we share our Fa - ther's boun - ty With the need - y, day by day,
Then we gain a - new fresh cour - age, As we rise, to proud - ly say,
mf
cresc.
f
dim.
Ask each oth - er kind for - give - ness For the wrong that each has done,
'Tis be - cause our hearts re - mem - ber This was ev - er moth - er's way.
"Let us do our du - ty brave - ly, This was our dear moth - er's way."
p
Should you won - der at this cus - tom At the end - ing of the day,
Thus we keep her mem - 'ry pre - cious, While we nev - er cease to pray,
Thus we keep her mem - 'ry pre - cious, While we nev - er cease to pray,

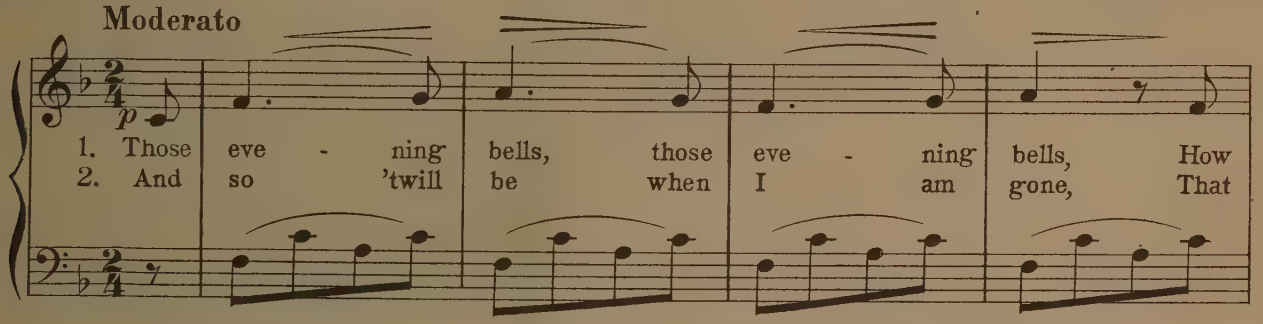

cresc.
rall. e dim.
Eye and voice would quick-ly an-swer, "It was once our moth-er's way."
That the eve-ning find us wait-ing To go home our moth-er's way.
That the eve-ning find us wait-ing To go home our moth-er's way.

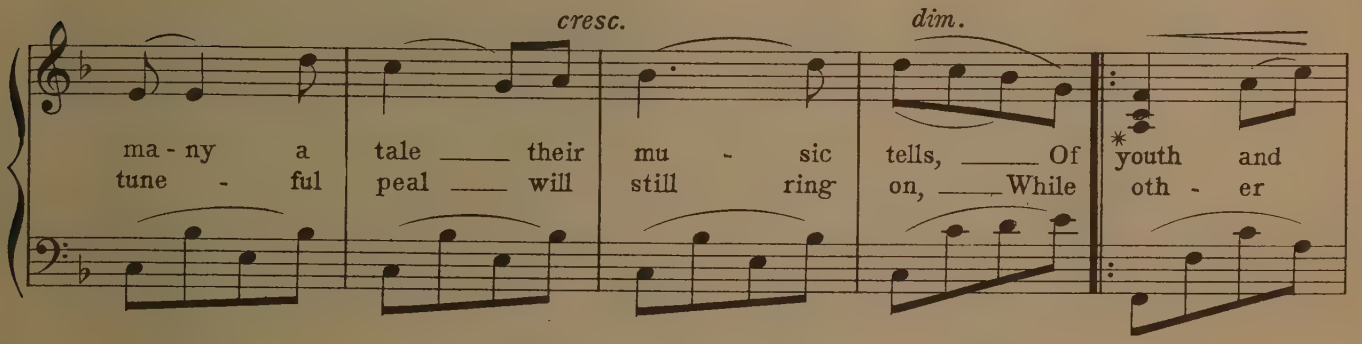
Those Evening Bells

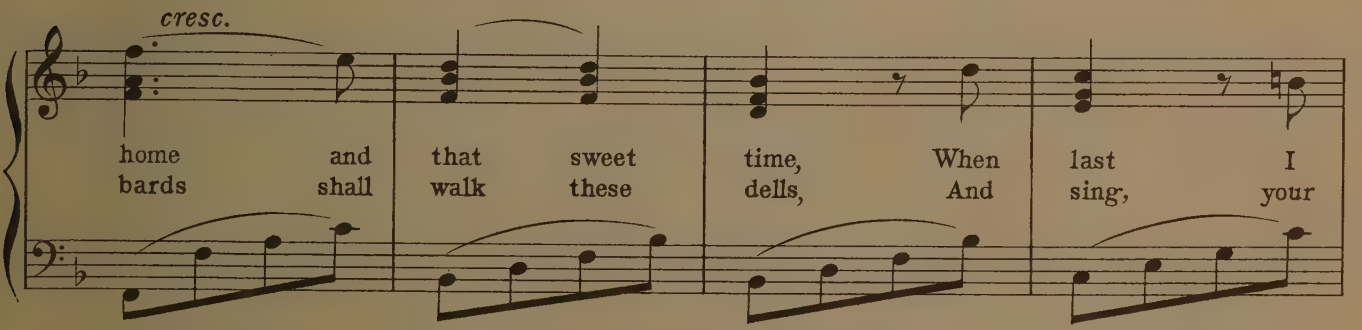
THOMAS MOORE

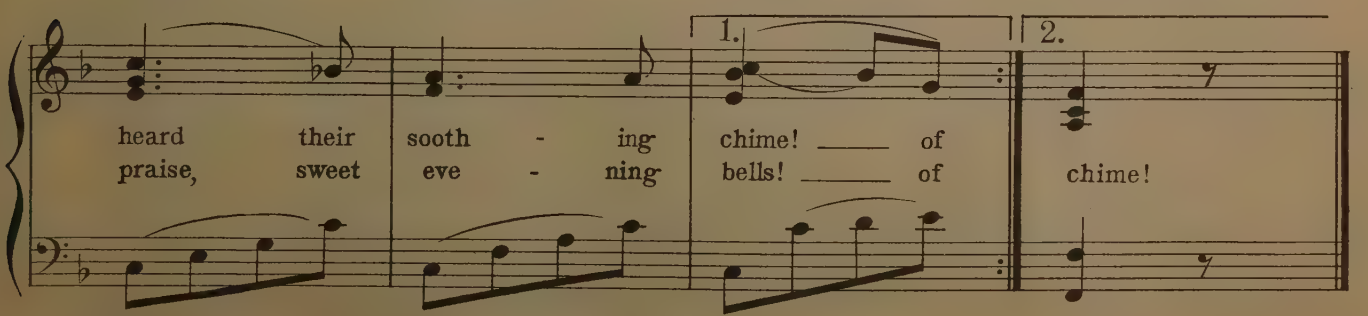
L.VAN BEETHOVEN

Moderato





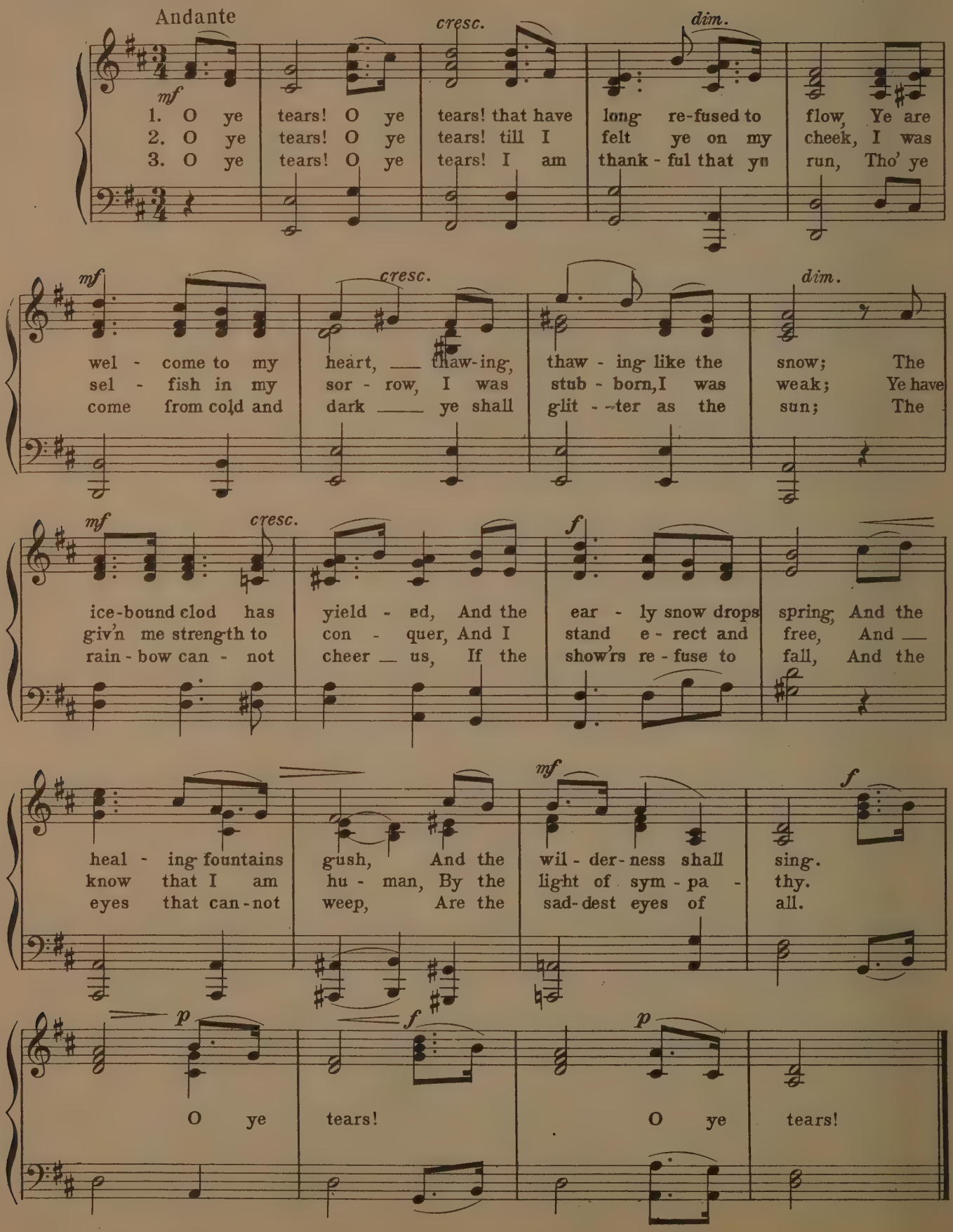




* *On 2d Verse at repeat read upper words as Chorus for ending*

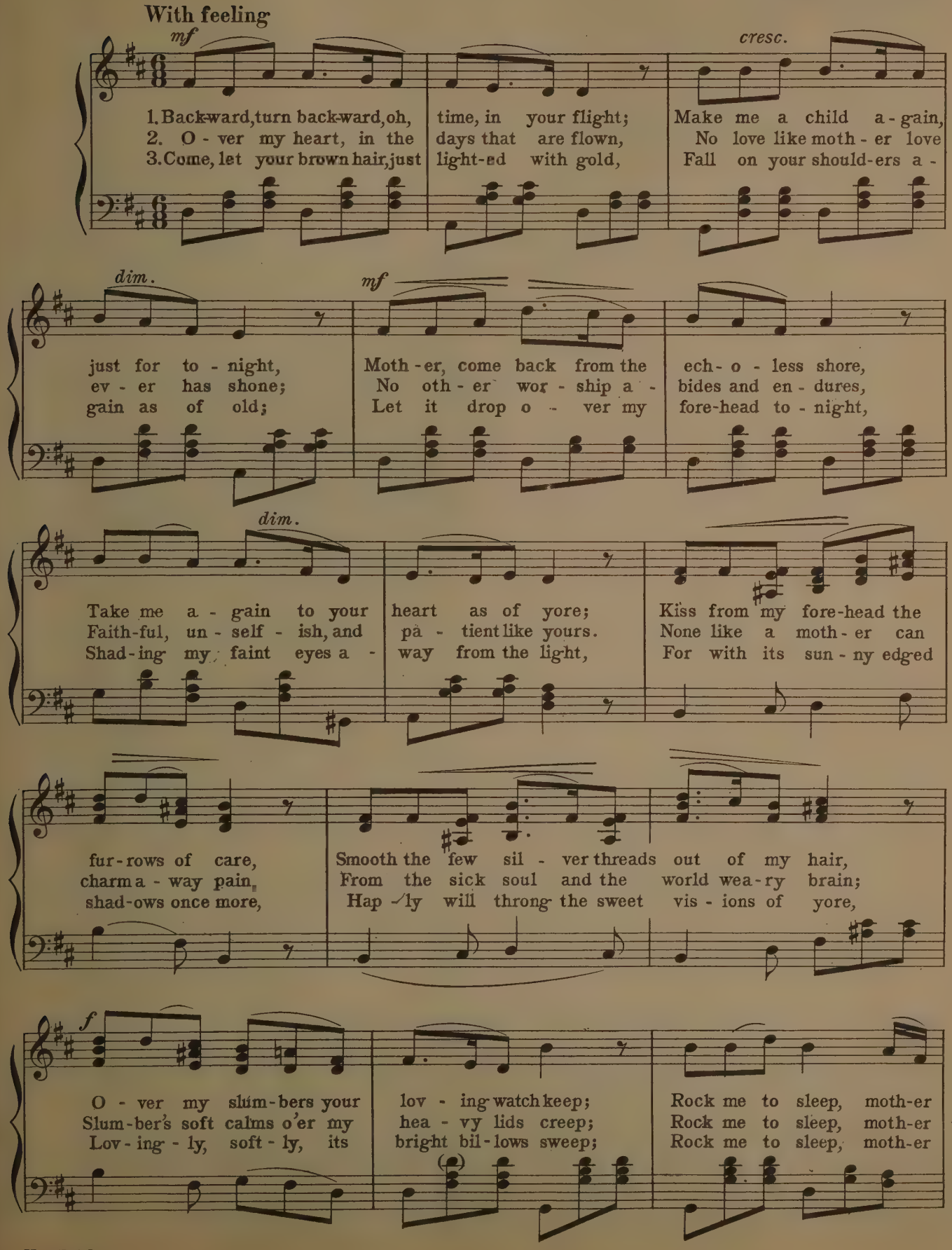
O Ye Tears

CHARLES MACKAY — FRANZ ABT


Andante
cresc.
dim.
mf
1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fused to flow, Ye are
2. O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was
3. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-ful that ye run, Tho' ye
mf
cresc.
dim.
wel-come to my heart, thaw-ing, thaw-ing like the snow; The
sel-fish in my sor-row, I was stub-born, I was weak; Ye have
come from cold and dark ye shall glit-ter as the sun; The
mf
cresc.
f
ice-bound clod has yield-ed, And the ear-ly snow drops spring; And the
giv'n me strength to con-quer, And I stand e-rect and free, And
rain-bow can-not cheer us, If the show'rs re-fuse to fall, And the
mf
f
heal-ing fountains gush, And the wil-der-ness shall sing.
know that I am hu-man, By the light of sym-pa-thy.
eyes that can-not weep, Are the sad-dest eyes of all.
p
f
p
O ye tears! O ye tears!

Rock Me To Sleep, Mother

ERNEST LESLEY


With feeling
mf
cresc.
1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time, in your flight; Make me a child a-gain,
2. O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er love
3. Come, let your brown hair, just light-ed with gold, Fall on your should-ers a-
dim.
mf
just for to-night, Moth-er, come back from the ech-o-less shore,
ev-er has shone; No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures,
gain as of old; Let it drop o-ver my fore-head to-night,
dim.
Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the
Faith-ful, un-self-ish, and pa-tient like yours. None like a moth-er can
Shad-ing my faint eyes a-way from the light, For with its sun-ny edged
fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair,
charm a-way pain, From the sick soul and the world wea-ry brain;
shad-ows once more, Hap-ly will throng the sweet vis-ions of yore,
f
O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er
Slum-ber's soft calms o'er my hea-vy lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er
Lov-ing-ly, soft-ly, its bright bil-lows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er

CHORUS

mf

rock me to sleep. Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,

mf

With your light lash - es just sweep - ing my face, Nev - er here - af - ter to

cresc. *dim.*

wake or to weep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

Shells of Ocean

J. W. CHERRY

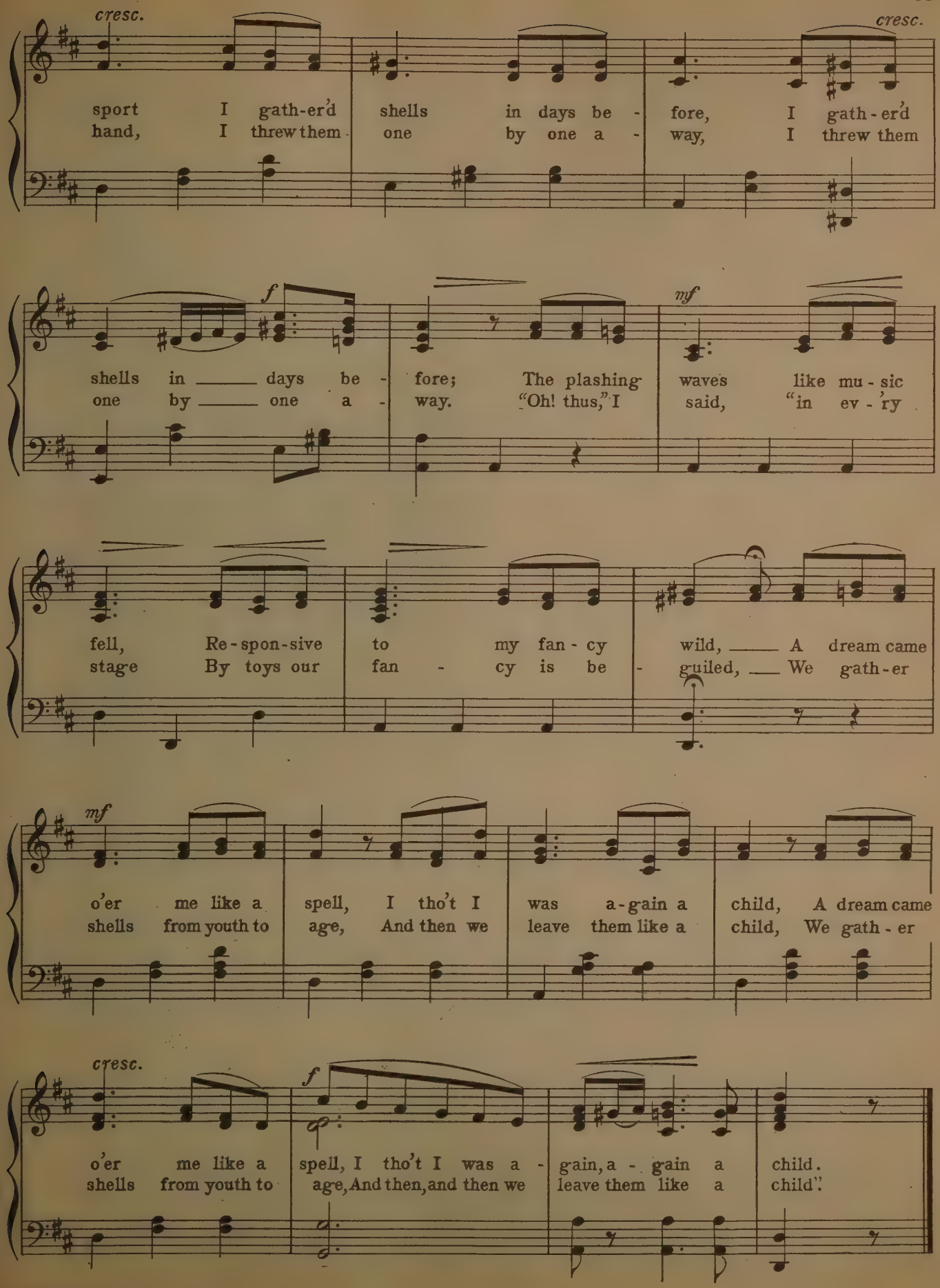
Moderato *With expression*

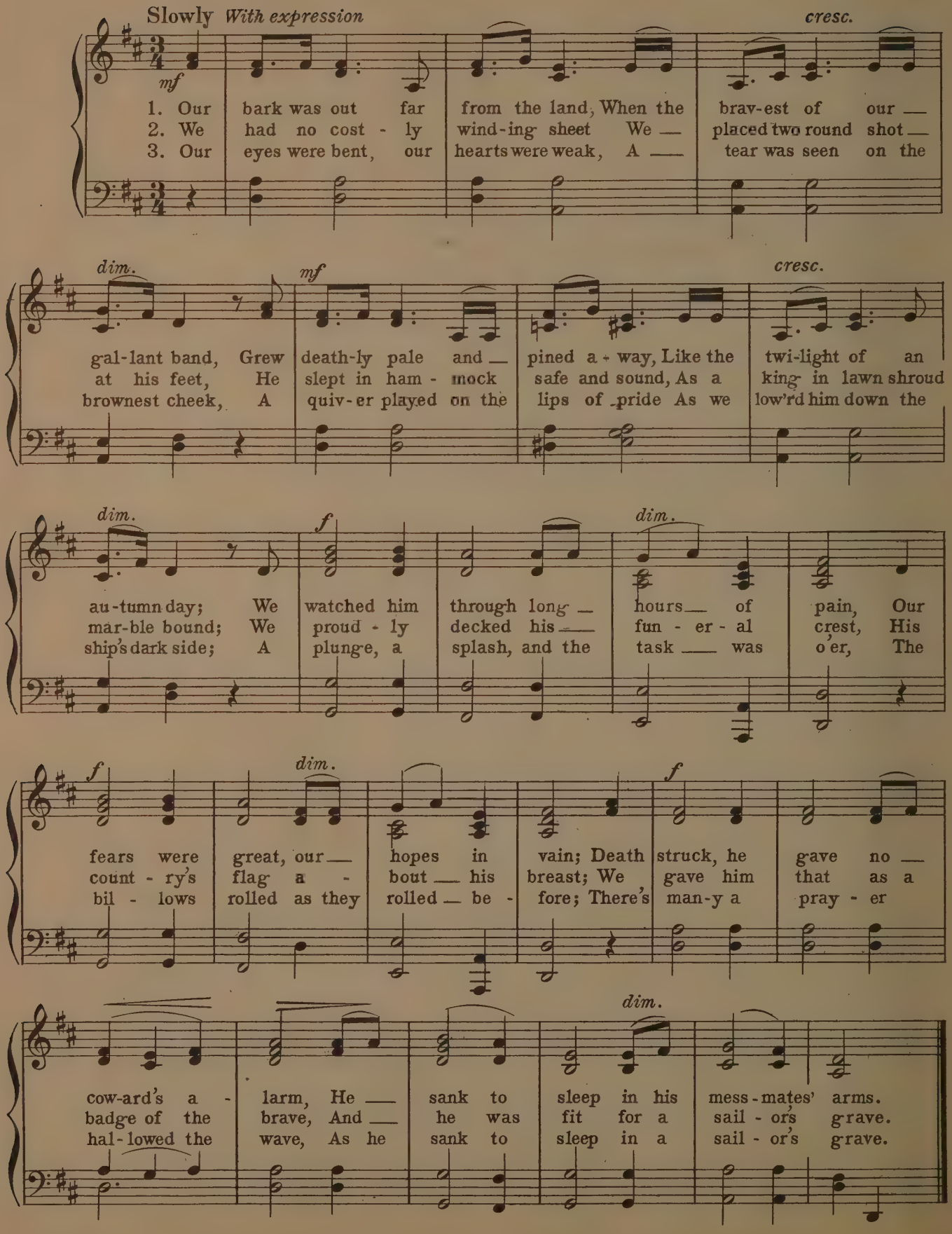
mf

1. One sum - mer eve, with pen - sive tho't, I wan - der'd
2. I stood up - on the peb - bly strand To call the

mf

on the sea - beat shore, Where oft in heed - less in - fant
toys that round me lay; But as I took them in my

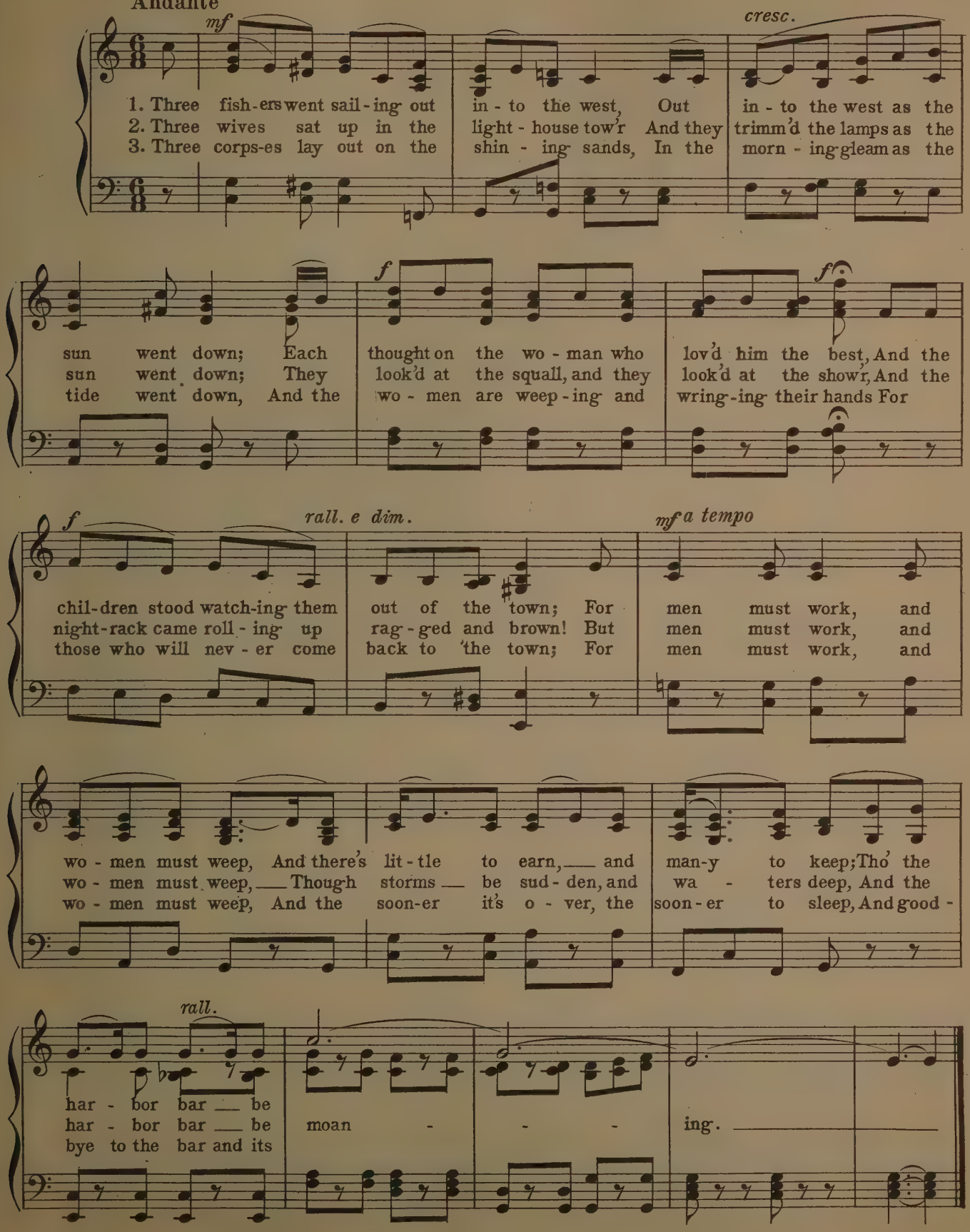

cresc.
cresc.
sport I gath-er'd shells in days be - fore, I gath-er'd
hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them
f
mf
shells in ____ days be - fore; The plashing waves like mu-sic
one by ____ one a - way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-'ry
fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan-cy wild, ____ A dream came
stage By toys our fan - cy is be - guiled, ____ We gath-er
mf
o'er me like a spell, I tho't I was a-gain a child, A dream came
shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gath-er
cresc.
f
o'er me like a spell, I tho't I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
shells from youth to age, And then, and then we leave them like a child.

The Sailor's Grave

Slowly
With expression
mf
cresc.
1. Our bark was out far from the land, When the brav-est of our —
2. We had no cost - ly wind-ing sheet We — placed two round shot —
3. Our eyes were bent, our hearts were weak, A — tear was seen on the
dim.
mf
cresc.
gal-lant band, Grew death-ly pale and — pined a - way, Like the twi-light of an
at his feet, He slept in ham - mock safe and sound, As a king in lawn shroud
brownest cheek, A quiv-er played on the lips of pride As we low'rd him down the
dim.
f
dim.
au-tumn day; We watched him through long — hours — of pain, Our
mar-ble bound; We proud - ly decked his — fun - er - al crest, His
ship's dark side; A plunge, a splash, and the task — was o'er, The
f
dim.
f
fears were great, our — hopes in vain; Death struck, he gave no —
count - ry's flag a - bout — his breast; We gave him that as a
bil - lows rolled as they rolled — be - fore; There's man-y a pray - er
dim.
cow-ard's a - larm, He — sank to sleep in his mess-mates' arms.
badge of the brave, And — he was fit for a sail - or's grave.
hal-lowed the wave, As he sank to sleep in a sail - or's grave.

Three Fishers Went Sailing

CHARLES KINGSLEY — J. HULLAH

Andante

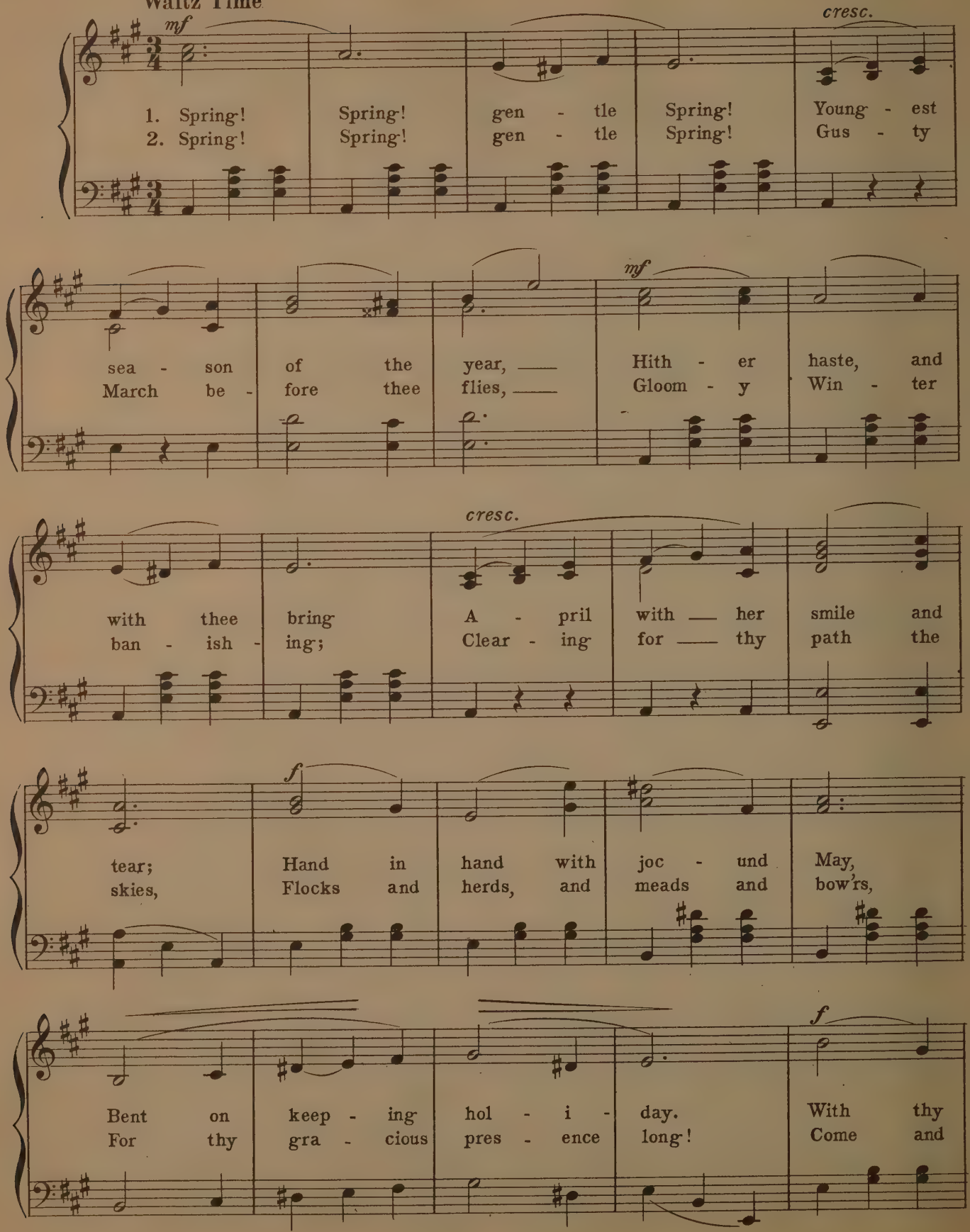

mf
cresc.
1. Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the
2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the
3. Three corps-es lay out on the shin-ing sands, In the morn-ing gleam as the
f
f
sun went down; Each thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the
sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the showr, And the
tide went down, And the wo-men are weep-ing and wring-ing their hands For
f
rall. e dim.
mf a tempo
chil-dren stood watch-ing them out of the town; For men must work, and
night-rack came roll-ing up rag-ged and brown! But men must work, and
those who will nev-er come back to the town; For men must work, and
wo-men must weep, And there's lit-tle to earn, and man-y to keep; Tho' the
wo-men must weep, Though storms be sud-den, and wa-ters deep, And the
wo-men must weep, And the soon-er it's o-ver, the soon-er to sleep, And good-
rall.
har-bor bar be
har-bor bar be moan - - - ing.
bye to the bar and its

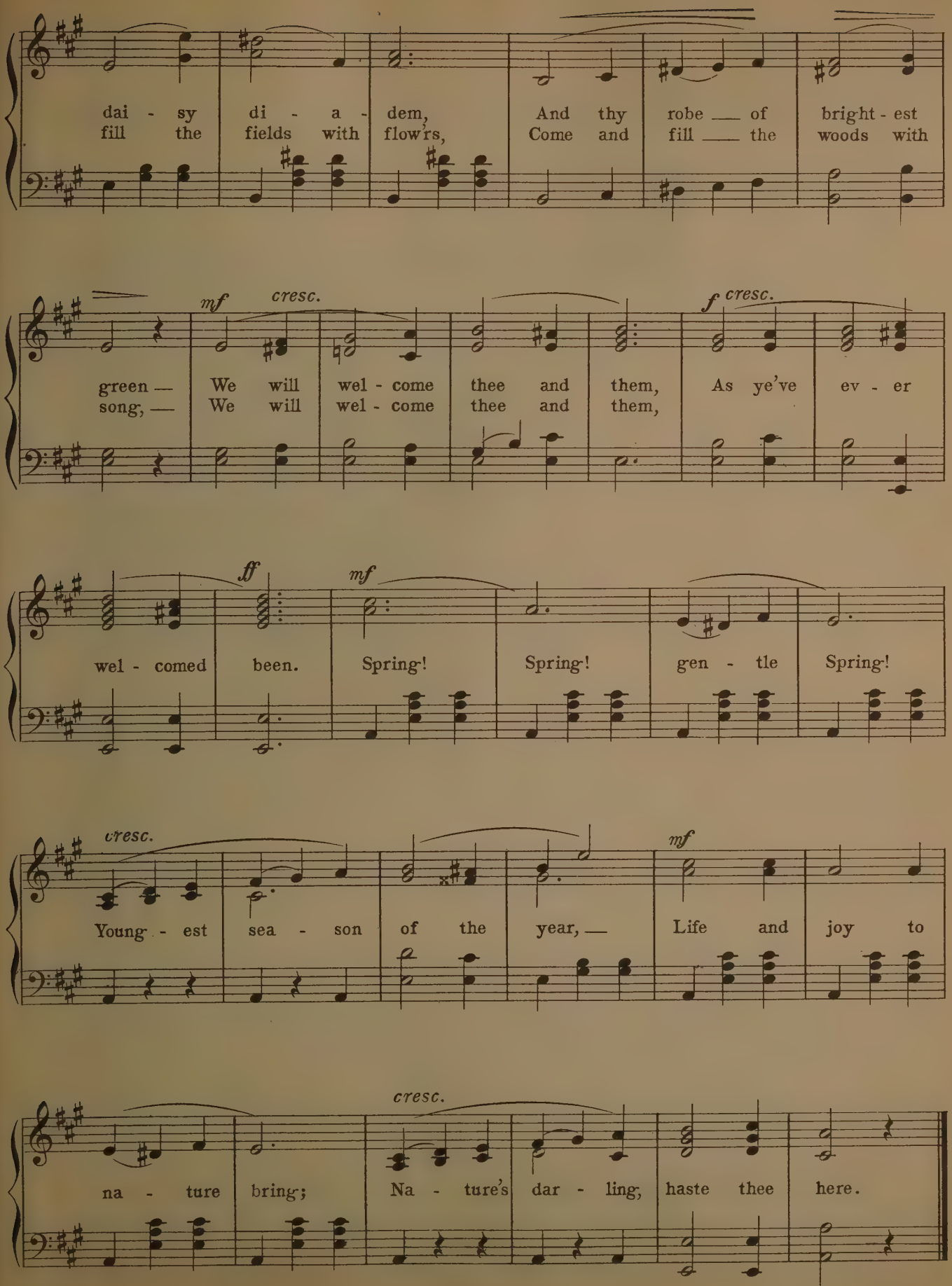
Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring

J. RIVIERE

J. R. PLANCHE

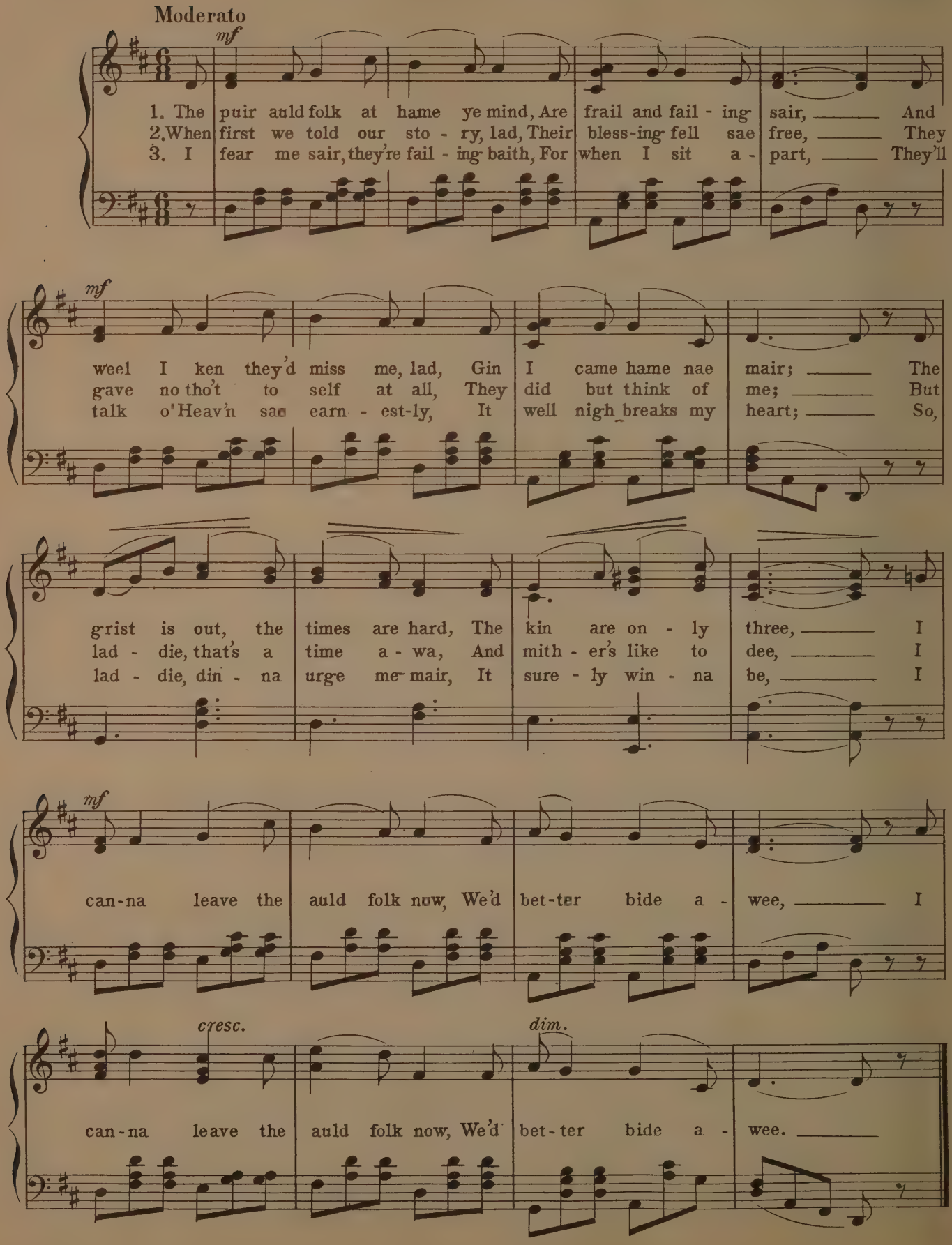
Waltz Time


mf
cresc.
1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Young - est
2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gus - ty
sea - son of the year, Hith - er haste, and
March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y Win - ter
mf
cresc.
with thee bring A - pril with her smile and
ban - ish - ing; Clear - ing for thy path the
tear; Hand in hand with joc - und May,
skies, Flocks and herds, and meads and bow'rs,
f
Bent on keep - ing hol - i - day. With thy
For thy gra - cious pres - ence long! Come and
f


dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy robe — of bright - est
fill the fields with flow'rs, Come and fill — the woods with
mf cresc.
green — We will wel - come thee and them, As ye've ev - er
song, — We will wel - come thee and them,
f cresc.
ff
mf
wel - comed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring!
cresc.
Young - est sea - son of the year, — Life and joy to
mf
cresc.
na - ture bring; Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee here.

We'd Better Bide a Wee

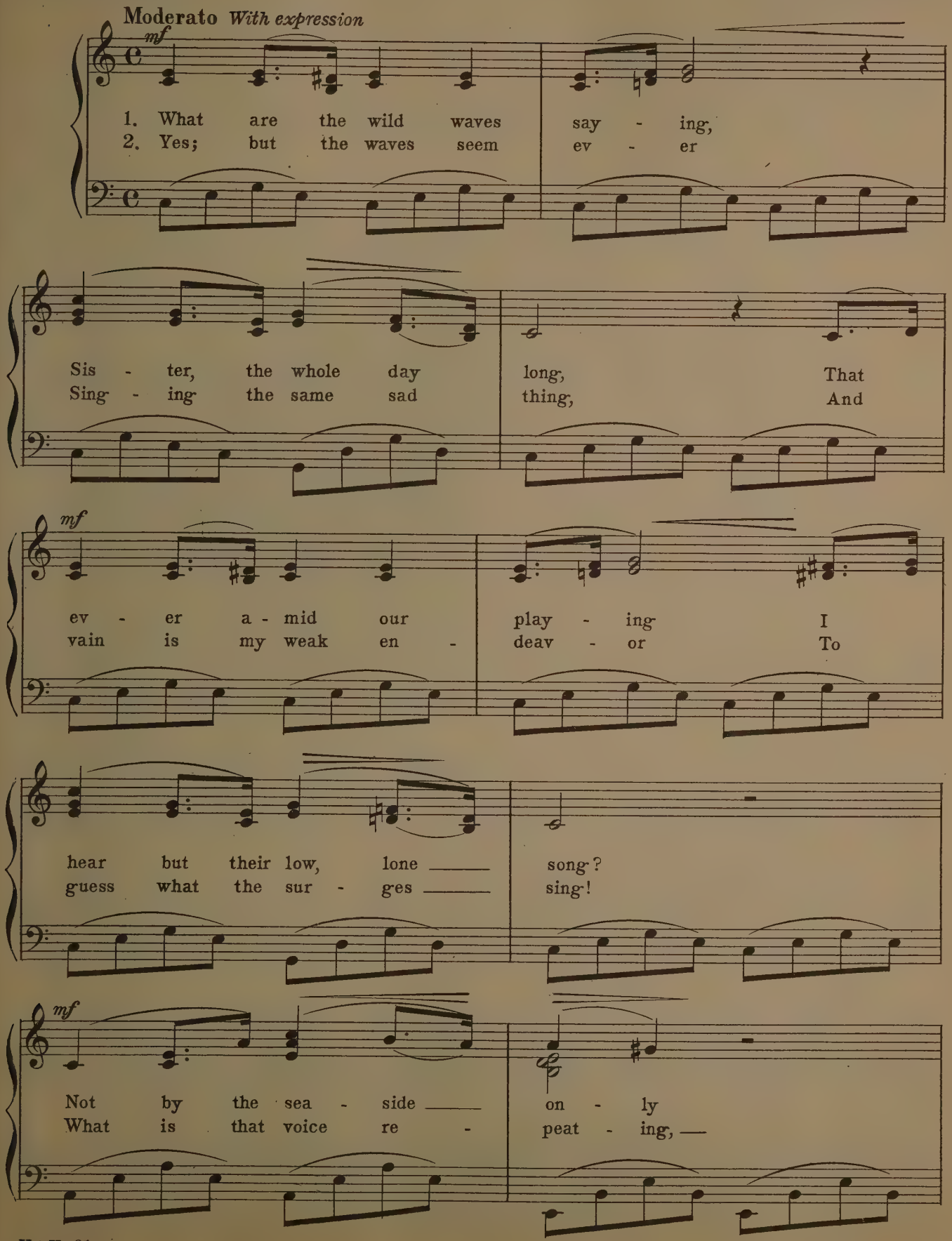
CLARIBEL

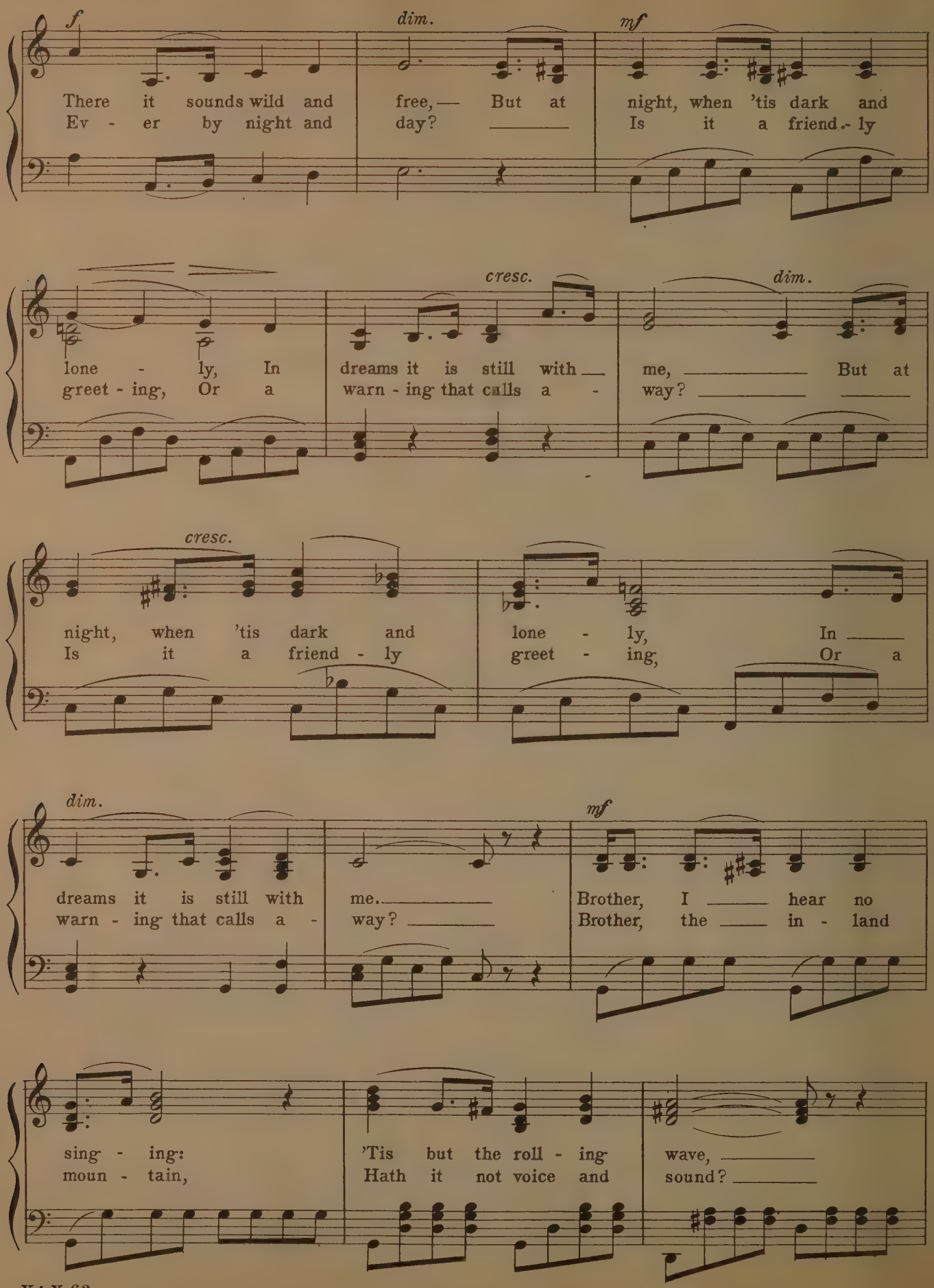

Moderato
mf
1. The puir auld folk at hame ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair, And
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless-ing fell sae free, They
3. I fear me sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll
mf
weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair; The
gave no tho't to self at all, They did but think of me; But
talk o' Heav'n sae earn - est-ly, It well nigh breaks my heart; So,
grist is out, the times are hard, The kin are on - ly three, I
lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee, I
lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I
mf
can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee, I
cresc.
dim.
can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee.

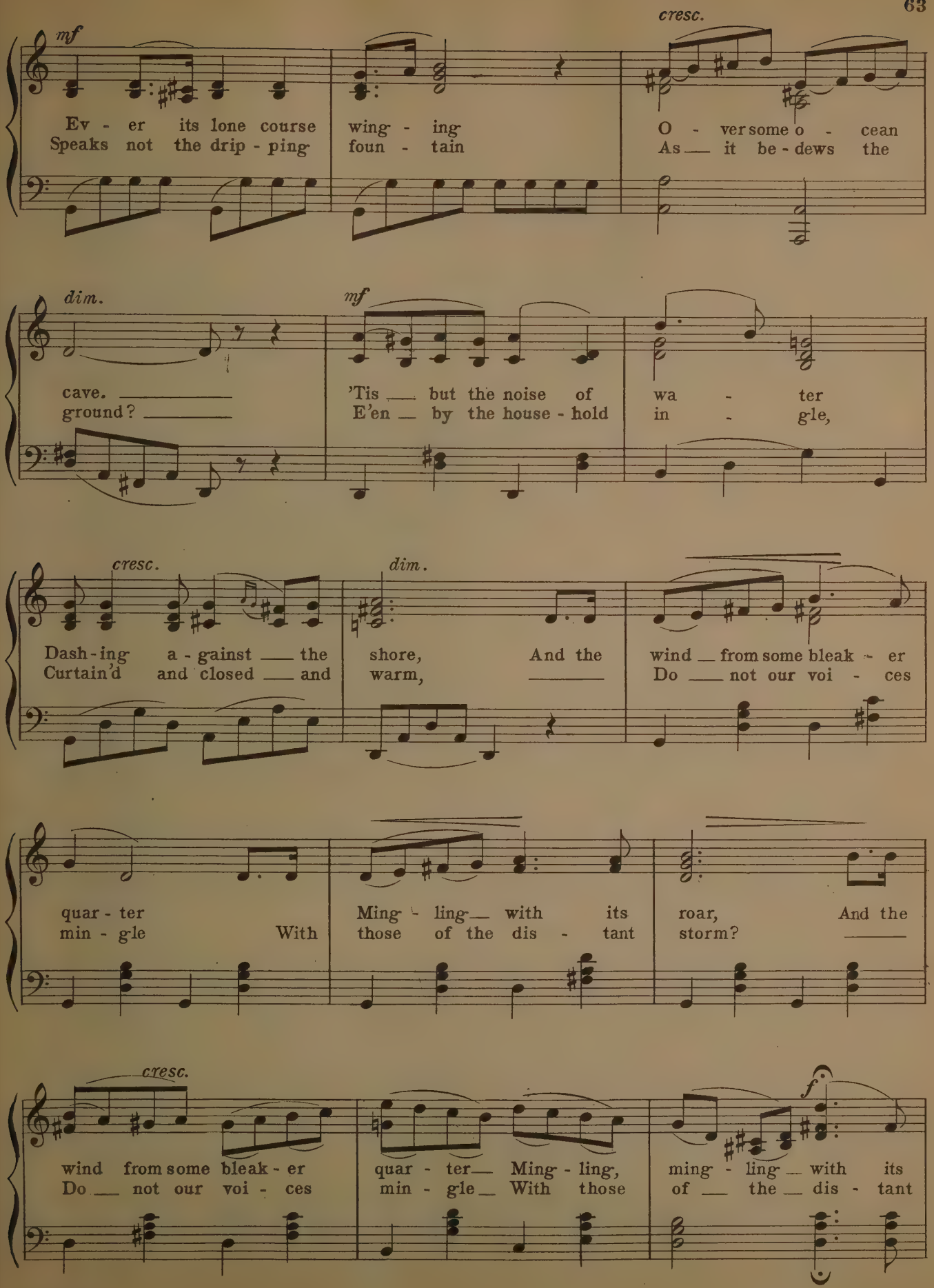
What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

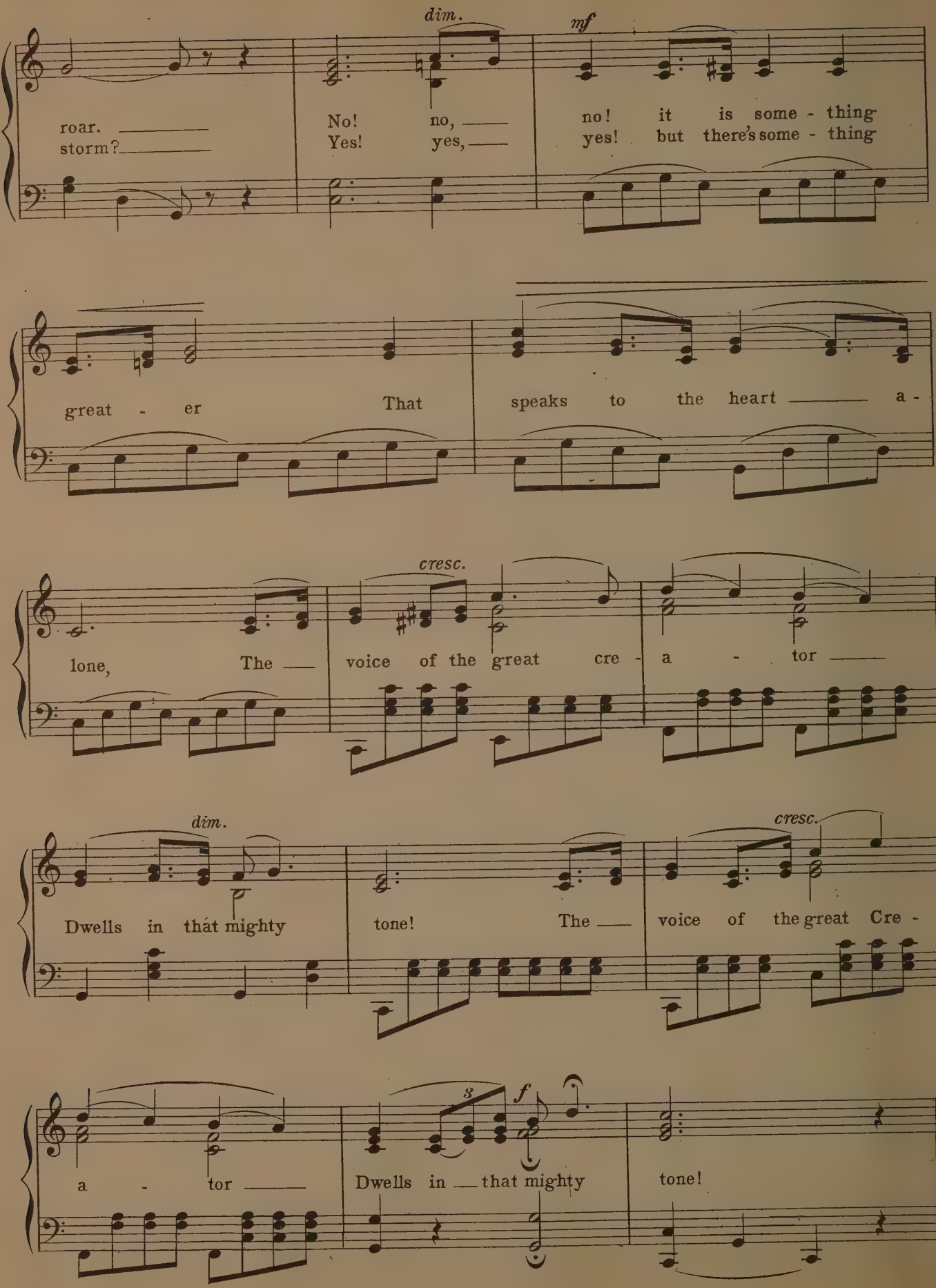
J.E.CARPENTER

STEPHEN GLOVER


Moderato With expression
mf
1. What are the wild waves say - ing,
2. Yes; but the waves seem ev - er
Sis - ter, the whole day long; That
Sing - ing the same sad thing; And
mf
ev - er a - mid our play - ing I
vain is my weak en - deav - or To
hear but their low, lone song?
guess what the sur - ges sing!
mf
Not by the sea - side on - ly
What is that voice re - peat - ing,

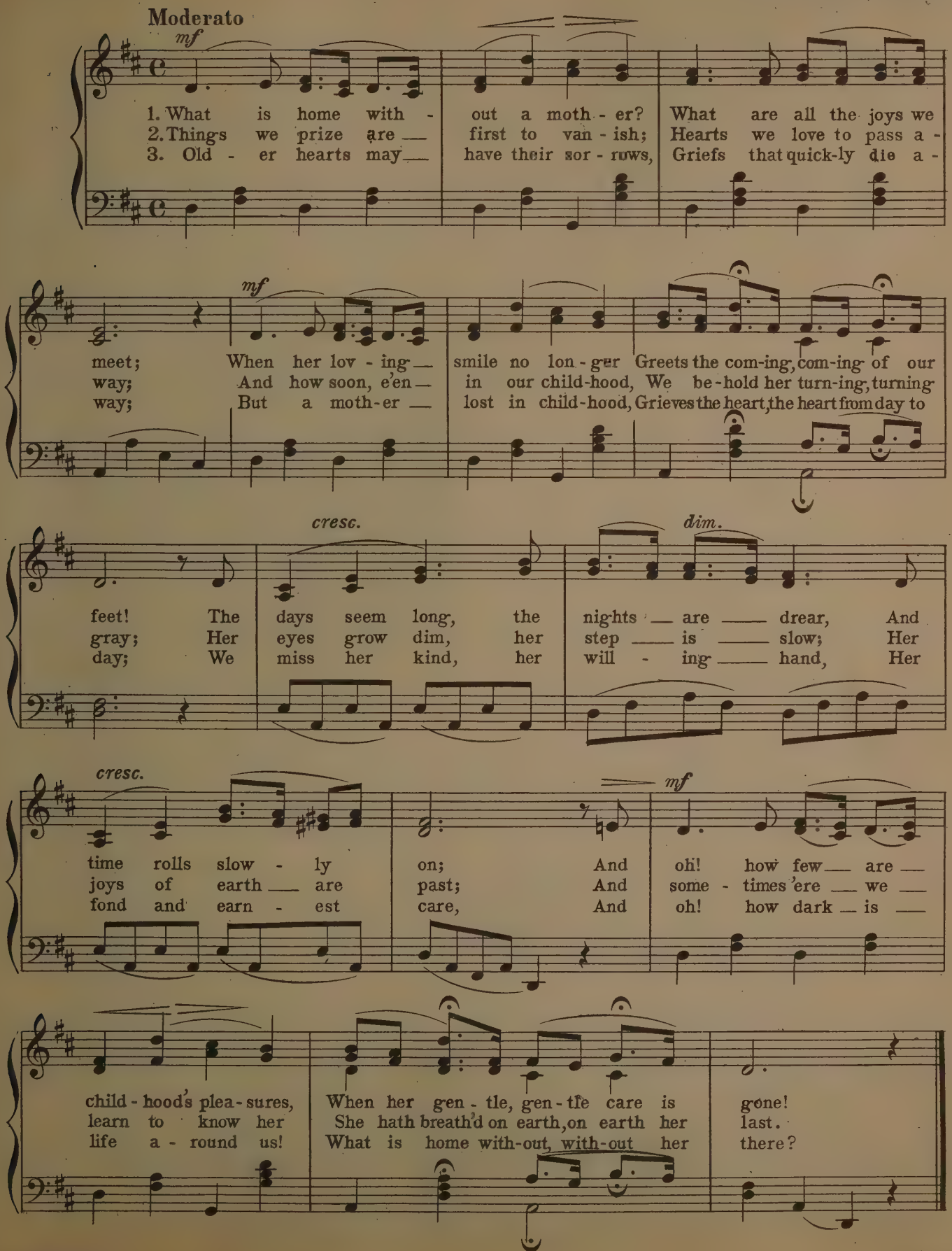

f
dim.
mf
There it sounds wild and free, — But at night, when 'tis dark and
Ev - er by night and day? — Is it a friend - ly
cresc.
dim.
lone - ly, In dreams it is still with — me, — But at
greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? — —
cresc.
night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In —
Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a
dim.
mf
dreams it is still with me. — Brother, I — hear no
warn - ing that calls a - way? — Brother, the — in - land
sing - ing:
moun - tain,
'Tis but the roll - ing wave, —
Hath it not voice and sound? —


mf
cresc.
Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean
Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be - dews the
dim.
mf
cave. 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter
ground? E'en by the house - hold in - gle,
cresc.
dim.
Dash - ing a - gainst the shore, And the wind from some bleak - er
Curtain'd and closed and warm, Do not our voi - ces
quar - ter Ming - ling with its roar, And the
min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?
cresc.
f
wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling, ming - ling with its
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant


dim.
mf
roar.
storm?
No! no,
Yes! yes,
no! it is some - thing
yes! but there's some - thing
great - er
That
speaks to the heart a -
cresc.
lone,
The
voice of the great cre - a - tor
dim.
cresc.
Dwells in that mighty
tone!
The
voice of the great Cre -
3
f
a - tor
Dwells in that mighty
tone!

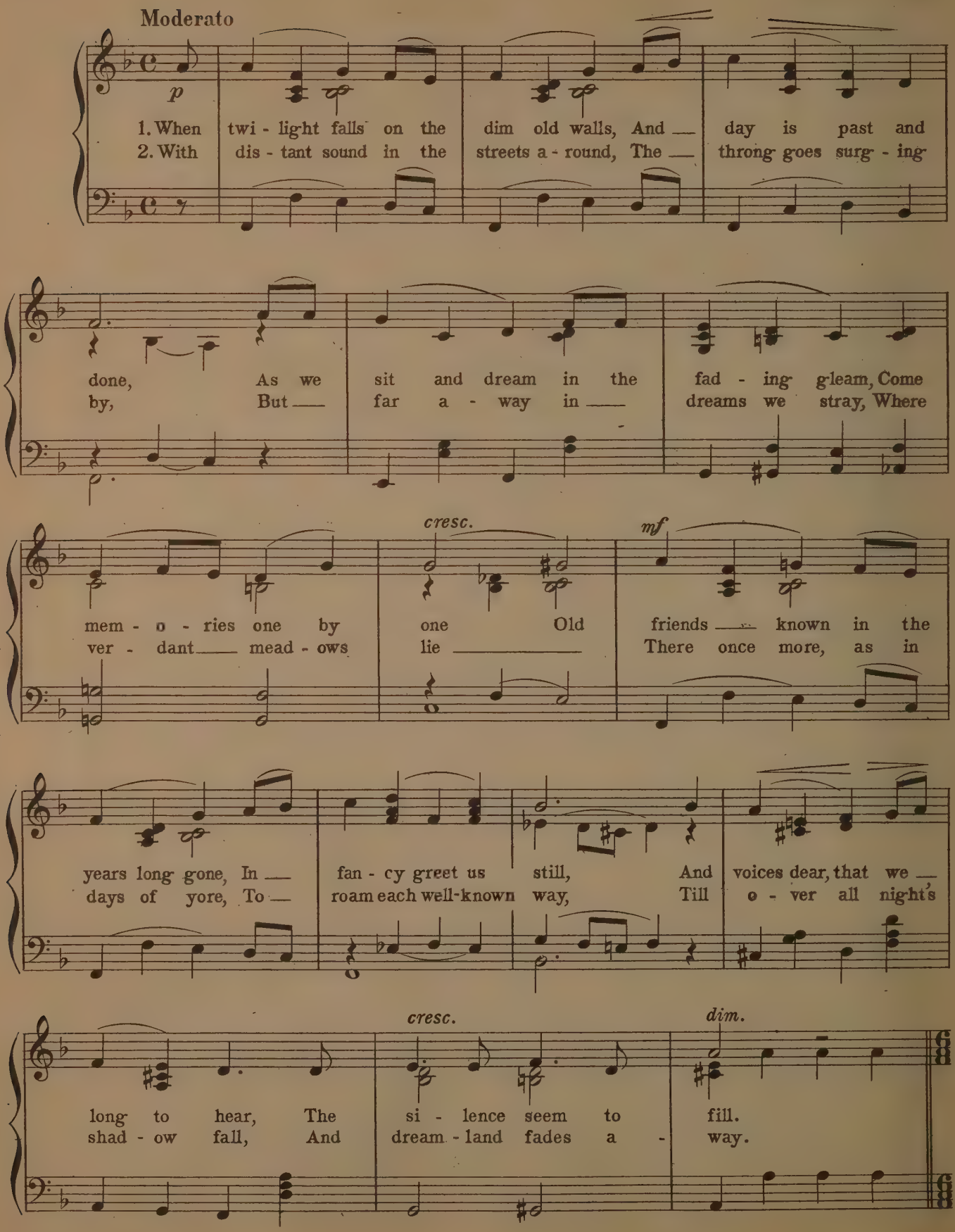
What is Home Without a Mother?

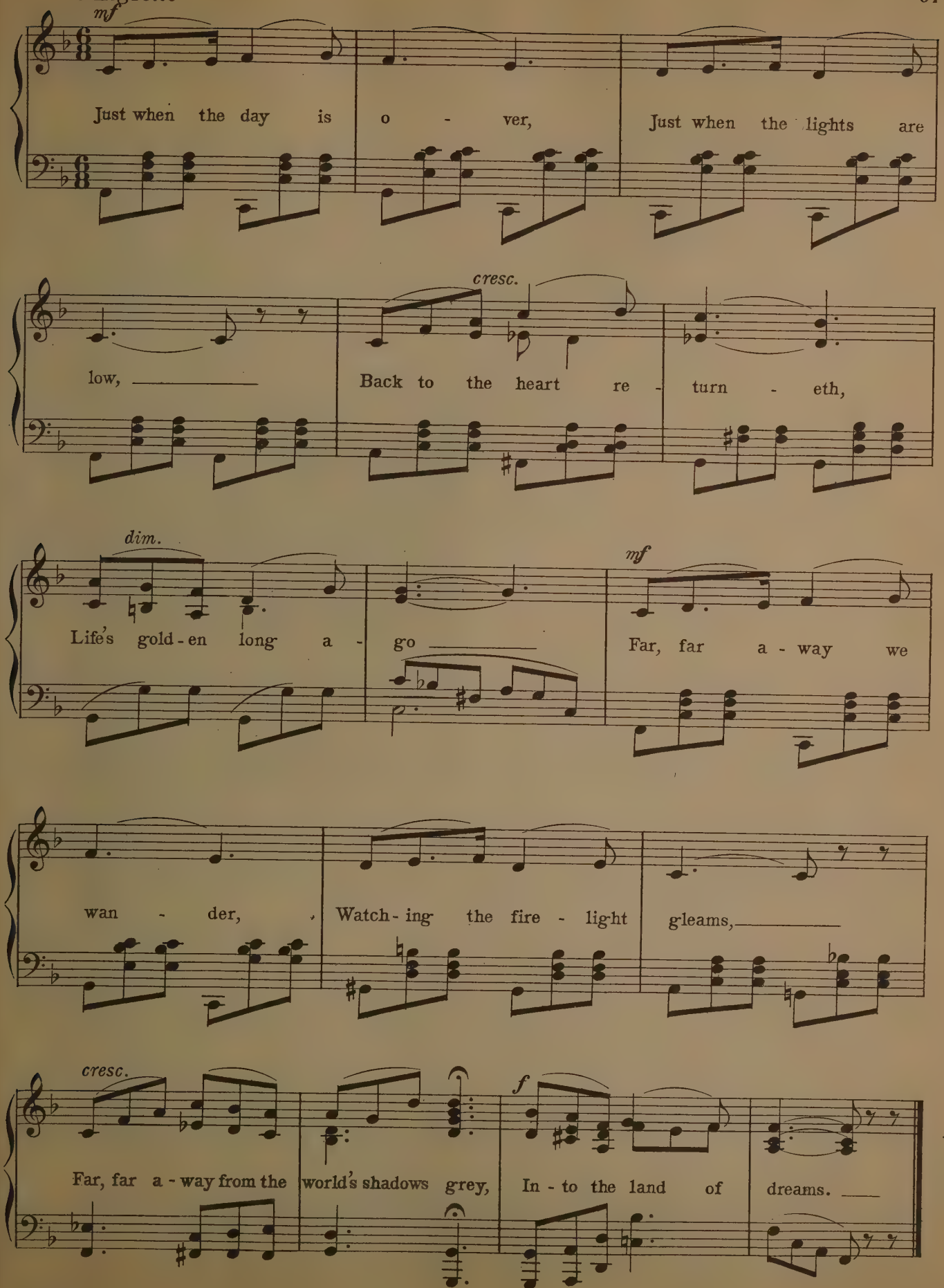
ALICE HAWTHORNE


Moderato
mf
1. What is home with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we
2. Things we prize are first to van - ish; Hearts we love to pass a -
3. Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick-ly die a -
mf
meet; When her lov - ing smile no lon - ger Greets the com-ing, com-ing of our
way; And how soon, e'en in our child-hood, We be-hold her turn-ing, turning
way; But a moth-er lost in child-hood, Grieves the heart, the heart from day to
cresc.
dim.
feet! The days seem long, the nights are drear, And
gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow; Her
day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her
cresc.
mf
time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are
joys of earth are past; And some - times ere we
fond and earn - est care, And oh! how dark is
child - hood's plea - sures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone!
learn to know her She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.
life a - round us! What is home with-out, with-out her there?

When the Lights are Low

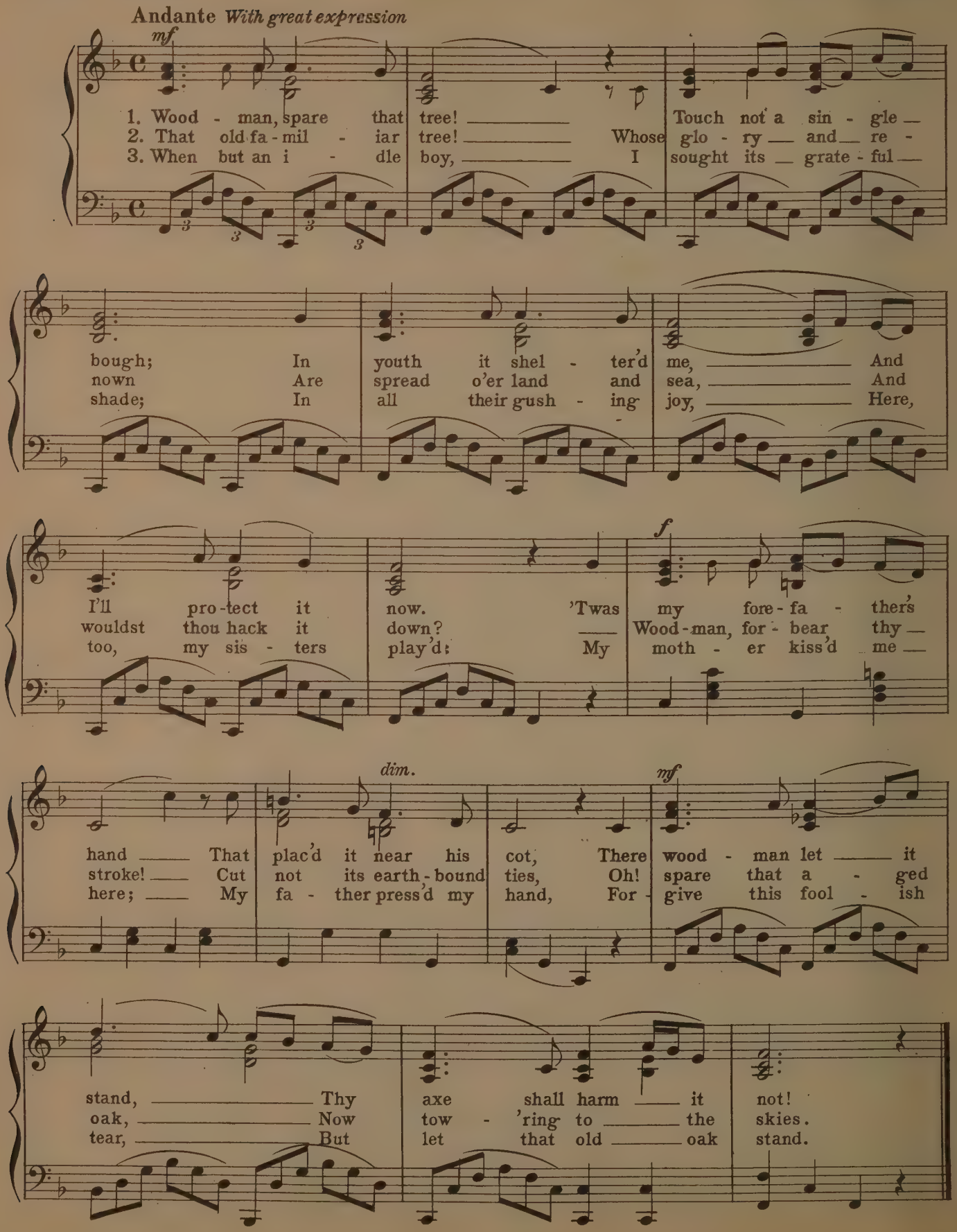
GERALD LANE


Moderato
p
1. When twi - light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and
2. With dis - tant sound in the streets a - round, The throng goes surg - ing
done, As we sit and dream in the fad - ing gleam, Come
by, But far a - way in dreams we stray, Where
cresc.
mf
mem - o - ries one by one Old friends known in the
ver - dant mead - ows lie There once more, as in
years long gone, In fan - cy greet us still, And voices dear, that we
days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till o - ver all night's
cresc.
dim.
long to hear, The si - lence seem to fill.
shad - ow fall, And dream - land fades a - way.


mf
Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are
cresc.
low, Back to the heart re - turn - eth,
dim.
mf
Life's gold - en long a - go Far, far a - way we
wan - der, Watch - ing the fire - light gleams,
cresc.
f
Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

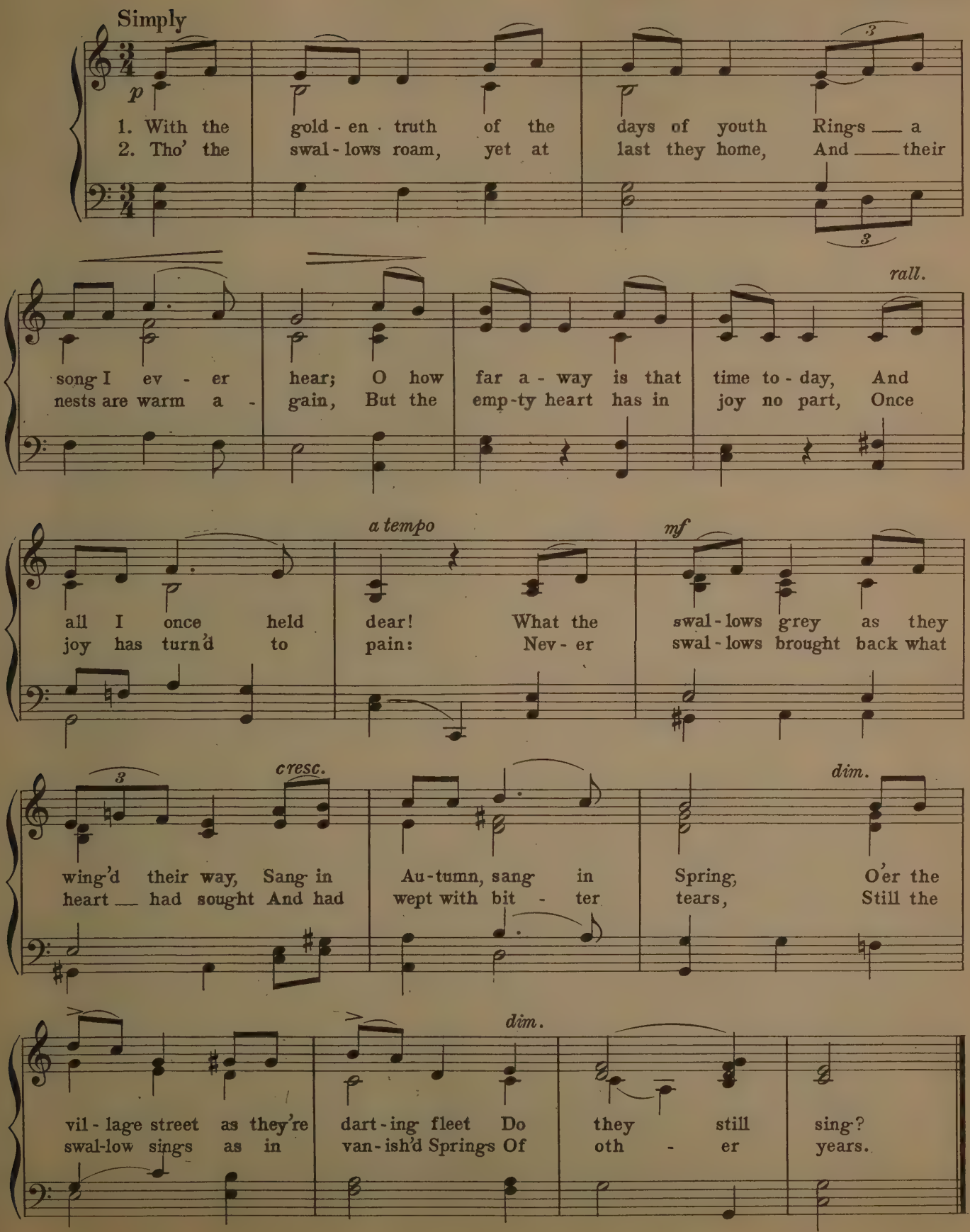
GEO. P. MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL


Andante With great expression
mf
1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle
2. That old fa - mil - iar tree! Whose glo - ry and re -
3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful
bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me, And
nown Are spread o'er land and sea, And
shade; In all their gush - ing joy, Here,
I'll pro - tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - thers
wouldst thou hack it down? Wood - man, for - bear thy
too, my sis - ters play'd; My moth - er kiss'd me
f
dim.
mf
hand That plac'd it near his cot, There wood - man let it
stroke! Cut not its earth - bound ties, Oh! spare that a - ged
here; My fa - ther press'd my hand, For - give this fool - ish
stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
oak, Now tow - 'ring to the skies.
tear, But let that old oak stand.

The Days of Youth

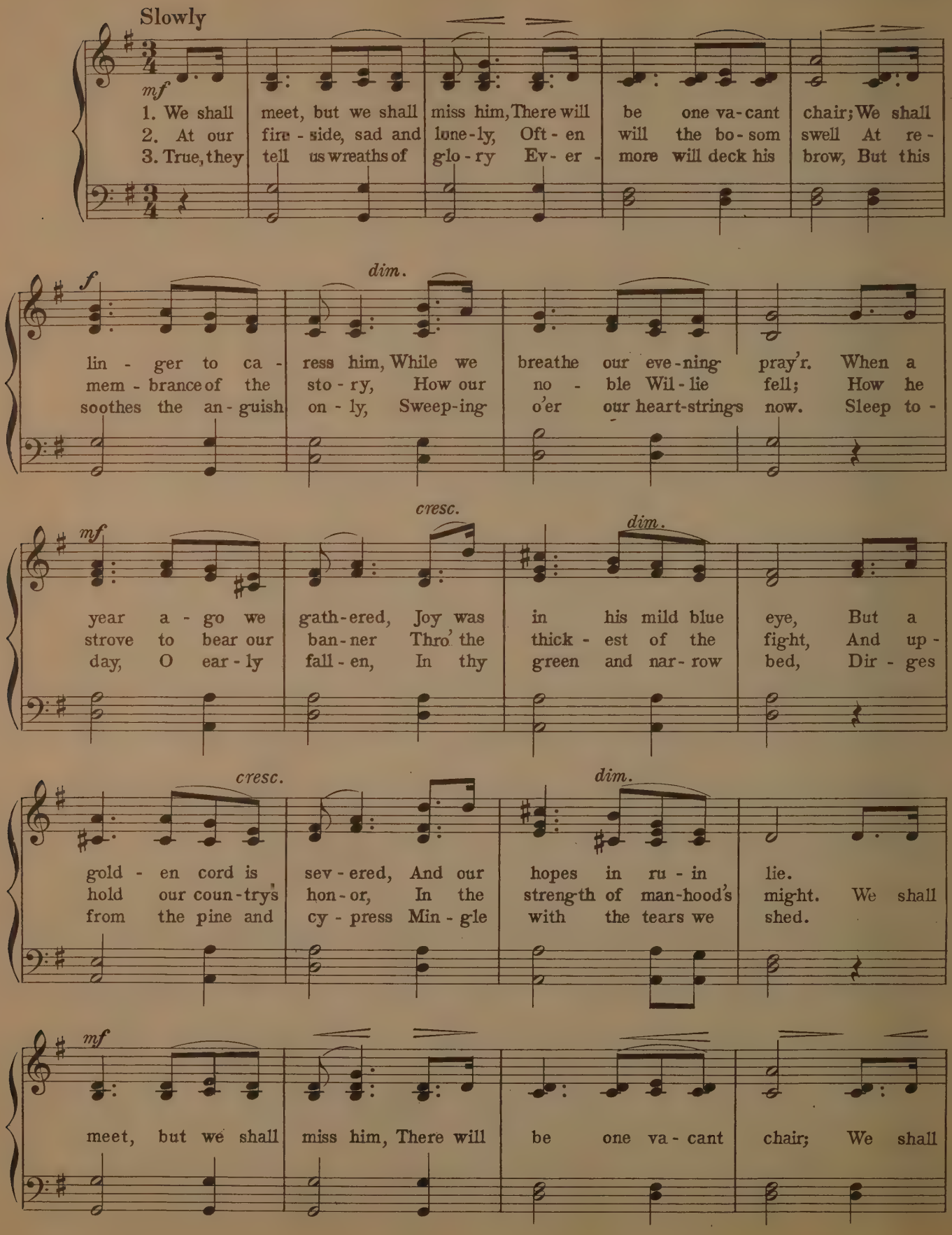
(AUS DER JUGENDZEIT)

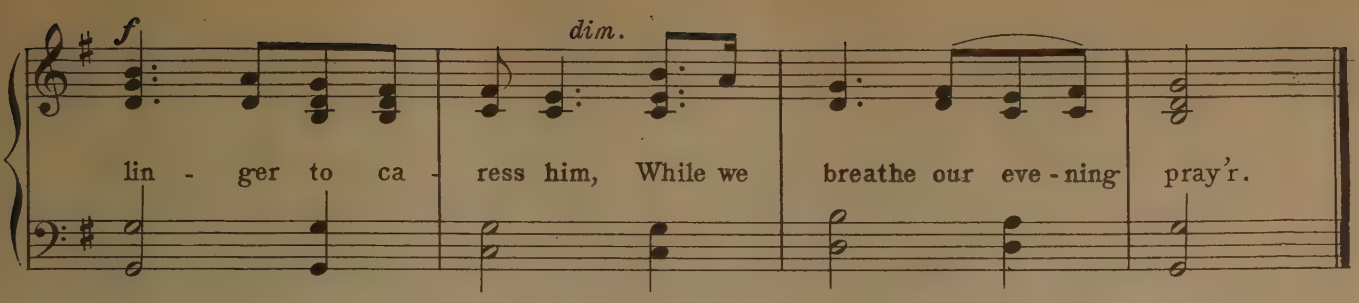
R. RADICKE


Simply
p
1. With the gold - en · truth of the days of youth Rings a
2. Tho' the swal - lows roam, yet at last they home, And their
song I ev - er hear; O how far a - way is that time to - day, And
nests are warm a - gain, But the emp-ty heart has in joy no part, Once
rall.
a tempo
mf
all I once held dear! What the swal - lows grey as they
joy has turn'd to pain: Nev - er swal - lows brought back what
cresc.
dim.
wing'd their way, Sang in Au-tumn, sang in Spring, O'er the
heart had sought And had wept with bit - ter tears, Still the
dim.
vil - lage street as they're dart - ing fleet Do they still sing?
swal-low sings as in van - ish'd Springs Of oth - er years.

The Vacant Chair

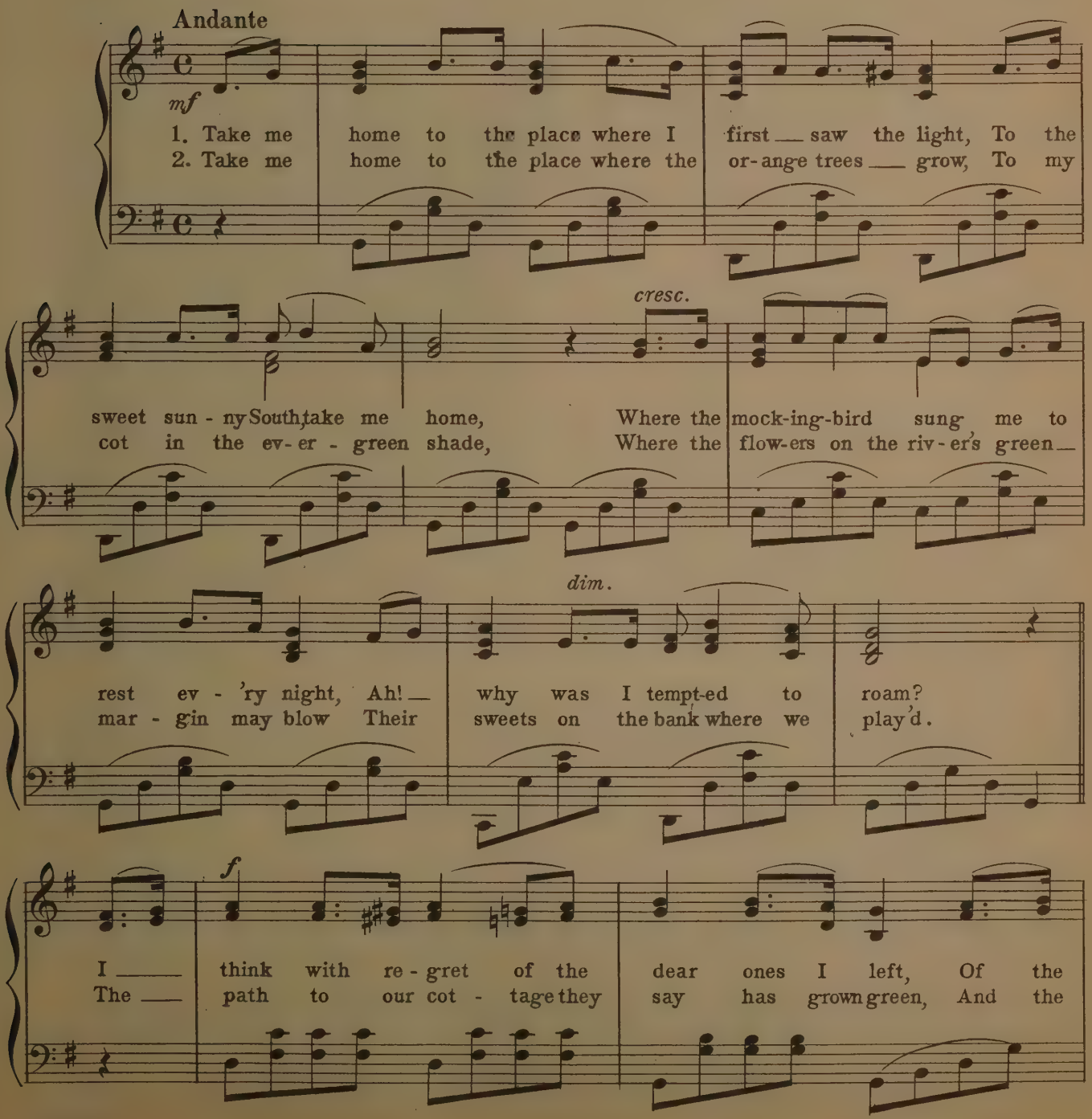
GEORGE F. ROOT

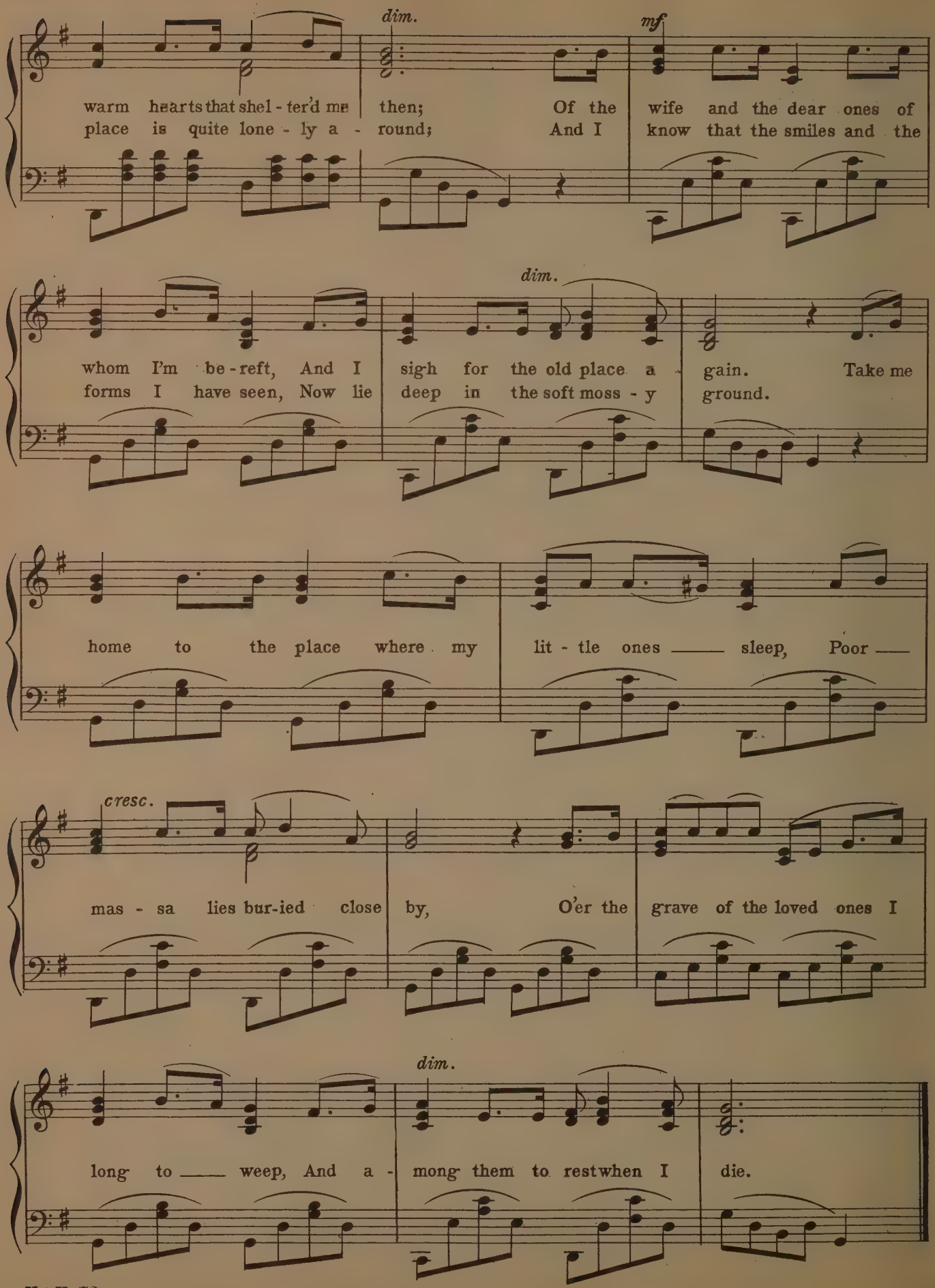

Slowly
mf
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this
f
dim.
lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r. When a
mem-brance of the sto-ry, How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he
soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-
mf
cresc.
dim.
year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a
strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-
day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges
cresc.
dim.
gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the streng-th of man-hood's might. We shall
from the pine and cy-press Min-gle with the tears we shed.
mf
meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall



Take Me Home

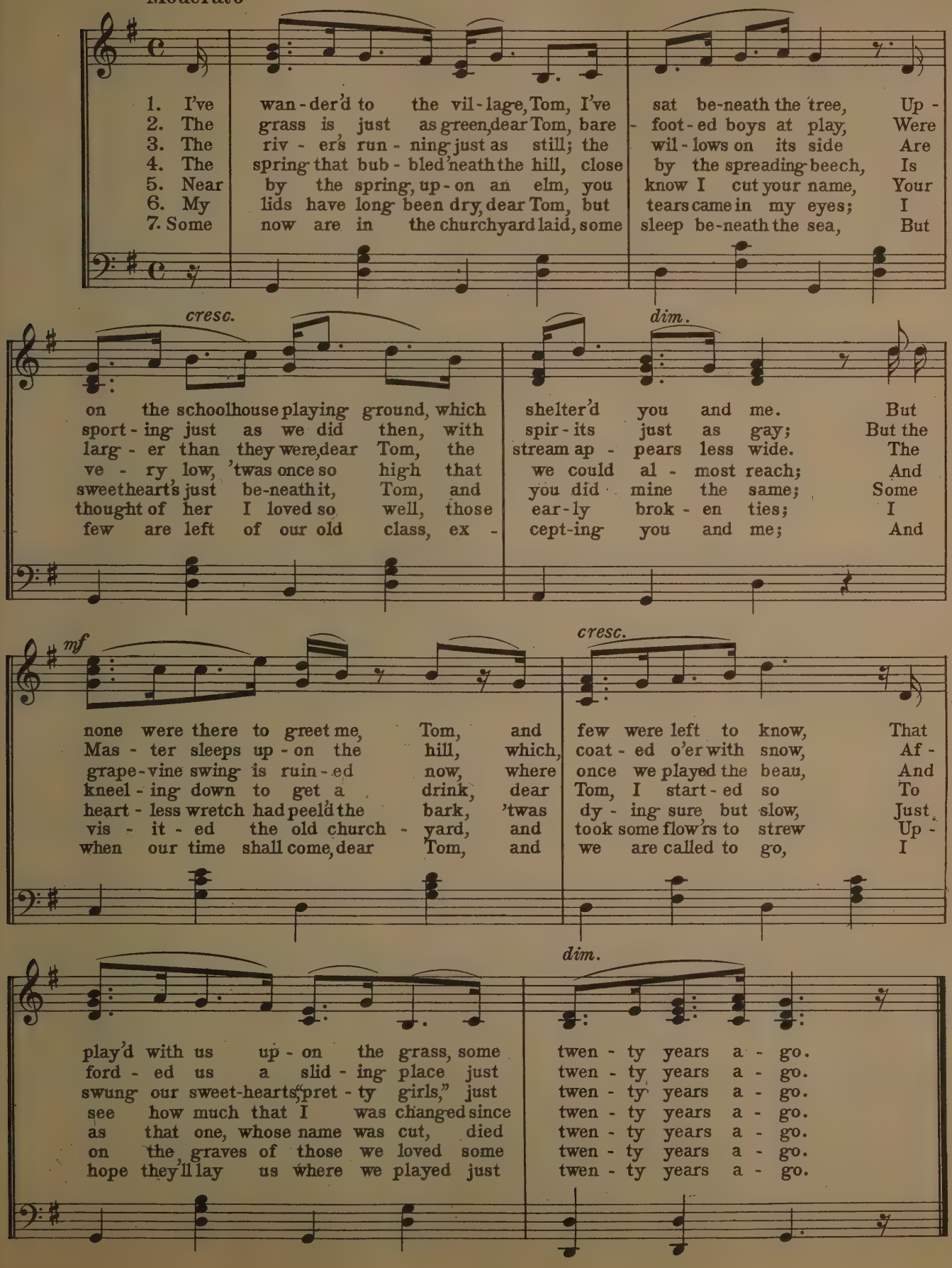
RAYMOND


Andante
mf
1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my
cresc.
sweet sun - ny South take me home, Where the mock-ing-bird sung me to
cot in the ev-er - green shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv-er's green
dim.
rest ev - 'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam?
mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we play'd.
f
I think with re - gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the


dim.
mf
warm hearts that shel - ter'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of
place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I know that the smiles and the
dim.
whom I'm be - reft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain. Take me
forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft moss - y ground.
home to the place where my lit - tle ones ___ sleep, Poor ___
cresc.
mas - sa lies bur-ied close by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I
dim.
long to ___ weep, And a - mong them to rest when I die.

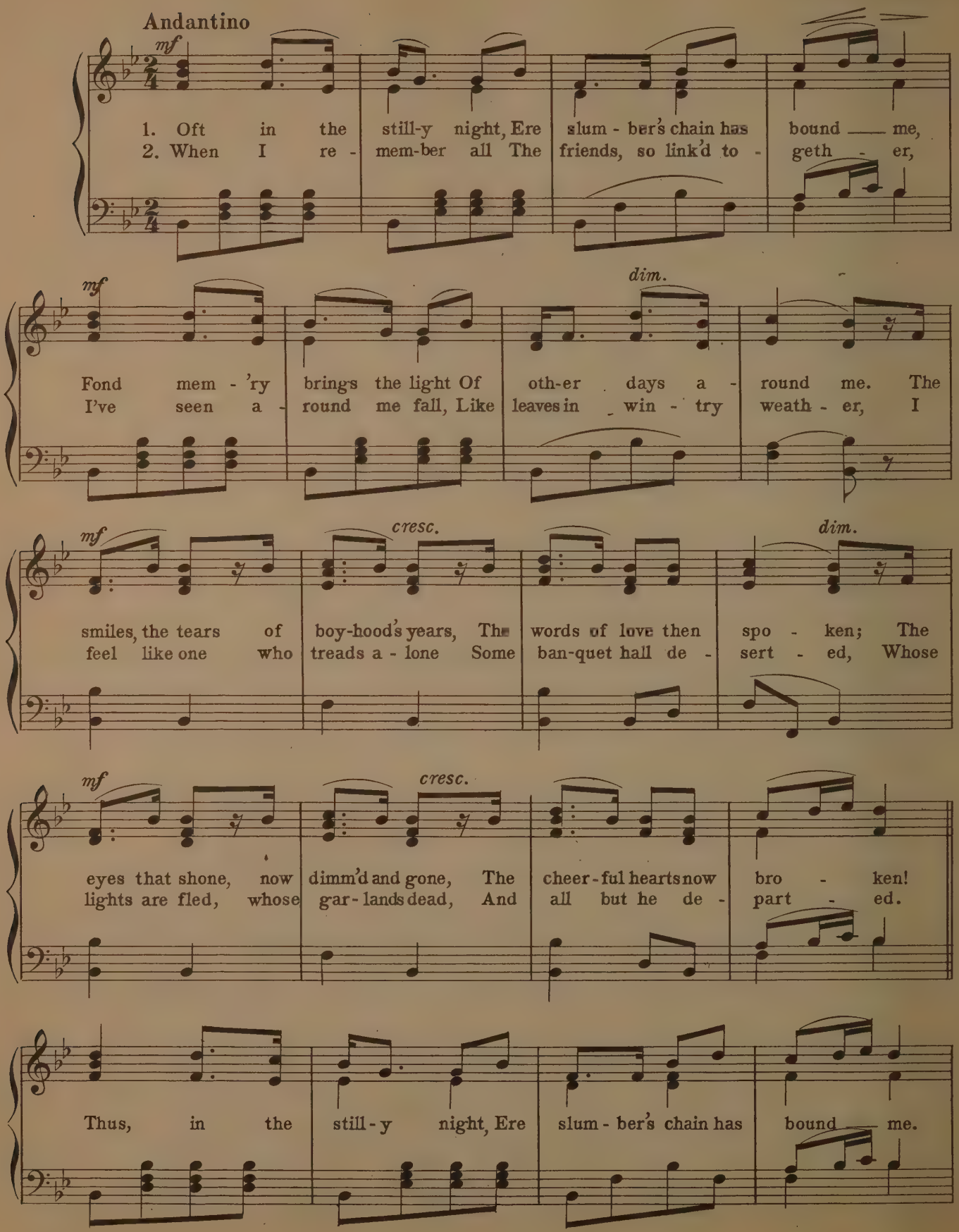
Twenty Years Ago

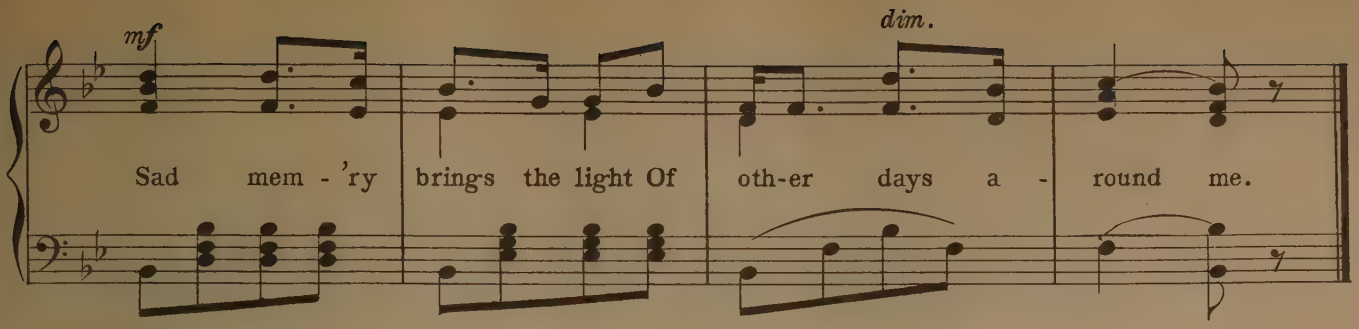
WILLIAM WILLING

Moderato

1. I've wan-der'd to the vil-lage, Tom, I've sat be-neath the tree, Up-
2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-foot-ed boys at play, Were
3. The riv-er's run-ning just as still; the wil-lows on its side Are
4. The spring that bub-bled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech, Is
5. Near by the spring, up-on an elm, you know I cut your name, Your
6. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came in my eyes; I
7. Some now are in the churchyard laid, some sleep be-neath the sea, But
cresc.
on the schoolhouse playing ground, which shelter'd you and me. But
sport-ing just as we did then, with spir-its just as gay; But the
larg-er than they were, dear Tom, the stream ap-pears less wide. The
ve-ry low, 'twas once so high that we could al-most reach; And
sweetheart's just be-neath it, Tom, and you did mine the same; Some
thought of her I loved so well, those ear-ly brok-en ties; I
few are left of our old class, ex-cept-ing you and me; And
dim.
mf
none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know, That
Mas-ter sleeps up-on the hill, which, coat-ed o'er with snow, Af-
grape-vine swing is ruin-ed now, where once we played the beau, And
kneel-ing down to get a drink, dear Tom, I start-ed so To
heart-less wretch had peel'd the bark, 'twas dy-ing sure but slow, Just
vis-it-ed the old church-yard, and took some flow'rs to strew Up-
when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go, I
cresc.
dim.
play'd with us up-on the grass, some twen-ty years a-go.
ford-ed us a slid-ing place just twen-ty years a-go.
swung our sweet-hearts, "pret-ty girls," just twen-ty years a-go.
see how much that I was changed since twen-ty years a-go.
as that one, whose name was cut, died twen-ty years a-go.
on the graves of those we loved some twen-ty years a-go.
hope they'll lay us where we played just twen-ty years a-go.

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE


Andantino
mf
1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re - mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to - geth - er,
mf
dim.
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a - round me. The
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er, I
mf
cresc.
dim.
smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken; The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban-quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose
mf
cresc.
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar-lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed.
Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me.

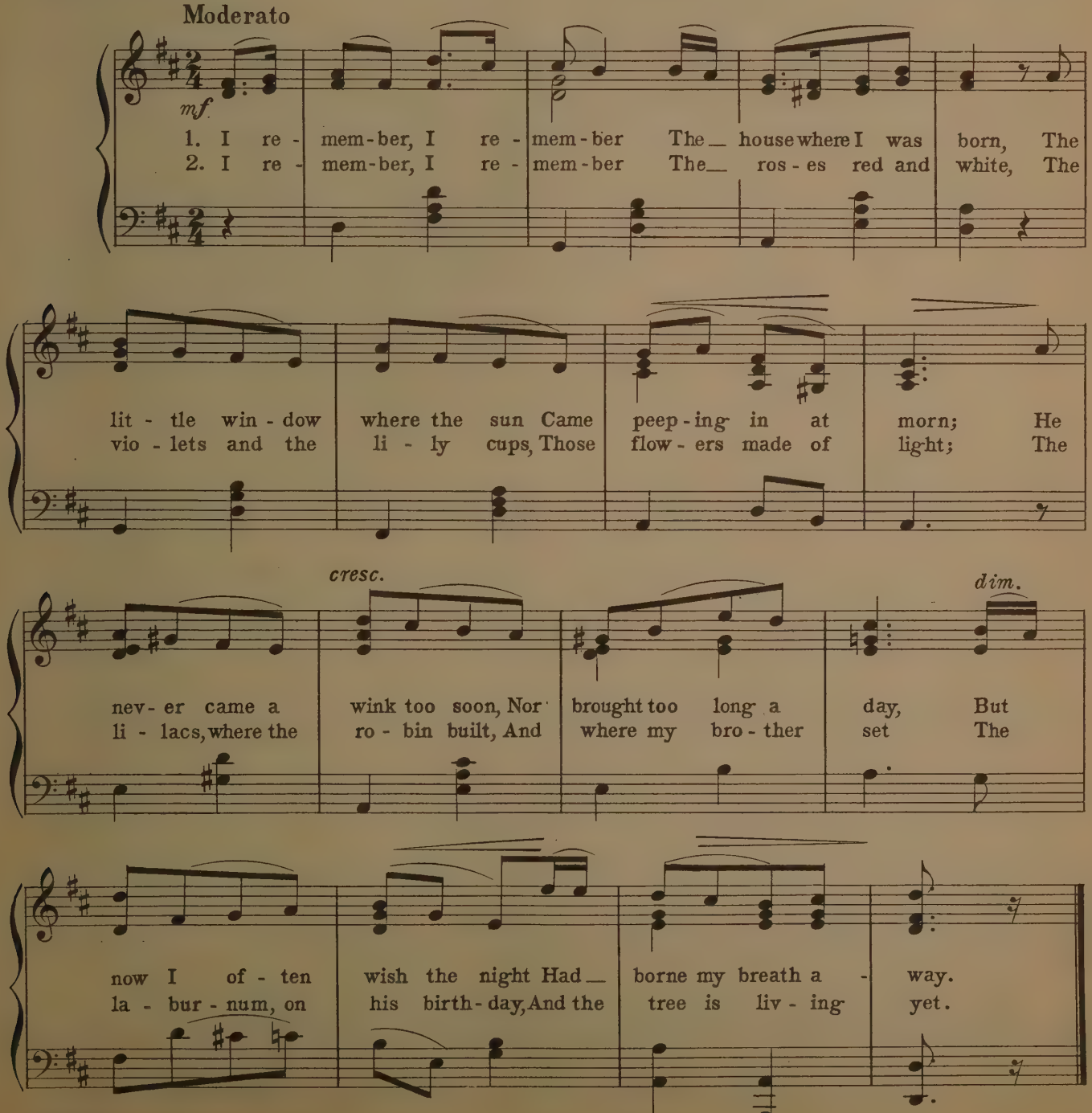


I Remember

THOMAS HOOD

JOHN BLOCKLEY

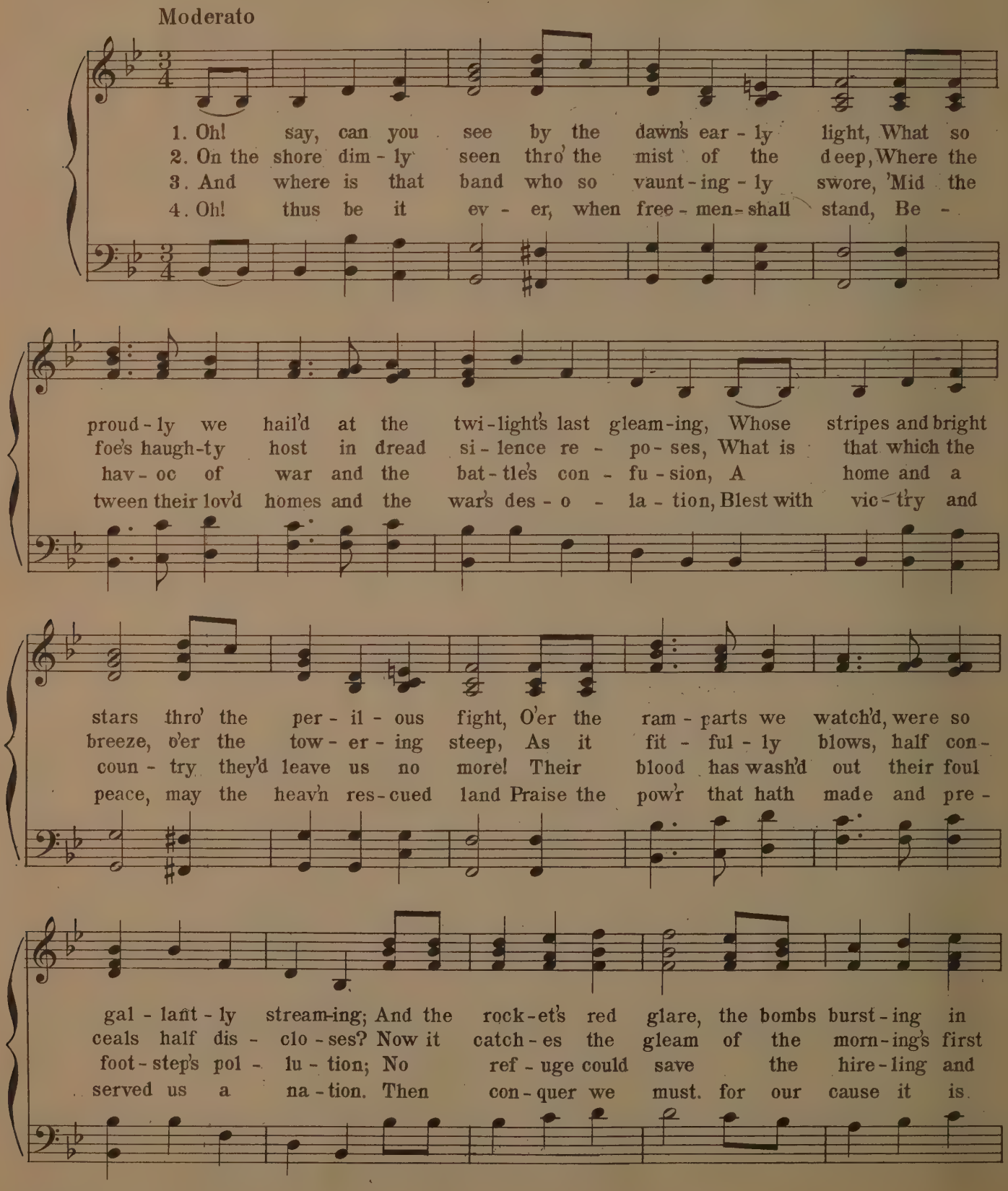
Moderato

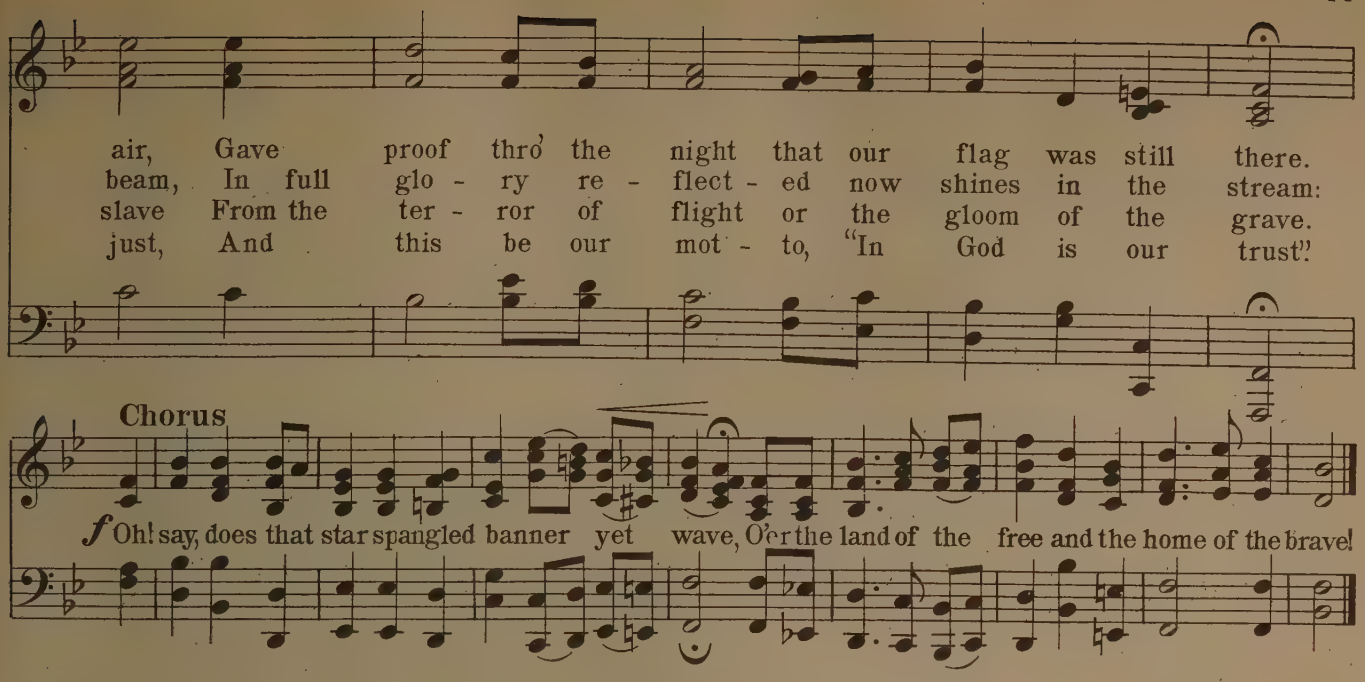

mf
1. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber The house where I was born, The
2. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber The ros - es red and white, The
lit - tle win - dow where the sun Came peep-ing in at morn; He
vio - lets and the li - ly cups, Those flow - ers made of light; The
cresc.
dim.
nev - er came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day, But
li - lacs, where the ro - bin built, And where my bro - ther set The
now I of - ten wish the night Had borne my breath a - way.
la - bur - num, on his birth - day, And the tree is liv - ing yet.

The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN S. SMITH

Moderato

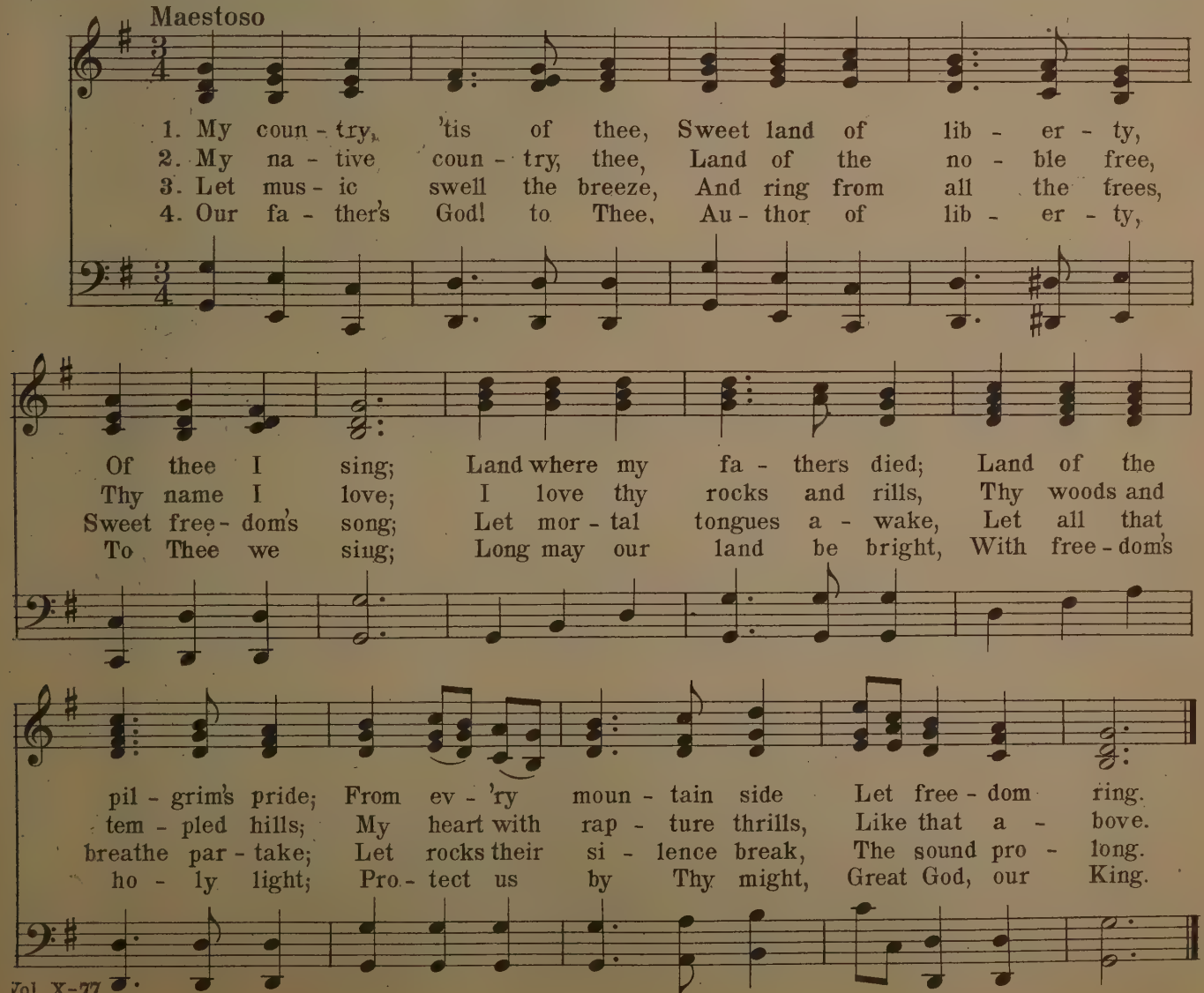

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er, when free - men - shall stand, Be -
proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose stripes and bright
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a
tween their lov'd homes and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - try and
stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
coun - try they'd leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd out their foul
peace, may the heav'n res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre -
gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
ceals half dis - clo - ses? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
foot - step's pol - lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, for our cause it is


air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream:
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust"!
Chorus
f Oh! say, does that star spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

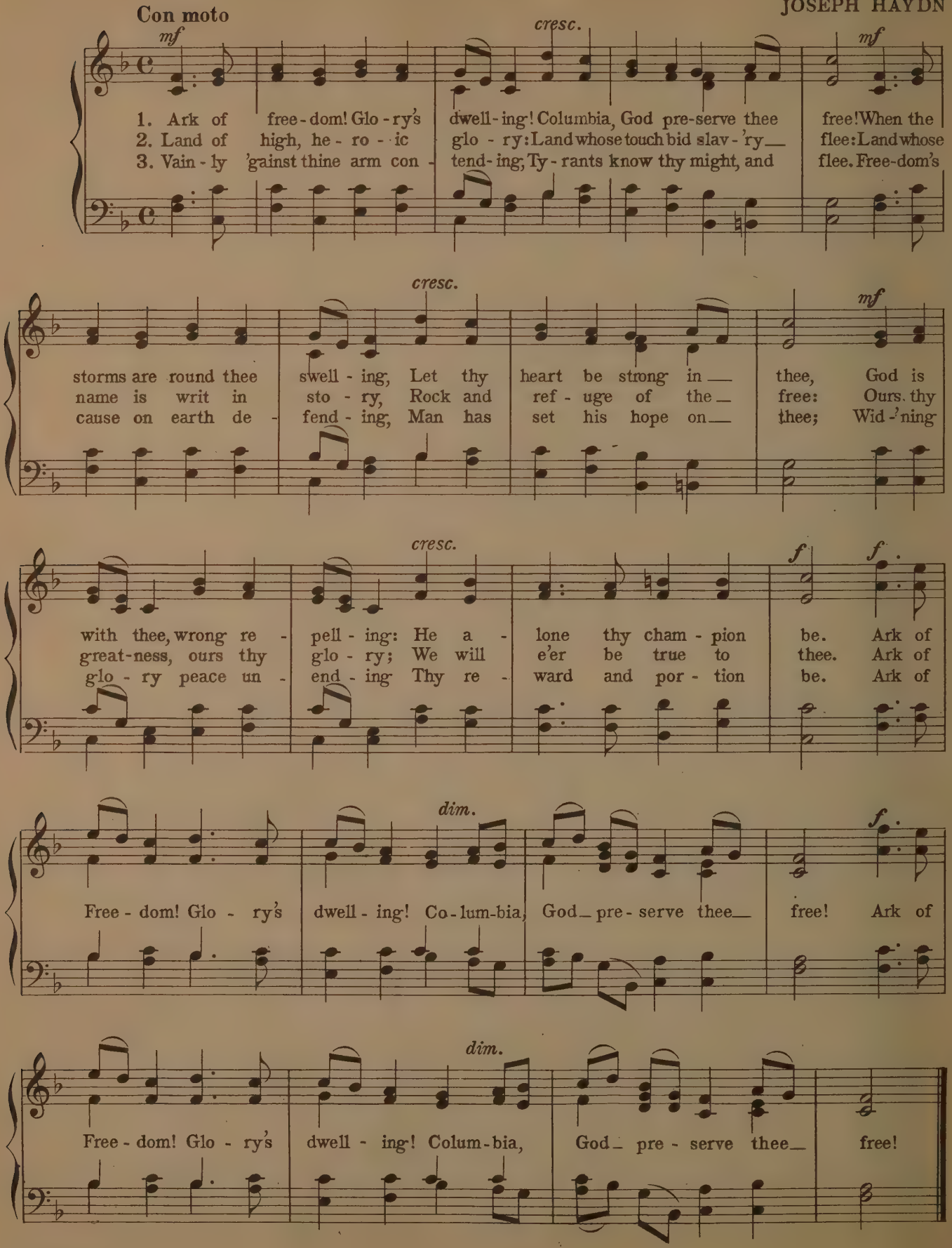
America

HENRY CAREY


Maestoso
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mus - ic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's
pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

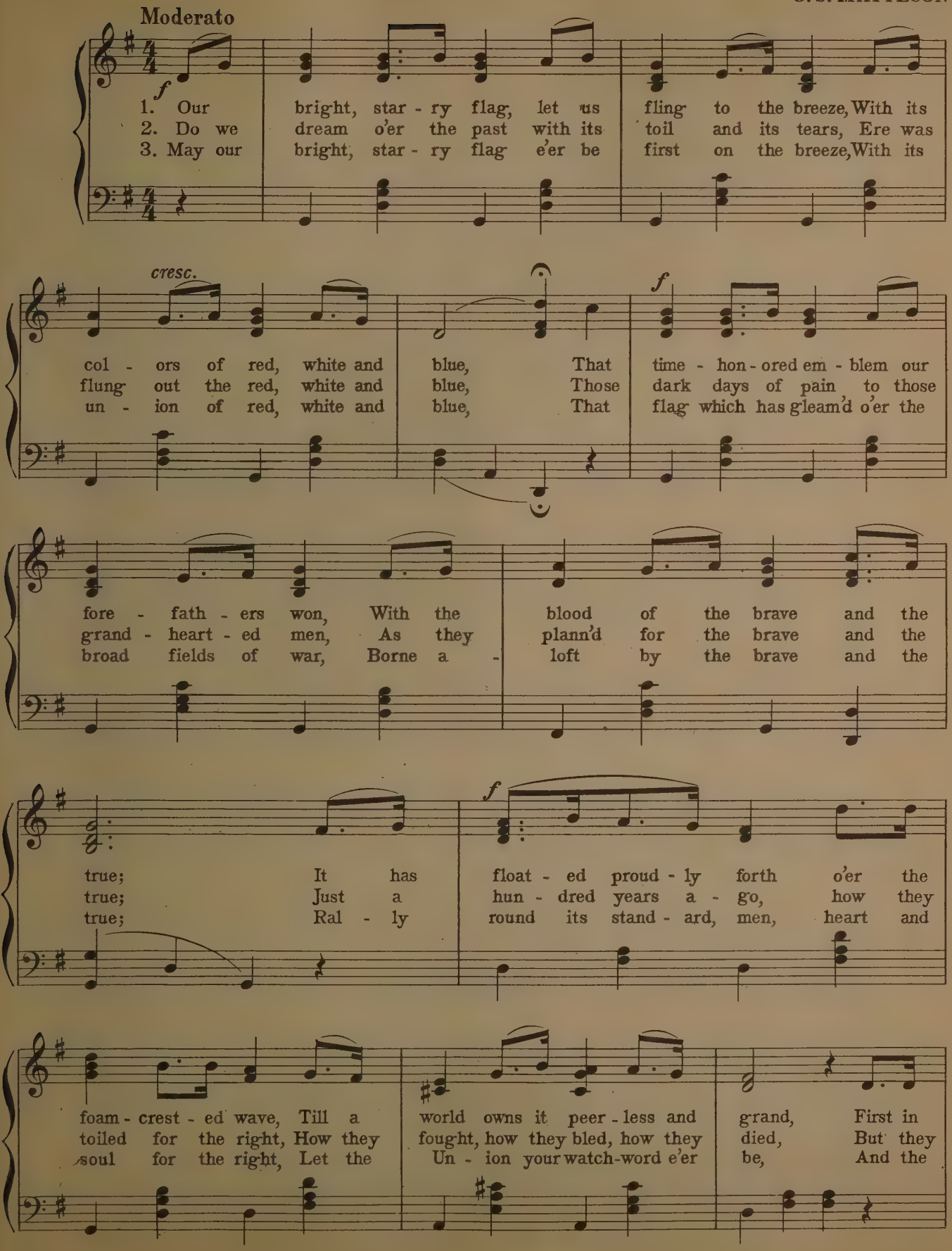
Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

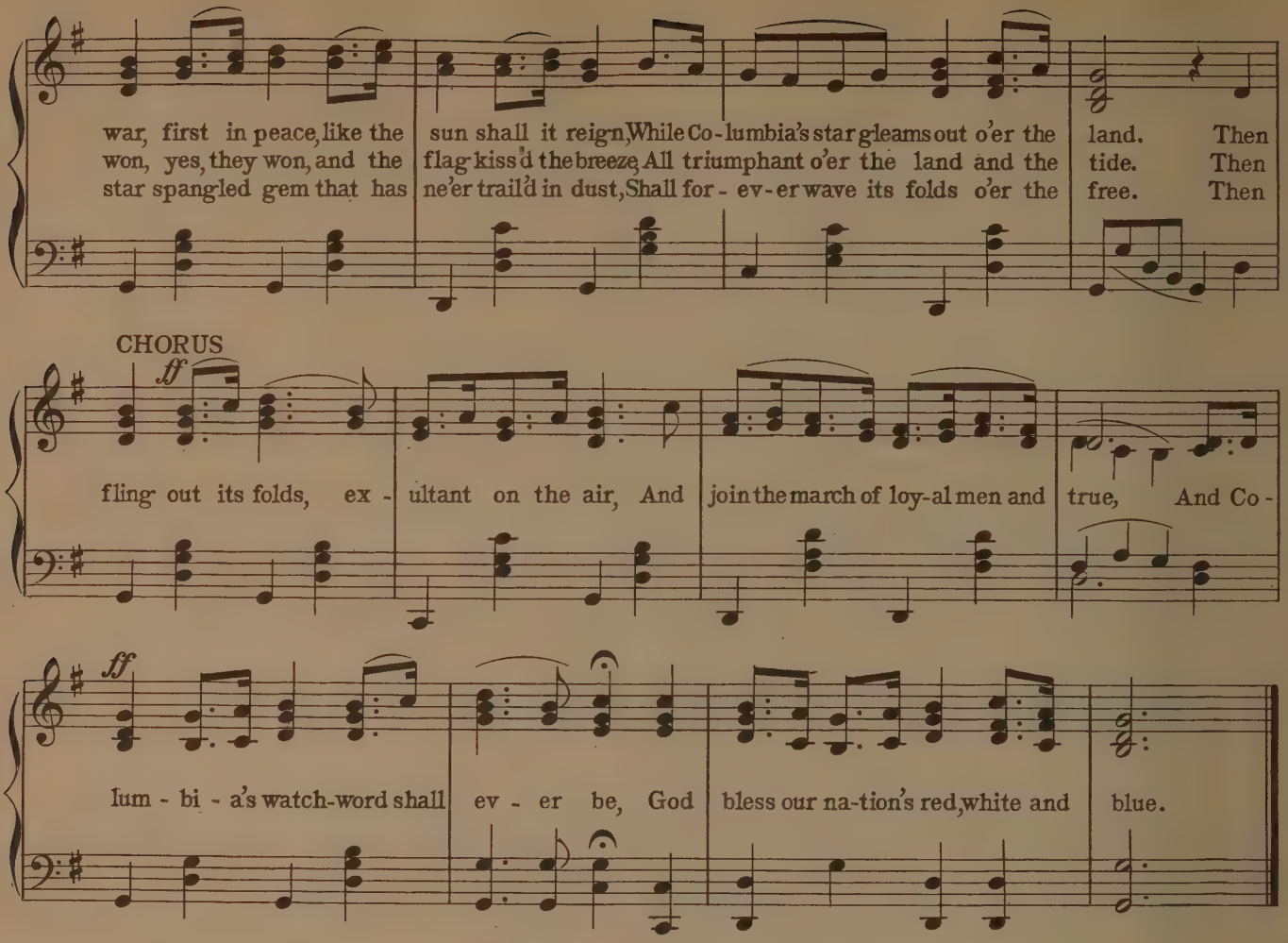
JOSEPH HAYDN


Con moto
mf
cresc.
mf
1. Ark of free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Columbia, God pre-serve thee free! When the
2. Land of high, he-ro-ic glo-ry: Land whose touch bid slav-'ry flee: Land whose
3. Vain-ly 'gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might, and flee. Free-dom's
cresc.
mf
storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is
name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free: Ours thy
cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee; Wid-'ning
cresc.
f
f
with thee, wrong re-pell-ing: He a-lone thy cham-pion be. Ark of
great-ness, ours thy glo-ry; We will e'er be true to thee. Ark of
glo-ry peace un-end-ing Thy re-ward and por-tion be. Ark of
dim.
f
Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free! Ark of
dim.
Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Colum-bia, God pre-serve thee free!

Flag of '76

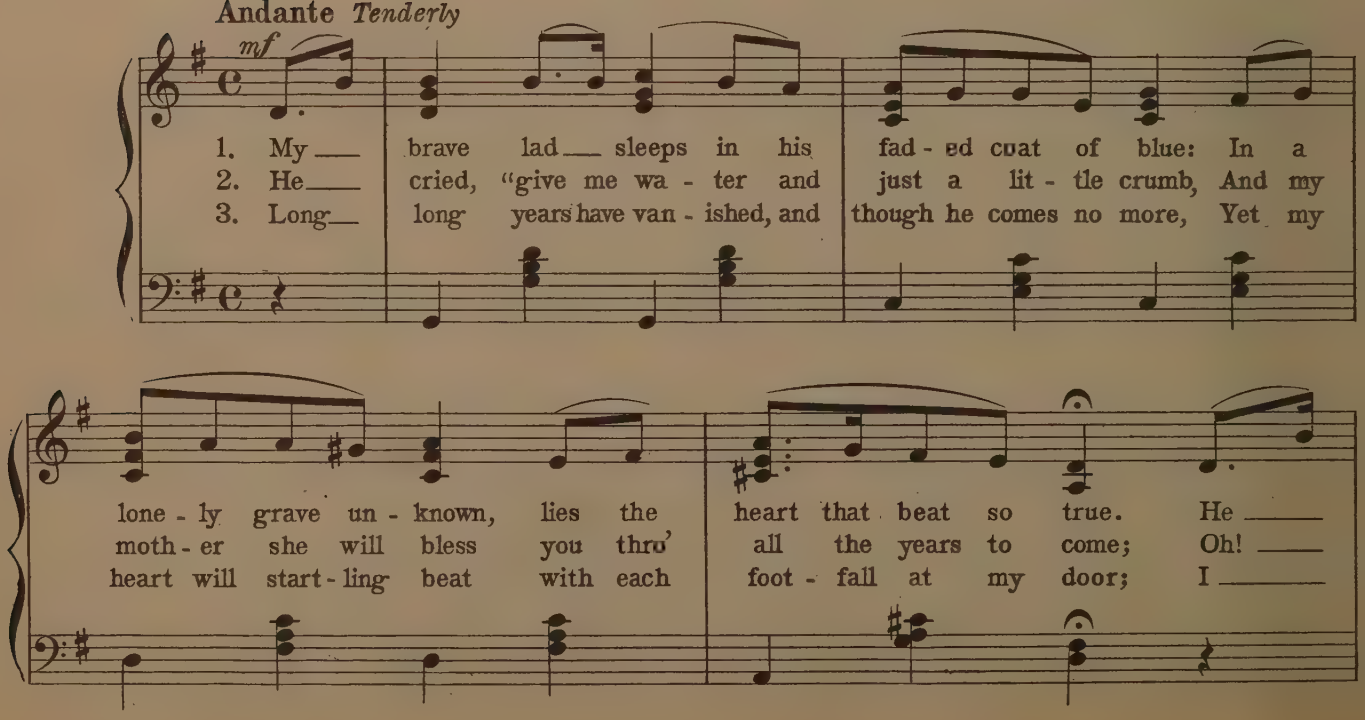
O. S. MATTESON

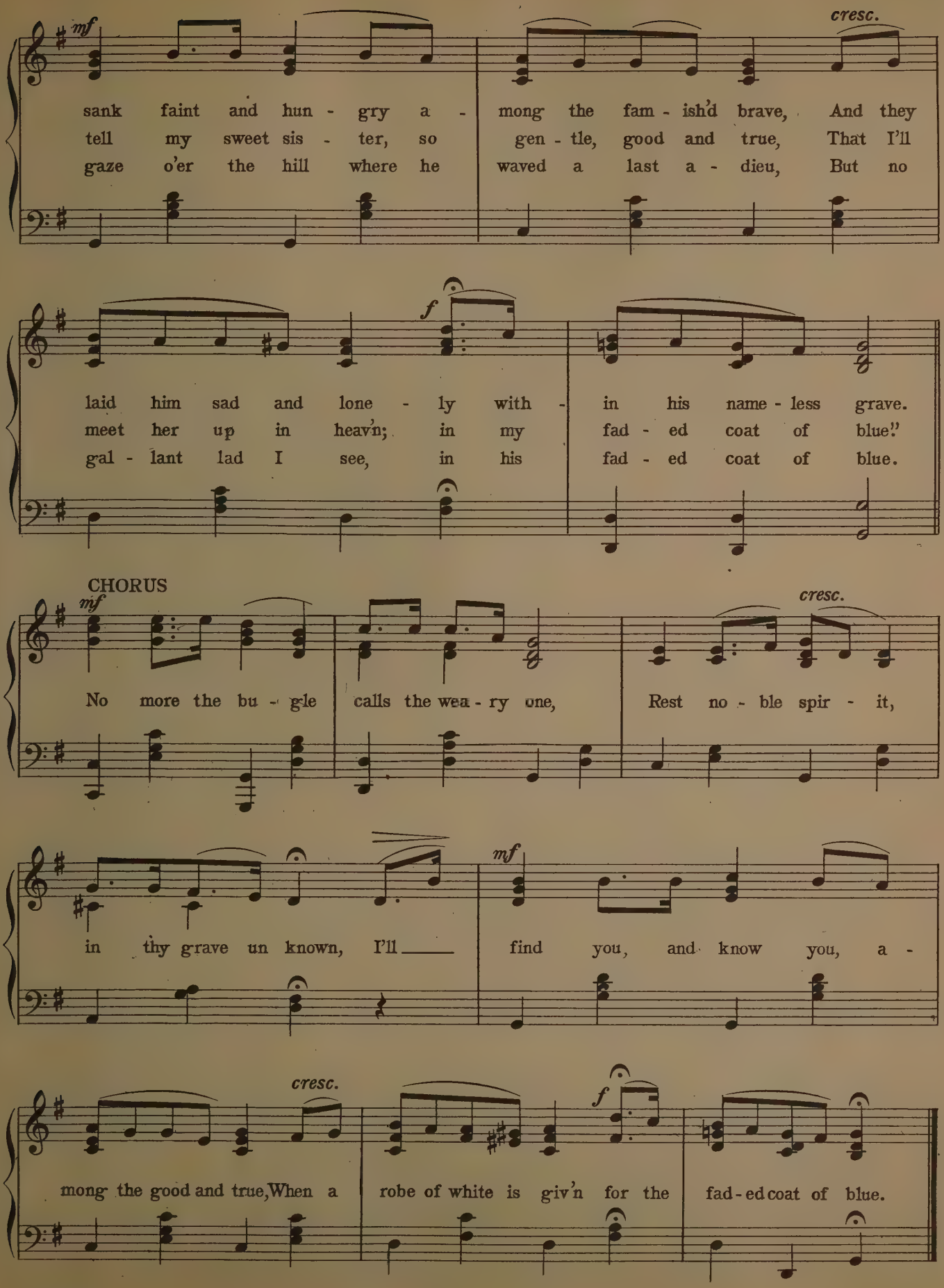

Moderato
f
1. Our bright, star - ry flag, let us fling to the breeze, With its
2. Do we dream o'er the past with its toil and its tears, Ere was
3. May our bright, star - ry flag e'er be first on the breeze, With its
cresc.
col - ors of red, white and blue, That time - hon - ored em - blem our
flung out the red, white and blue, Those dark days of pain to those
un - ion of red, white and blue, That flag which has gleam'd o'er the
f
fore - fath - ers won, With the blood of the brave and the
grand - heart - ed men, As they plann'd for the brave and the
broad fields of war, Borne a - loft by the brave and the
true; It has
true; Just a
true; Ral - ly
f
float - ed proud - ly forth o'er the
hun - dred years a - go, how they
round its stand - ard, men, heart and
foam - crest - ed wave, Till a
toiled for the right, How they
soul for the right, Let the
world owns it peer - less and
fought, how they bled, how they
Un - ion your watch-word e'er
grand, First in
died, But they
be, And the


war, first in peace, like the sun shall it reign, While Co-lumbia's star gleams out o'er the land. Then
won, yes, they won, and the flag kiss'd the breeze, All triumphant o'er the land and the tide. Then
star spangled gem that has ne'er trail'd in dust, Shall for-ev-er wave its folds o'er the free. Then
CHORUS
ff
fling out its folds, ex-ultant on the air, And join the march of loy-al men and true, And Co-
ff
lum-bi-a's watch-word shall ev-er be, God bless our na-tion's red, white and blue.

The Faded Coat of Blue

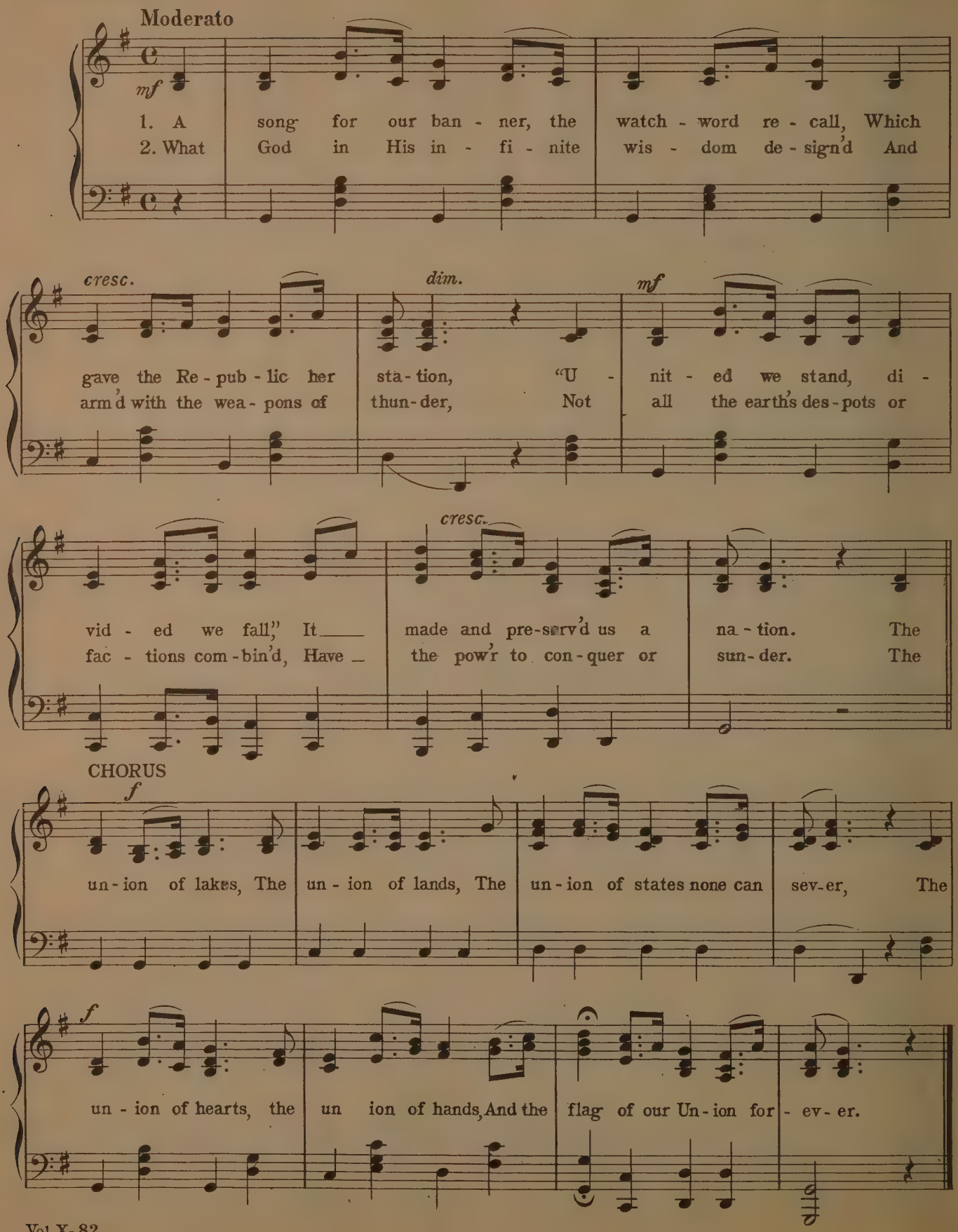
J. H. McNAUGHTON


Andante Tenderly
mf
1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad-ed coat of blue: In a
2. He cried, "give me wa-ter and just a lit-tle crumb, And my
3. Long long years have van-ished, and though he comes no more, Yet my
lone-ly grave un-known, lies the heart that beat so true. He
moth-er she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh!
heart will start-ling beat with each foot-fall at my door; I

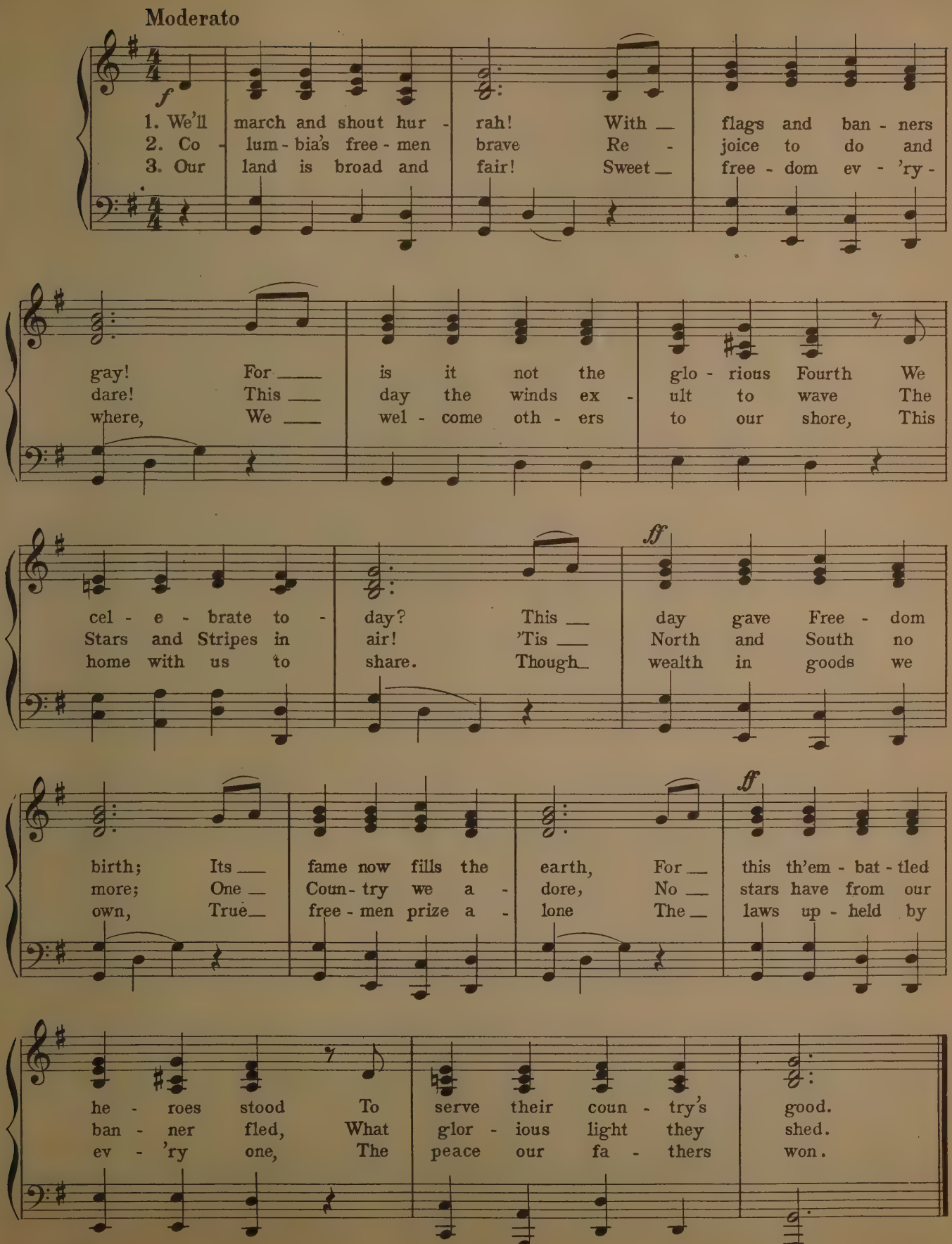

mf
cresc.
sank faint and hun - gry a - mong the fam - ish'd brave, And they
tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen - tle, good and true, That I'll
gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last a - dieu, But no
f
laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his name - less grave.
meet her up in heav'n; in my fad - ed coat of blue."
gal - lant lad I see, in his fad - ed coat of blue.
CHORUS
mf
cresc.
No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest no - ble spir - it,
in thy grave un known, I'll ____ mf find you, and know you, a -
cresc.
f
mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

The Flag of Our Union Forever

GEO. P. MORRIS W. V. WALLACE

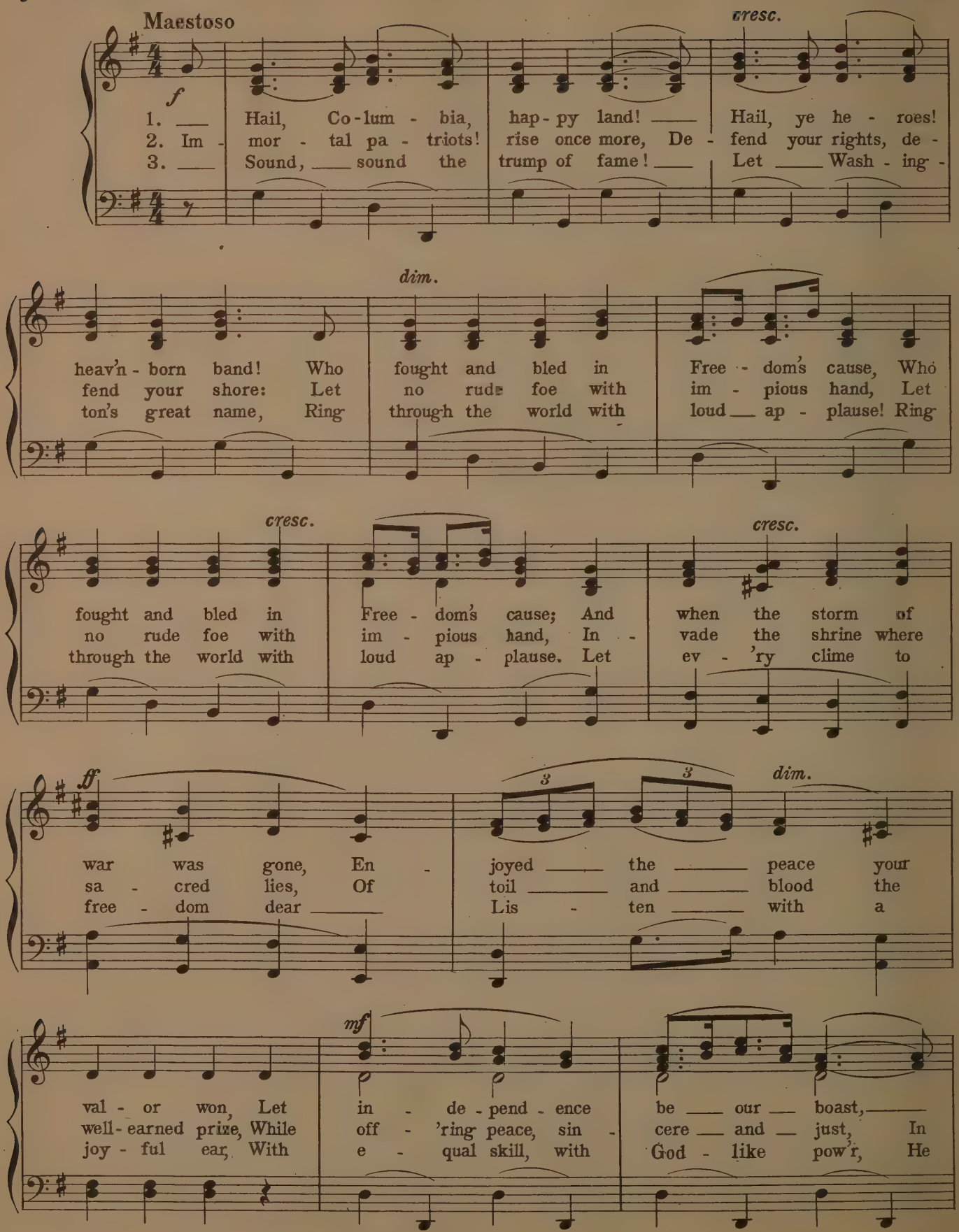

Moderato
mf
1. A song for our ban - ner, the watch - word re - call, Which
2. What God in His in - fi - nite wis - dom de - sign'd And
cresc.
dim.
mf
gave the Re - pub - lic her sta - tion, "U - nit - ed we stand, di -
arm'd with the wea - pons of thun - der, Not all the earth's des - pots or
cresc.
vid - ed we fall," It made and pre-serv'd us a na - tion. The
fac - tions com - bin'd, Have the pow'r to con - quer or sun - der. The
CHORUS
f
un - ion of lakes, The un - ion of lands, The un - ion of states none can sev - er, The
f
un - ion of hearts, the un ion of hands, And the flag of our Un - ion for - ev - er.

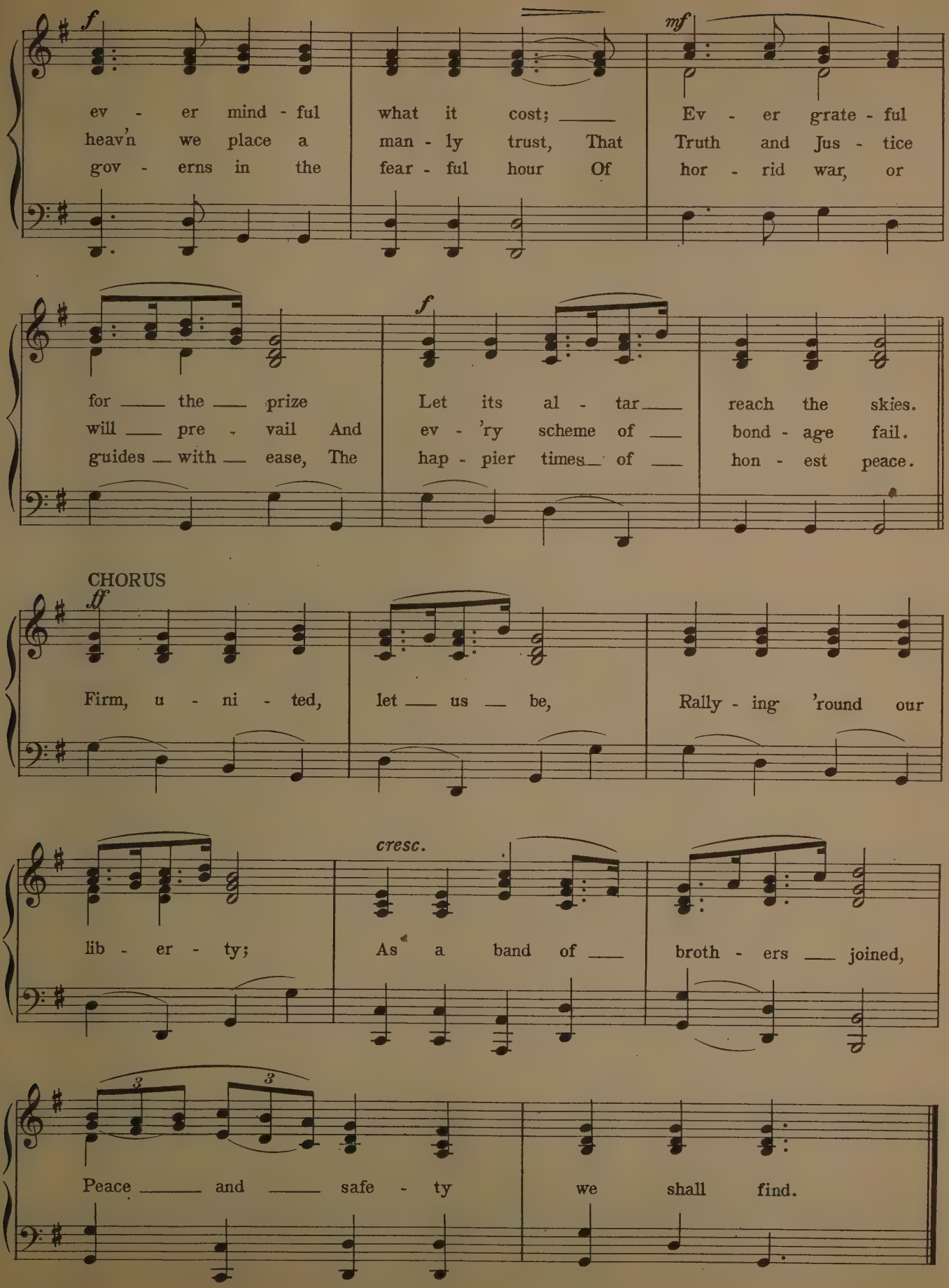
The Glorious Fourth


Moderato
f
1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban - ners
2. Co - lum - bia's free - men brave Re - joice to do and
3. Our land is broad and fair! Sweet free - dom ev - 'ry -
gay! For is it not the glo - rious Fourth We
dare! This day the winds ex - ult to wave The
where, We wel - come oth - ers to our shore, This
ff
cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free - dom
Stars and Stripes in air! 'Tis North and South no
home with us to share. Though wealth in goods we
ff
birth; Its fame now fills the earth, For this th'em - bat - tled
more; One Coun - try we a - dore, No stars have from our
own, True free - men prize a - lone The laws up - held by
he - roes stood To serve their coun - try's good.
ban - ner fled, What glor - ious light they shed.
ev - 'ry one, The peace our fa - thers won.

Hail, Columbia

J. HOPKINSON — J. FAYLES

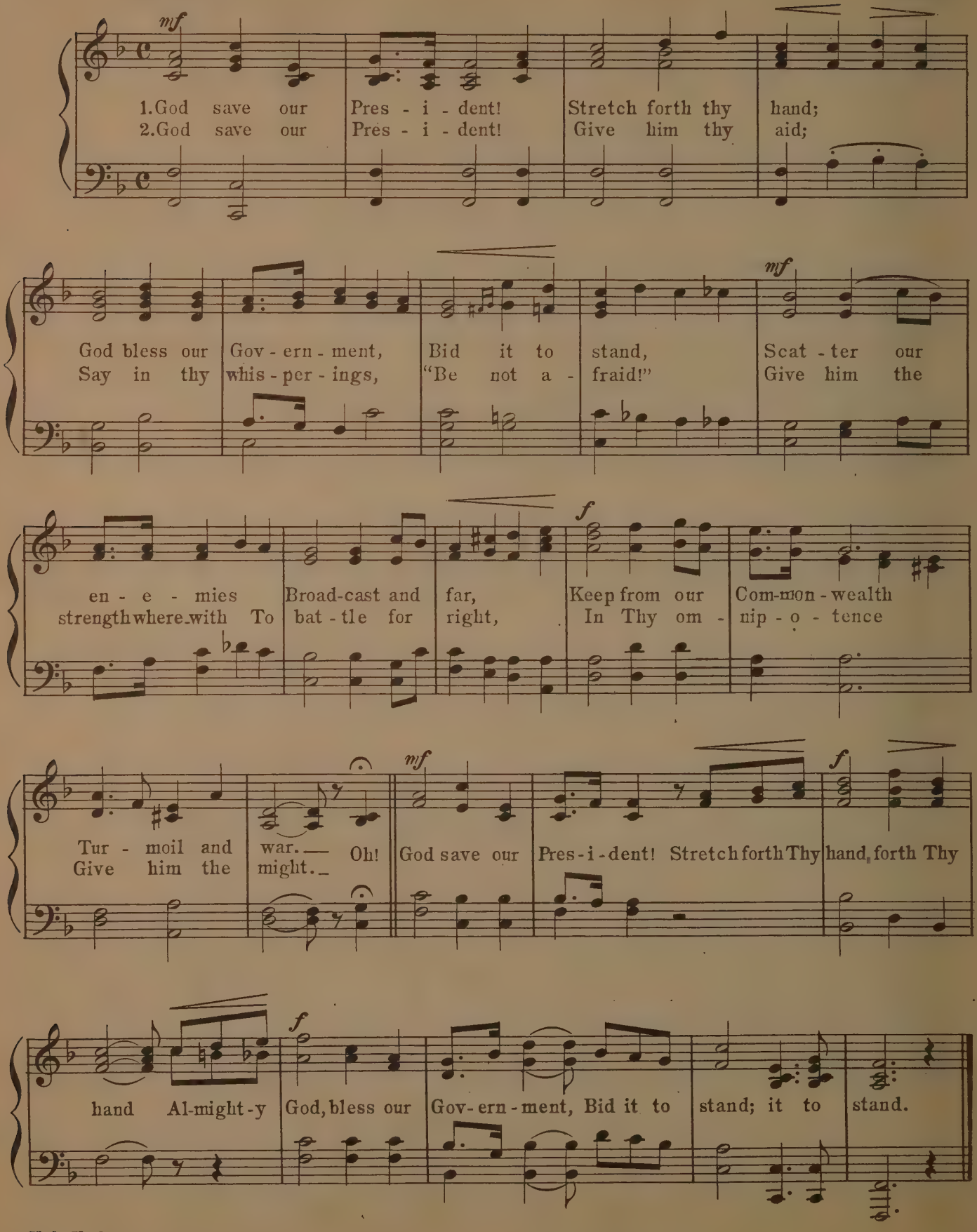



f
ev - er mind - ful what it cost; ____
heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
mf
Ev - er grate - ful
Truth and Jus - tice
hor - rid war, or
for ____ the ____ prize
will ____ pre - vail And
guides ____ with ____ ease, The
f
Let its al - tar ____
ev - 'ry scheme of ____
hap - pier times ____ of ____
reach the skies.
bond - age fail.
hon - est peace.
CHORUS
ff
Firm, u - ni - ted, let ____ us ____ be, Rally - ing 'round our
lib - er - ty;
cresc.
As a band of ____
broth - ers ____ joined,
3
3
Peace ____ and ____ safe - ty we shall find.

God Save Our President

Maestoso

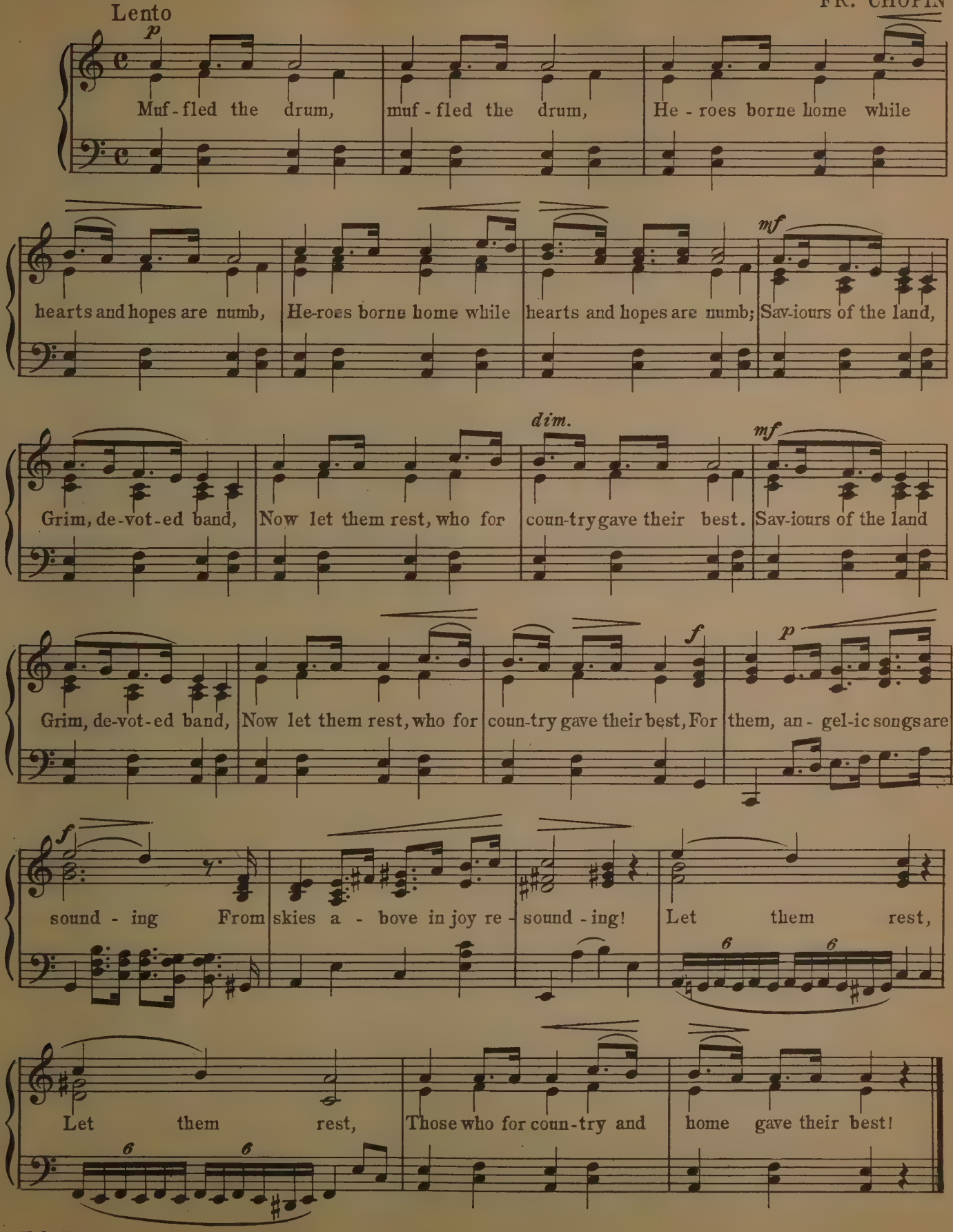
S. WINNER


mf
1.God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth thy hand;
2.God save our Pres - i - dent! Give him thy aid;
God bless our Gov - ern - ment, Bid it to stand, Scat - ter our
Say in thy whis - per - ings, "Be not a - fraid!" Give him the
mf
en - e - mies Broad-cast and far, Keep from our Com-mon - wealth
strength where with To bat - tle for right, In Thy om - nip - o - tence
f
Tur - moil and war. — Oh! God save our Pres-i-dent! Stretch forth Thy hand, forth Thy
Give him the might. —
mf
f
hand Al-might-y God, bless our Gov-ern-ment, Bid it to stand; it to stand.
f

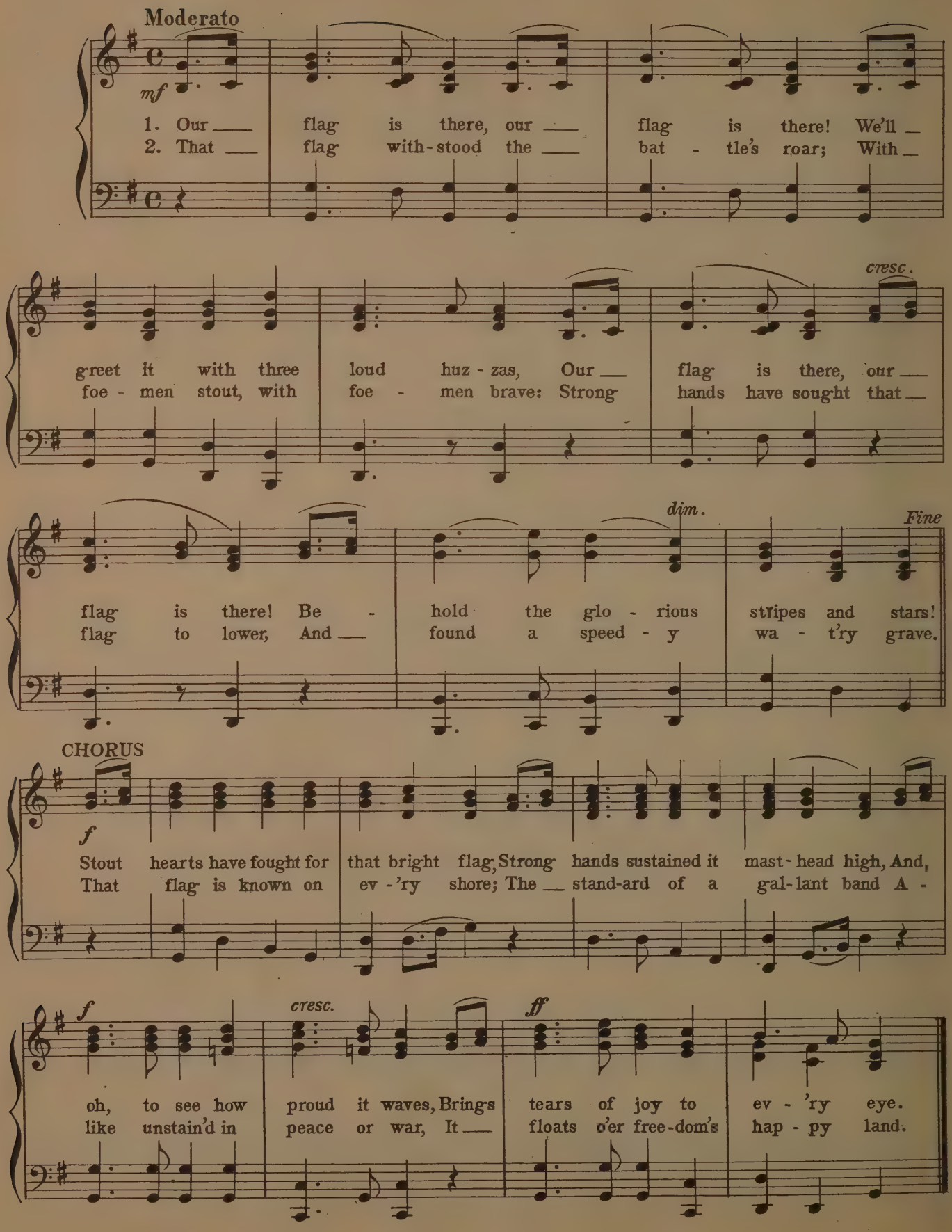
Funeral Song Of The Nation

Words adapted

FR. CHOPIN

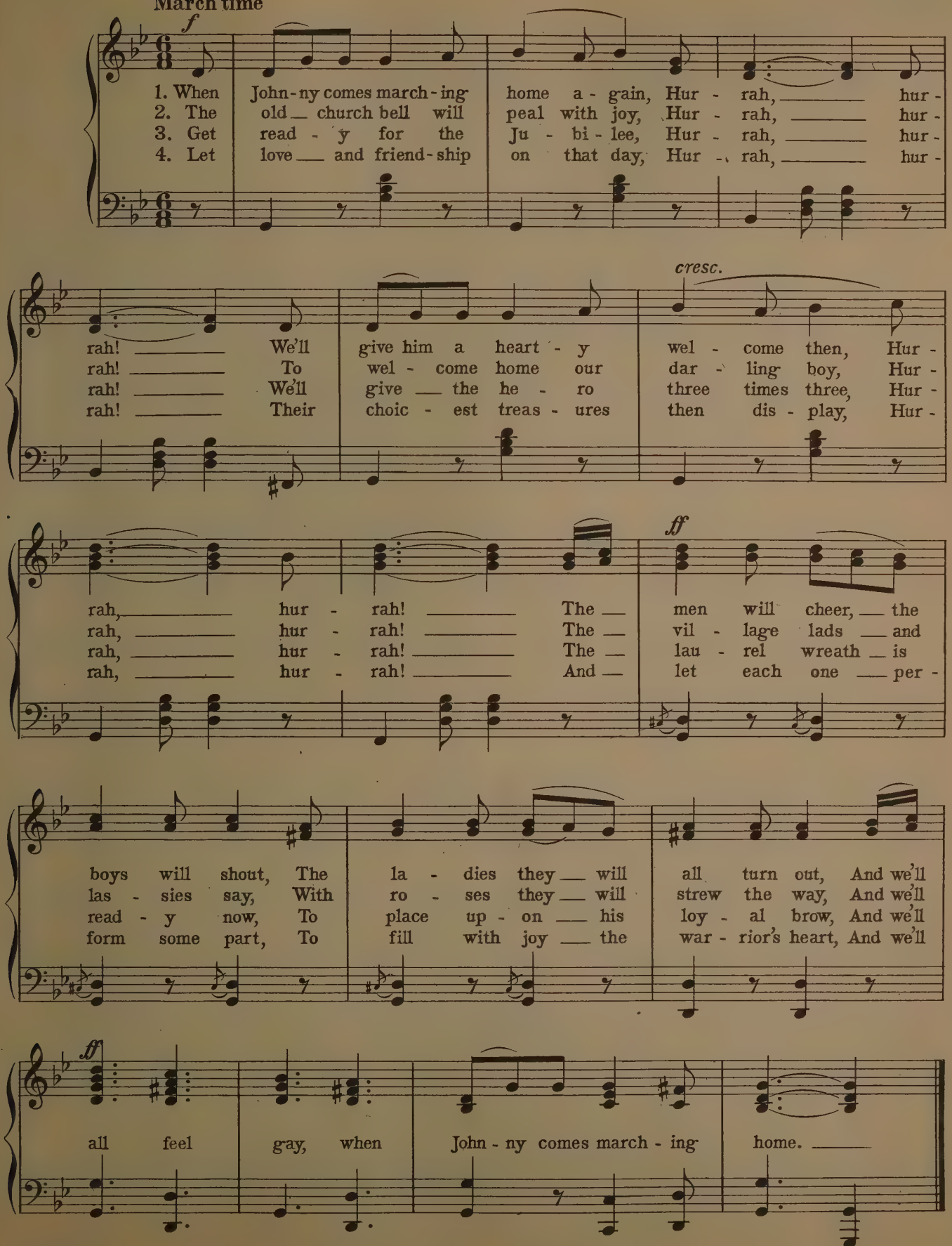

Lento
p
Muf - fled the drum, muf - fled the drum, He - roes borne home while
hearts and hopes are numb, He-roes borne home while hearts and hopes are numb;
mf
Sav-iours of the land,
Grim, de-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for coun-try gave their best.
dim.
mf
Sav-iours of the land
Grim, de-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for coun-try gave their best, For
f
p
them, an - gel-ic songs are
f
sound - ing From skies a - bove in joy re - sound - ing!
Let them rest,
6
6
Let them rest,
Those who for coun-try and home gave their best!
6
6

Our Flag is There


Moderato
mf
1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll
2. That flag with-stood the bat - tle's roar; With
cresc.
greet it with three loud huz - zas, Our flag is there, our
foe - men stout, with foe - men brave: Strong hands have sought that
dim.
Fine
flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious stripes and stars!
flag to lower, And found a speed - y wa - t'ry grave.
CHORUS
f
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast-head high, And,
That flag is known on ev - 'ry shore; The stand-ard of a gal-lant band A -
f
cresc.
ff
oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev - 'ry eye.
like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er free-dom's hap - py land.

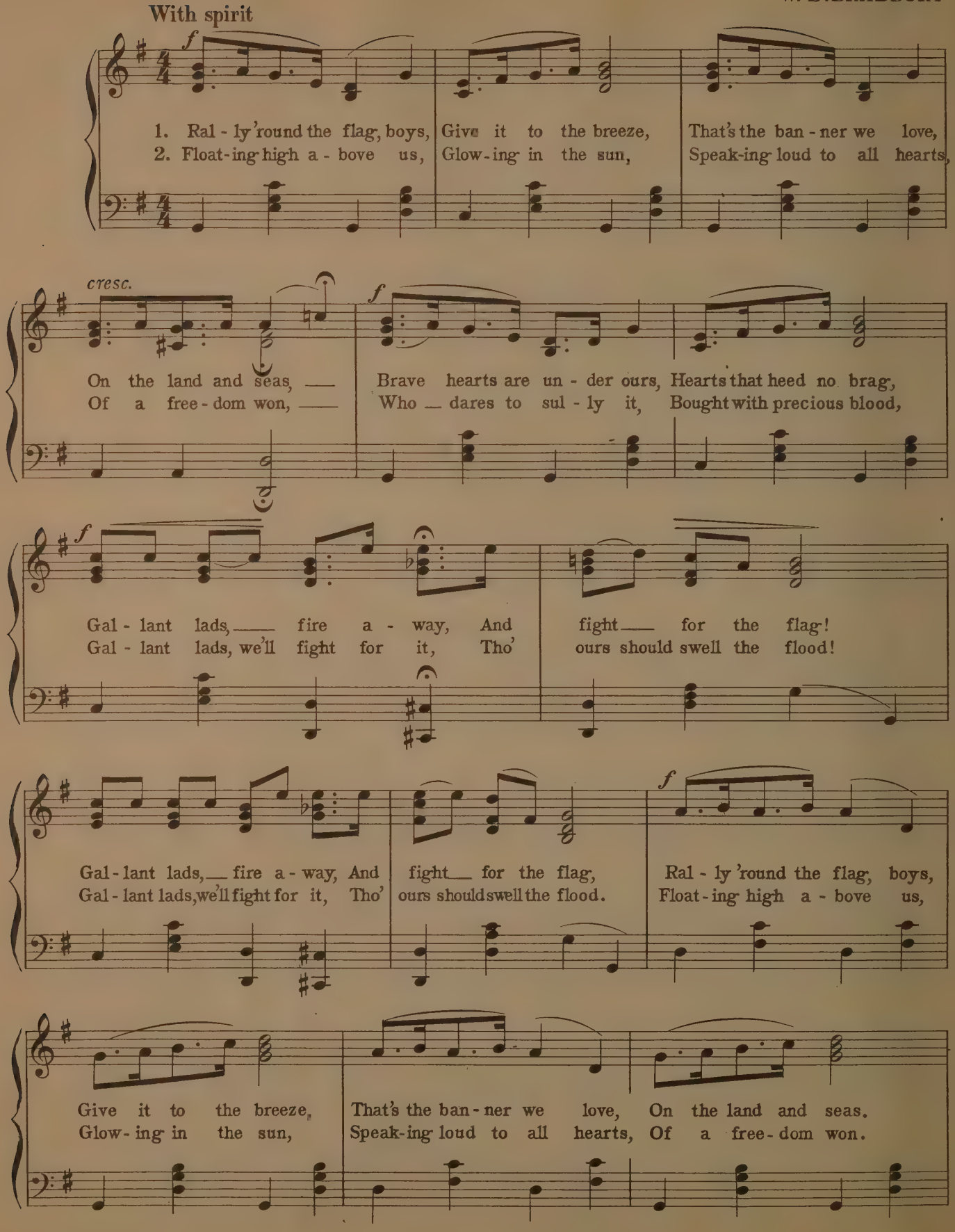
When Johnny Comes Marching Home

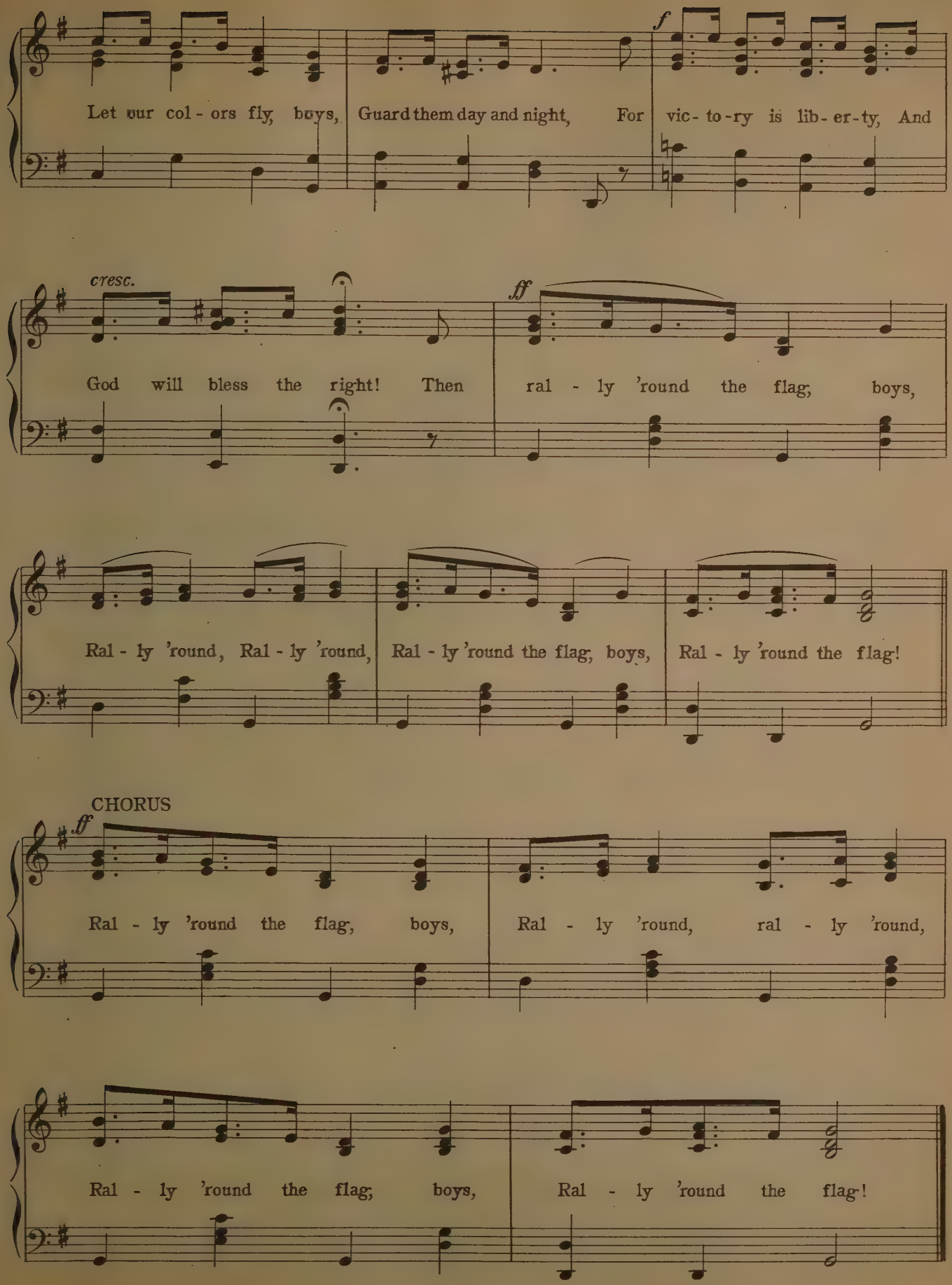
L. LAMBERT

March time

f
1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur-
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur-
3. Get read-y for the Ju-bi-lee, Hur-rah, hur-
4. Let love and friend-ship on that day, Hur-rah, hur-
rah! We'll give him a heart-y wel-come then, Hur-
rah! To wel-come home our dar-ling boy, Hur-
rah! We'll give the he-ro three times three, Hur-
rah! Their choic-est treas-ures then dis-play, Hur-
cresc.
rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the
rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and
rah, hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is
rah, hur-rah! And let each one per-
ff
boys will shout, The la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll
las-sies say, With ro-ses they will strew the way, And we'll
read-y now, To place up-on his loy-al brow, And we'll
form some part, To fill with joy the war-rior's heart, And we'll
ff
all feel gay, when John-ny comes march-ing home.

Rally Round the Flag

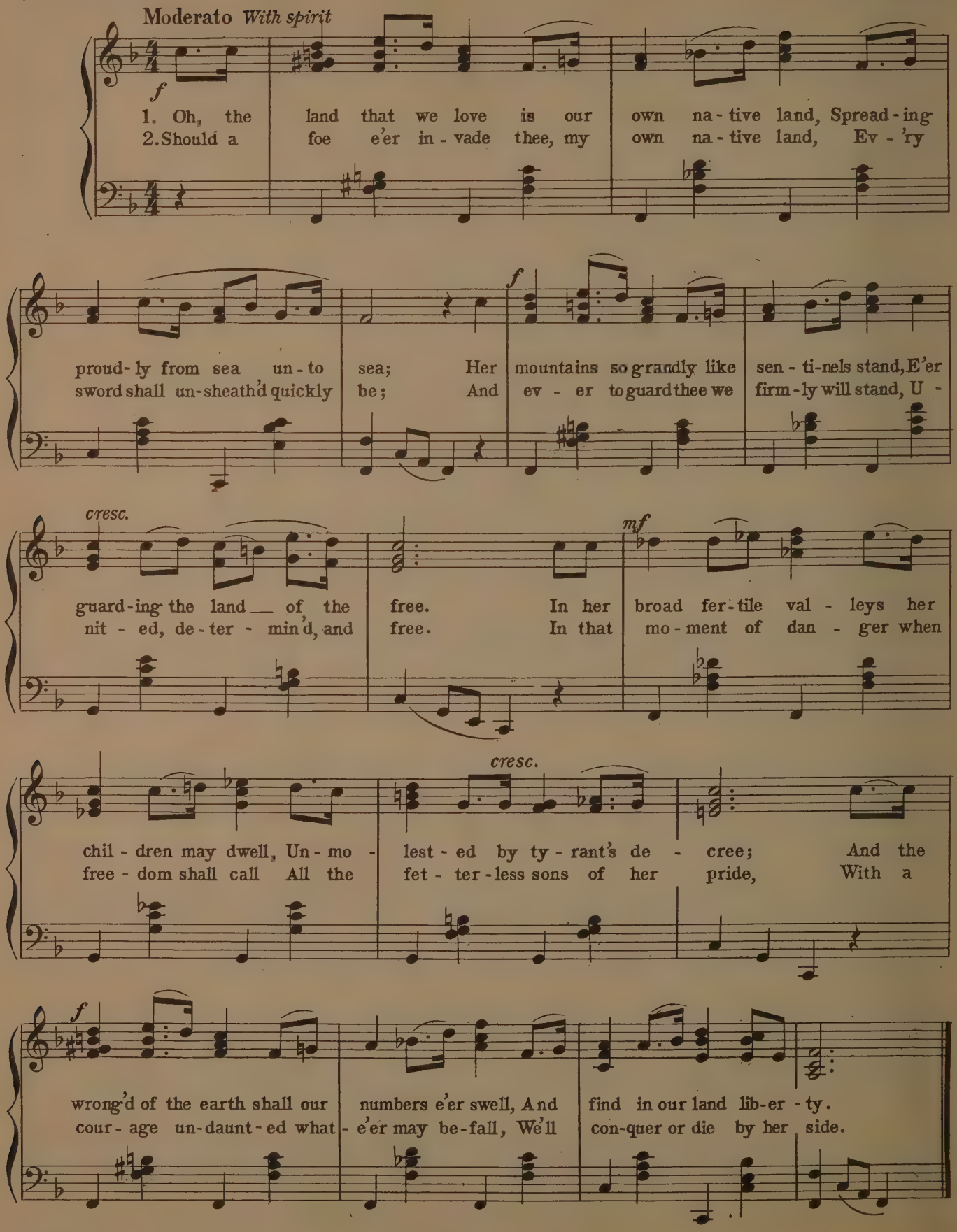
W. B. BRADBURY


With spirit
f
1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
cresc.
On the land and seas, Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that heed no brag,
Of a free - dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with precious blood,
Gal - lant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag!
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood!
Gal - lant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Float - ing high a - bove us,
Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas.
Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts, Of a free - dom won.


Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And
f
cresc.
God will bless the right! Then
ff
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,
Ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag!
CHORUS
ff
Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round,
Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag!

Oh, The Land That We Love

L. F. LEWIS — M. W. BALFE


Moderato With spirit
f
1. Oh, the land that we love is our own na - tive land, Spread - ing
2. Should a foe e'er in - vade thee, my own na - tive land, Ev - 'ry
proud - ly from sea un - to sea; Her mountains so grandly like sen - ti - nels stand, E'er
sword shall un - sheath'd quickly be; And ev - er to guard thee we firm - ly will stand, U -
cresc.
guard - ing the land of the free. In her broad fer - tile val - leys her
nit - ed, de - ter - min'd, and free. In that mo - ment of dan - ger when
mf
cresc.
chil - dren may dwell, Un - mo - lest - ed by ty - rant's de - cree; And the
free - dom shall call All the fet - ter - less sons of her pride, With a
f
wrong'd of the earth shall our numbers e'er swell, And find in our land lib - er - ty.
cour - age un - daunt - ed what - e'er may be - fall, We'll con - quer or die by her side.

Yankee Doodle

Allegro

1. ___ Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good - 'in, And
2. And there we see a thous-and men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton Up - on a slap-ing stal - lion, A -
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They look'd so ver - y fine, ah! I
5. And there I see a swamp-ing gun, Large as a log of ma - ple, Up -
6. And ev'- ry time they fired it off, It took a horn of pow - der; It
7. And then I see a lit - tle keg, Its head all made of leath - er, They
8. And Cap - tain Dav - is had a gun, He kind o' clapt his hand on't, And
9. The troop-ers, too, would gal - lop up, And fire right in our fa - ces; It
10. It scared me so I hooked it off, Nor stopped, as I re - mem - ber, Nor

mf

cresc. *dim.*

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev'- ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
want - ed pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.
on a might - y lit - tle cart; A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
made a noise like fa - ther's gun, On - ly a na - tion lou - der.
knocked up on't with lit - tle sticks, To call the folks to - geth - er,
stuck a crook - ed stab - ling - iron, Up - on the lit - tle end on't.
scared me al - most half to death To see them run such ra - ces.
turned a - bout till I got home, Locked up in moth - er's cham - ber.

ff *mf* *ff*

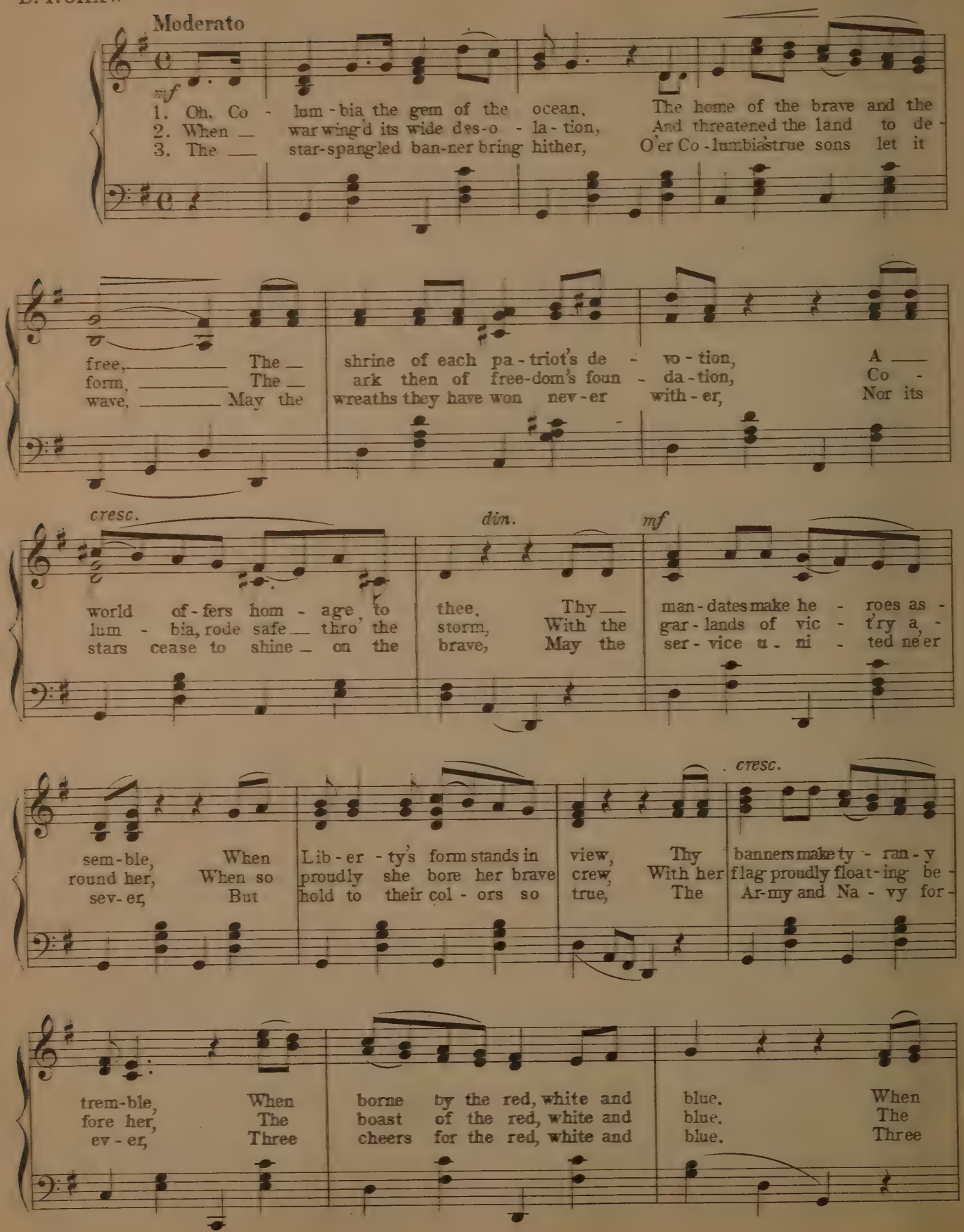
Yan - kee Doodle keep it up, _ Yan - kee Doodle dan - dy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

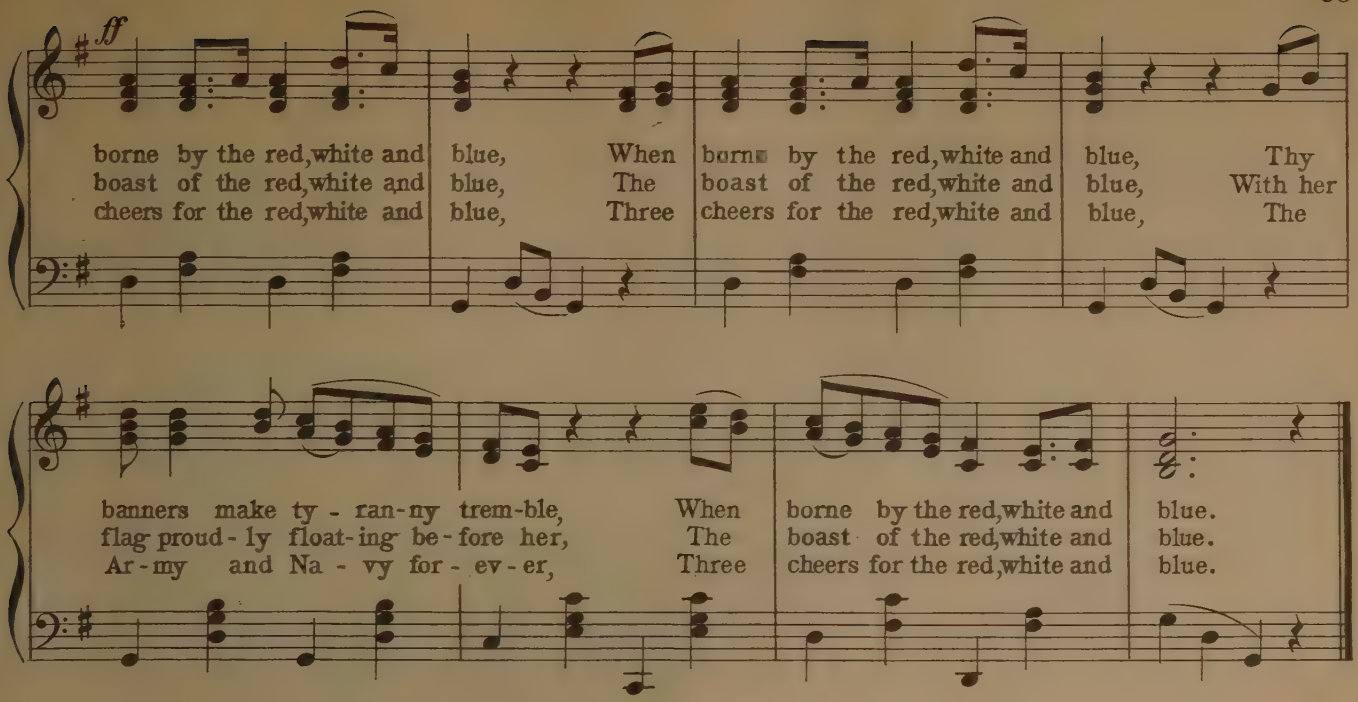
f

The Red, White and Blue

D. T. SHAW

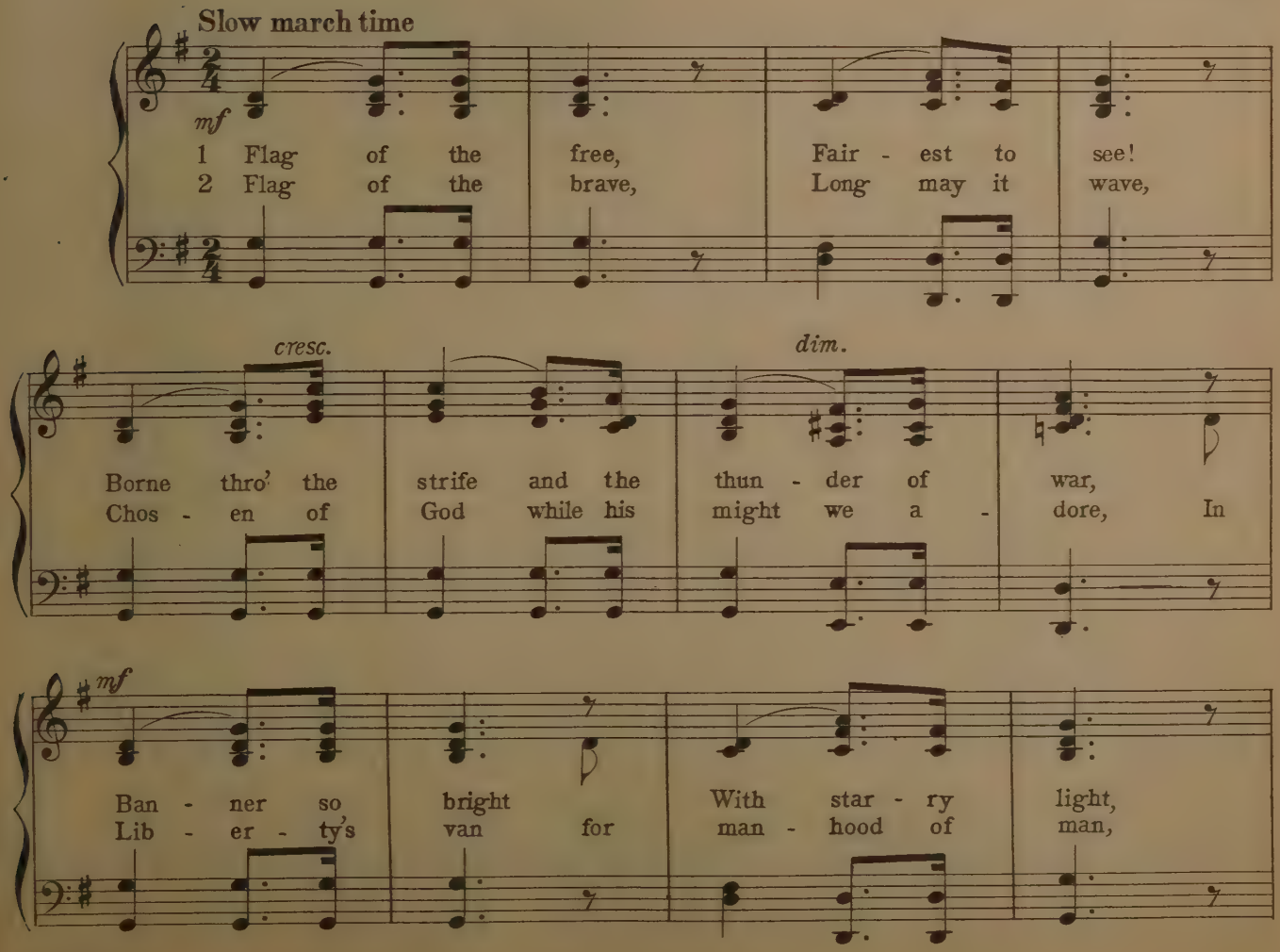
THOMAS À BECKET

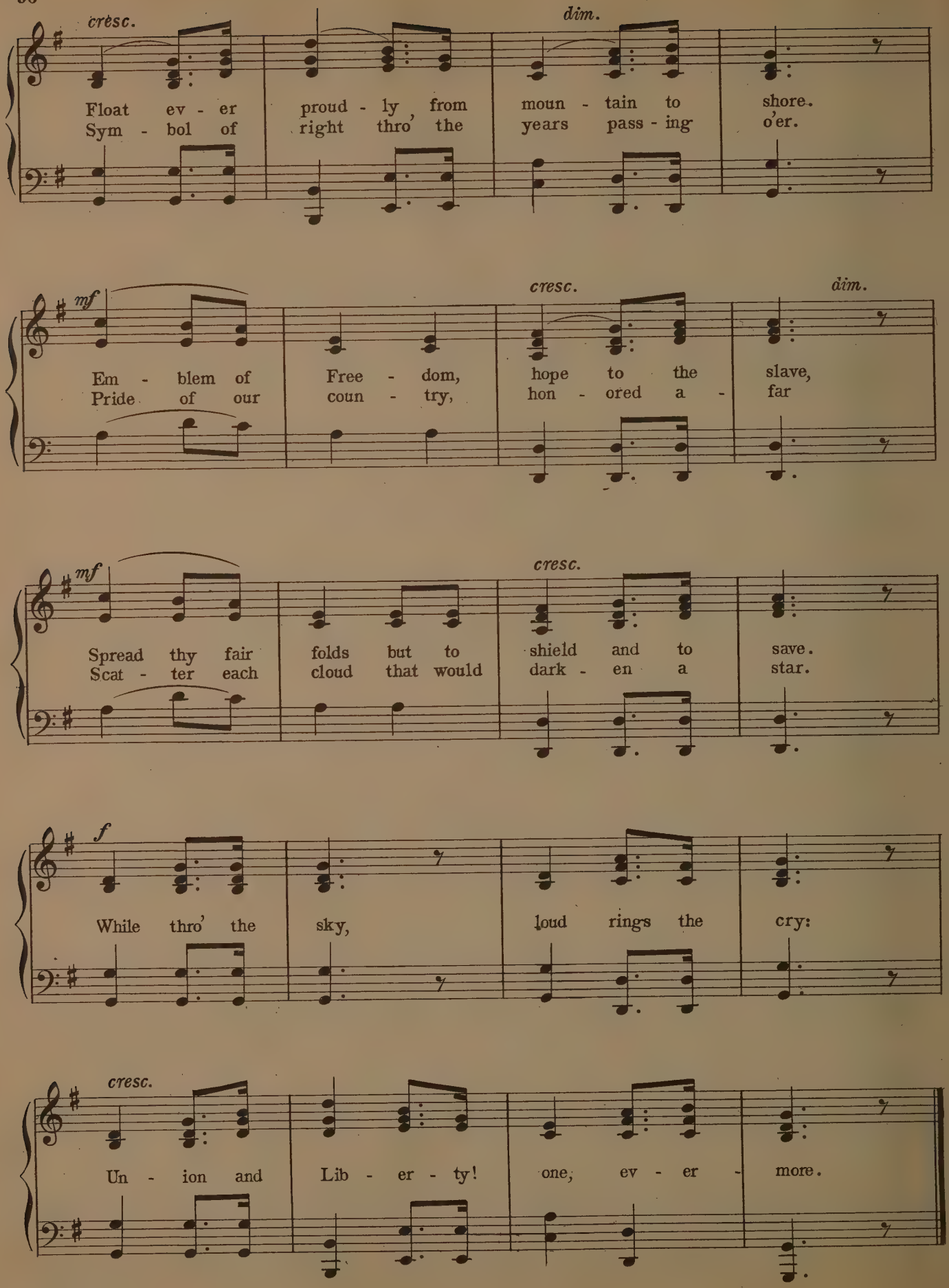

Moderato
mf
1. Oh, Co - lum - bia the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the
2. When — war wing'd its wide des-o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de -
3. The — star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lumbia's true sons let it
free, — The — shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A —
form, — The — ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion, Co -
wave, — May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its
cresc.
din.
mf
world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy — man - dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia, rode safe — thro' the storm, With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
stars cease to shine — on the brave, May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er
cresc.
sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy banners make ty - ran - y
round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly float - ing be -
sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When
fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three


ff
borne by the red,white and blue, When
boast of the red,white and blue, The
cheers for the red,white and blue, Three
borne by the red,white and blue, Thy
boast of the red,white and blue, With her
cheers for the red,white and blue, The
banners make ty - ran-ny trem-ble, When
flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The
Ar-my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three
borne by the red,white and blue.
boast of the red,white and blue.
cheers for the red,white and blue.

Flag of the Free

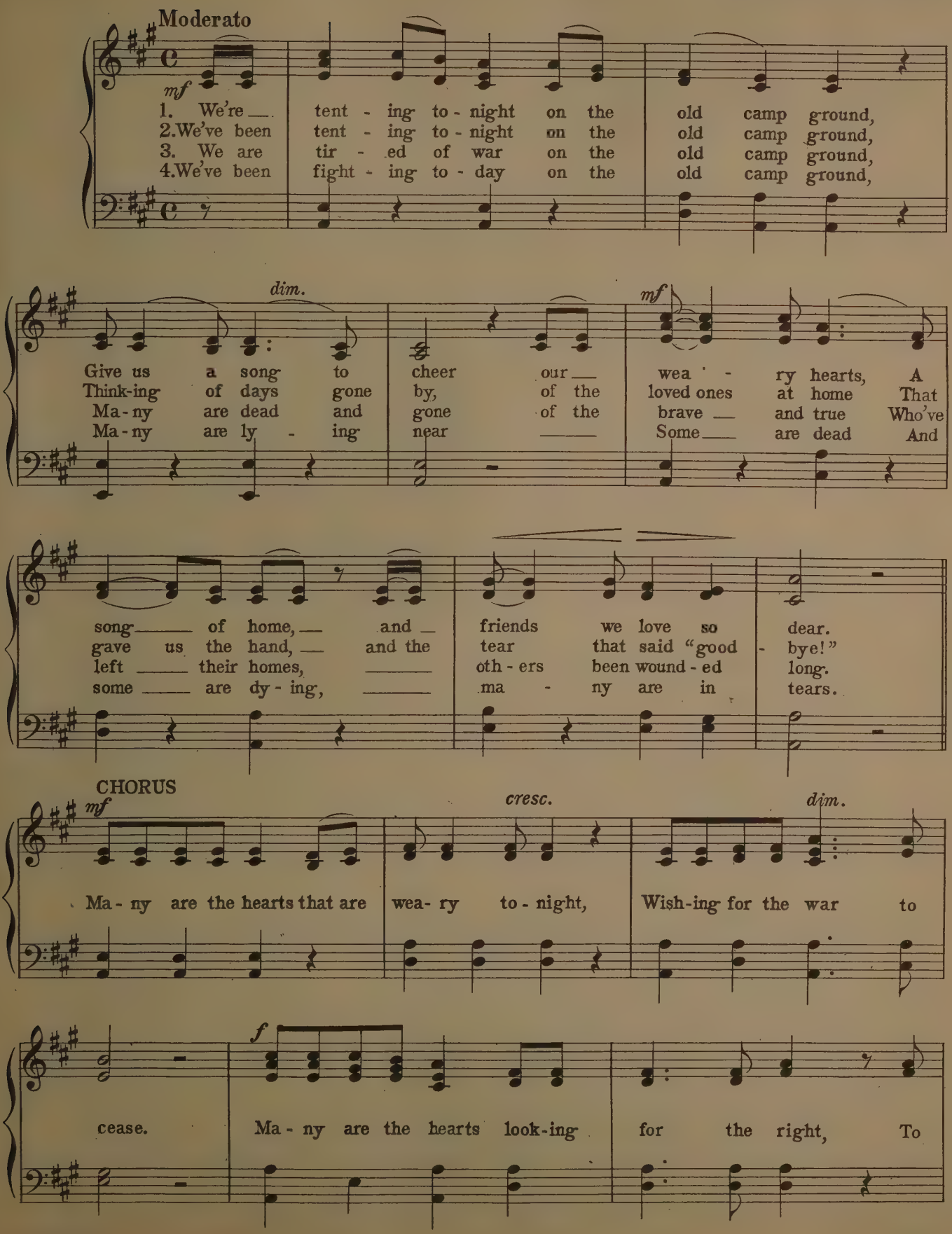
R. WAGNER

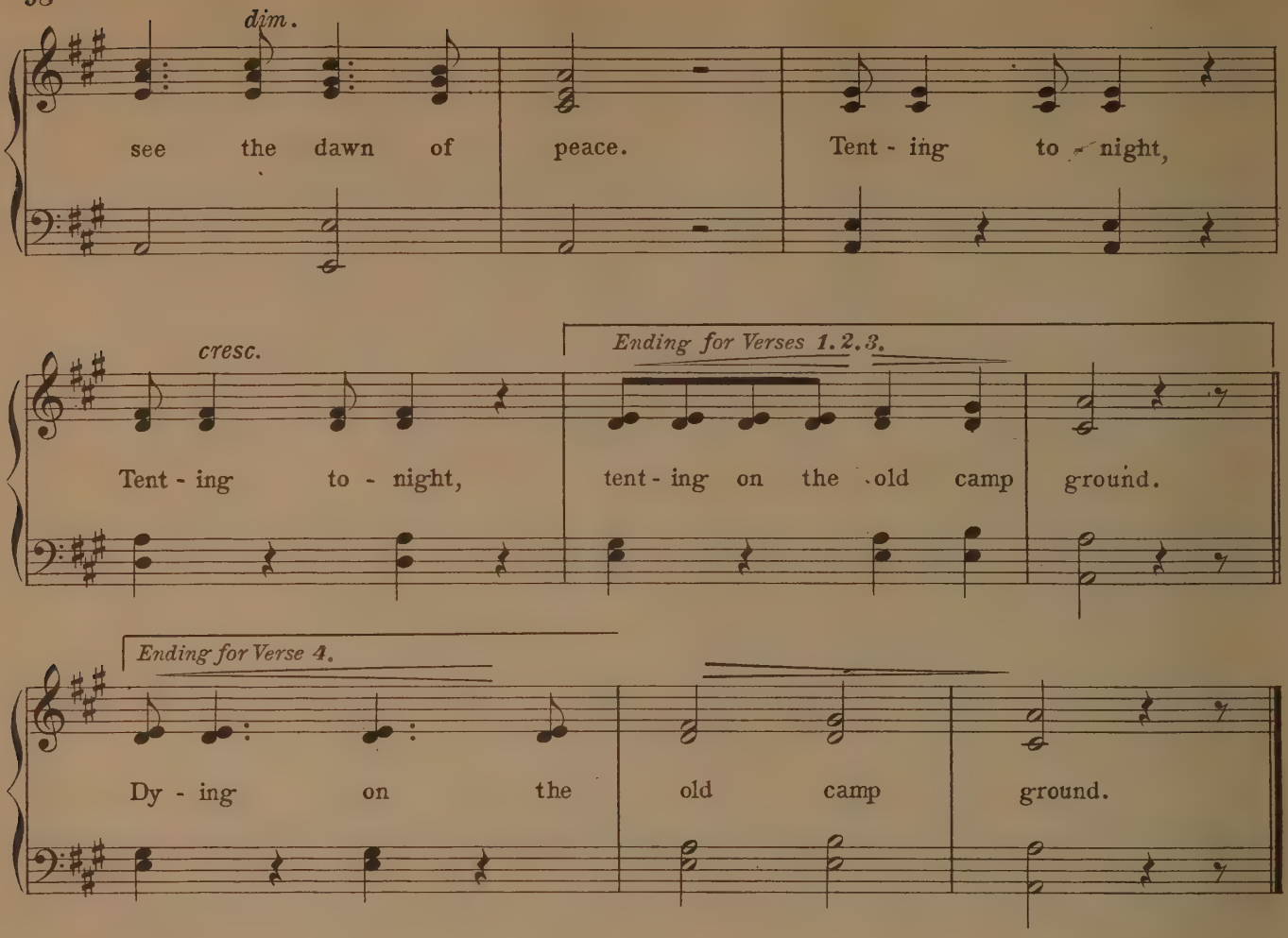

Slow march time
mf
1 Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!
2 Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,
cresc.
dim.
Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war,
Chos - en of God while his might we a - dore, In
mf
Ban - ner so bright With star - ry light,
Lib - er - ty's van for man - hood of man,


cresc.
dim.
Float ev - er proud - ly, from moun - tain to shore.
Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.
mf
cresc.
dim.
Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far
mf
cresc.
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star.
f
While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry:
cresc.
Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one, ev - er - more.

We're Tenting To-Night

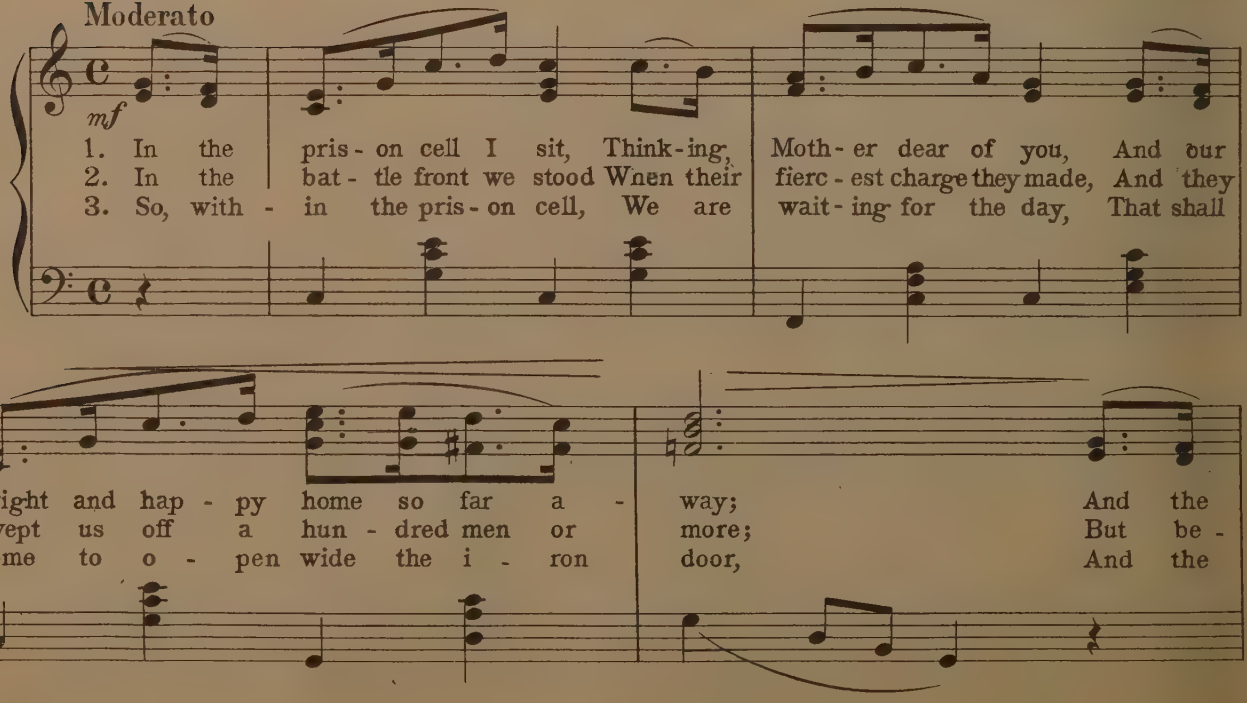
WALTER KITTREDGE

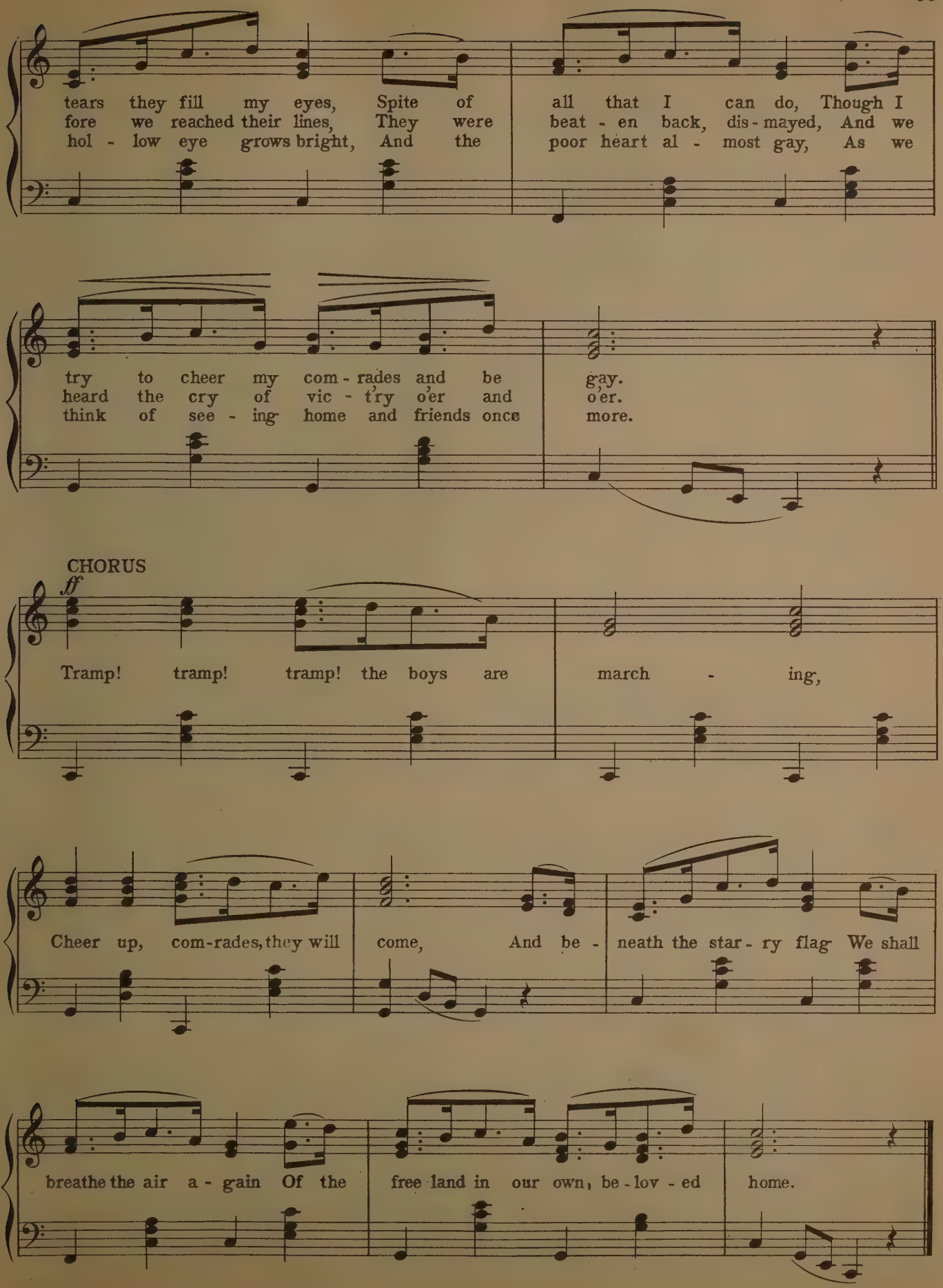

Moderato
mf
1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
3. We are tir - ed of war on the old camp ground,
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground,
dim.
mf
Give us a song to cheer our wea - ry hearts, A
Think-ing of days gone by, of the loved ones at home That
Ma-ny are dead and gone of the brave and true Who've
Ma-ny are ly - ing near Some are dead And
song of home, and friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, and the tear that said "good - bye!"
left their homes, oth - ers been wound - ed long.
some are dy - ing, ma - ny are in tears.
CHORUS
mf
cresc.
dim.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to
f
cease. Ma - ny are the hearts look-ing for the right, To


dim.
see the dawn of peace. Tent - ing to - night,
cresc.
Ending for Verses 1. 2. 3.
Tent - ing to - night, tent - ing on the old camp ground.
Ending for Verse 4.
Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

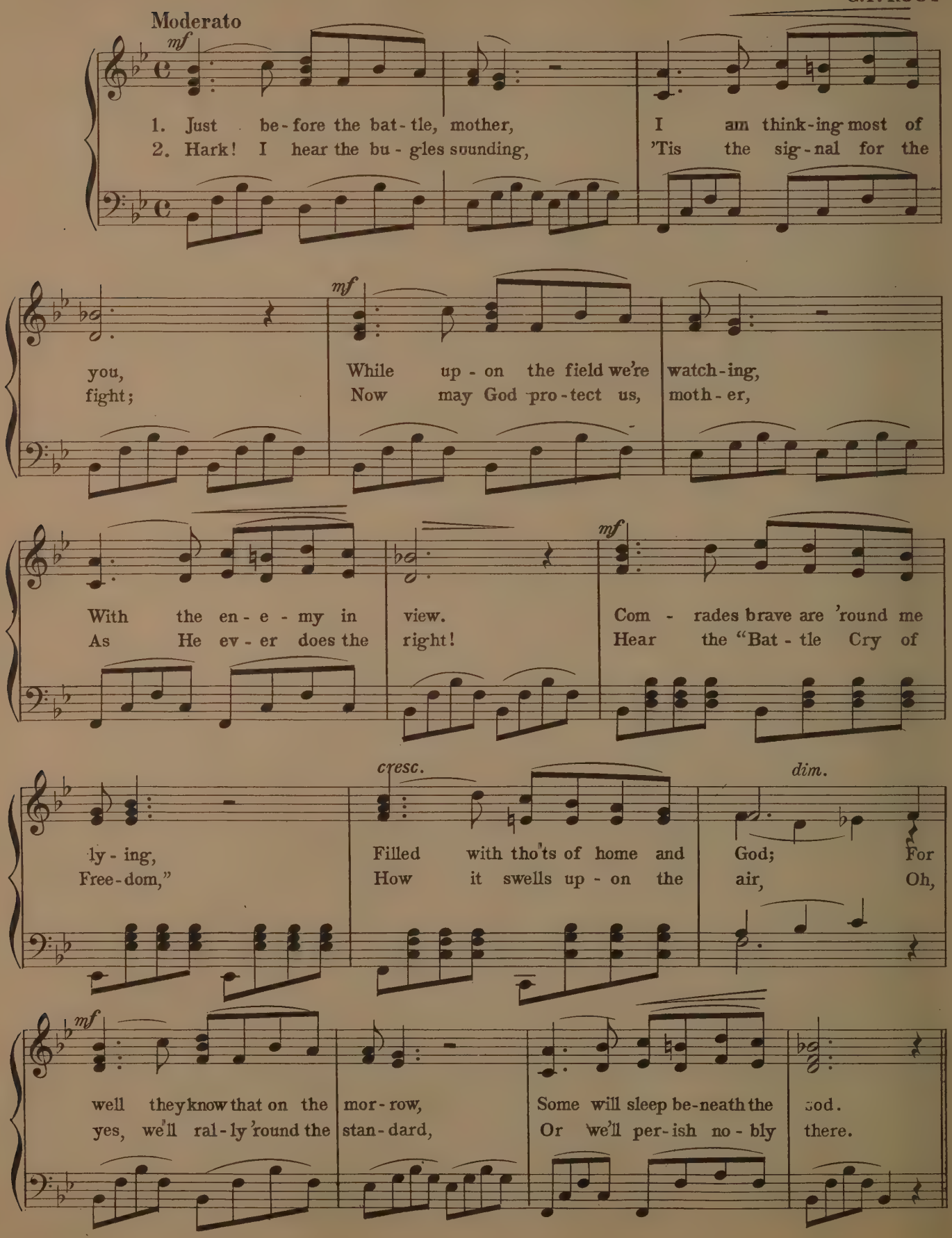
GEORGE F. ROOT

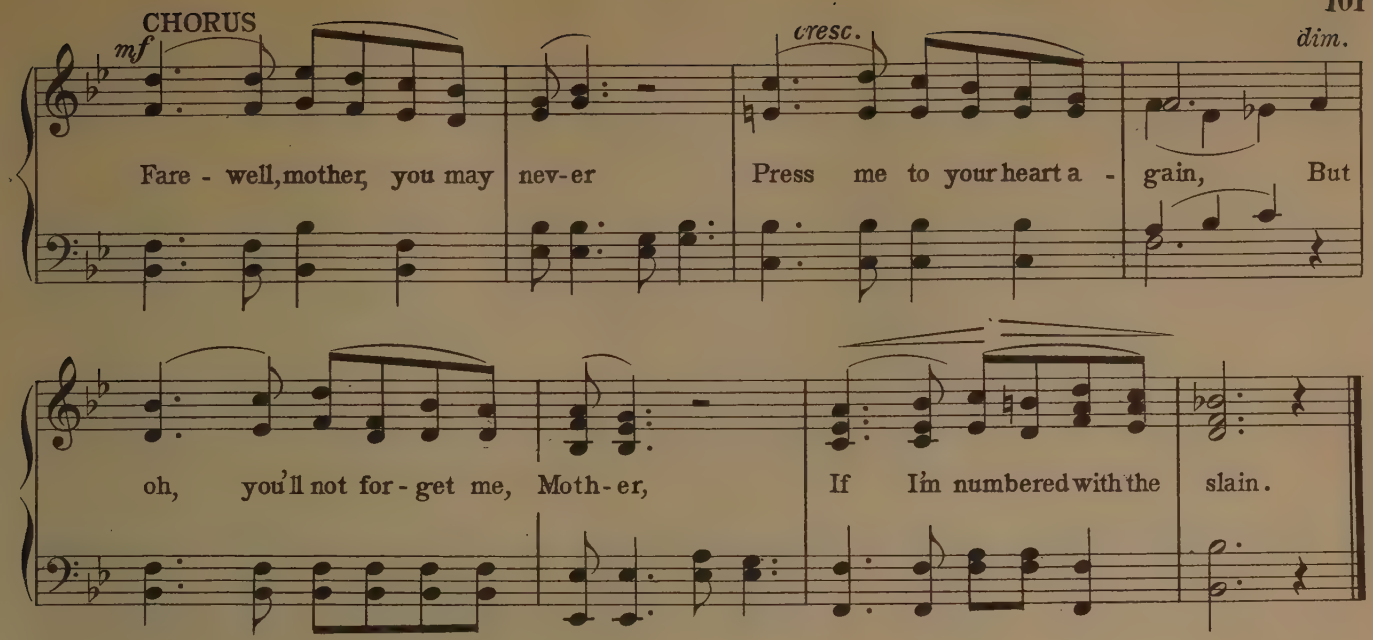

Moderato
mf
1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day, That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be -
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door, And the


tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do, Though I
fore we reached their lines, They were beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we
hol - low eye grows bright, And the poor heart al - most gay, As we
try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
think of see - ing home and friends once more.
CHORUS
ff
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing,
Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own, be - lov - ed home.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

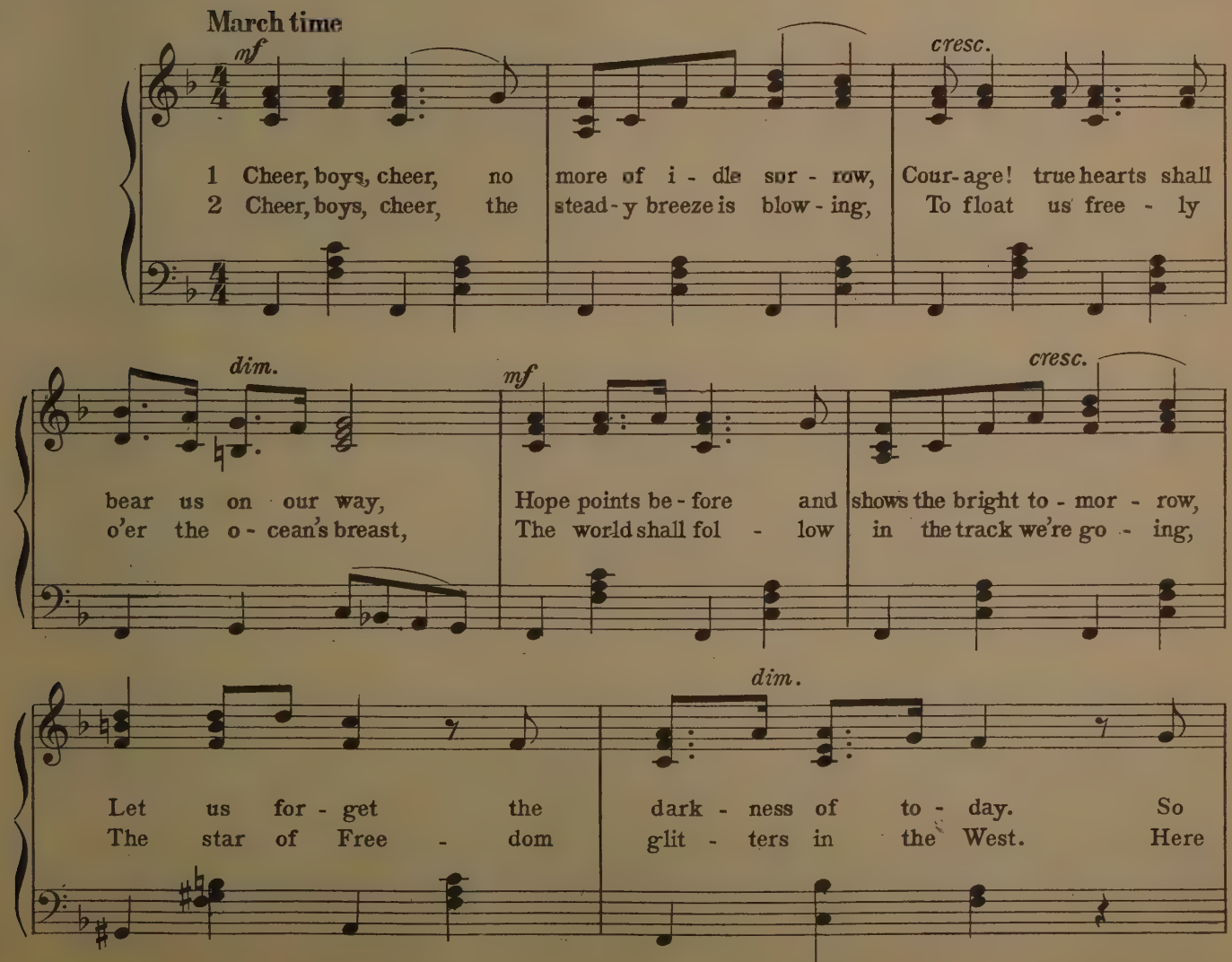
G. F. ROOT

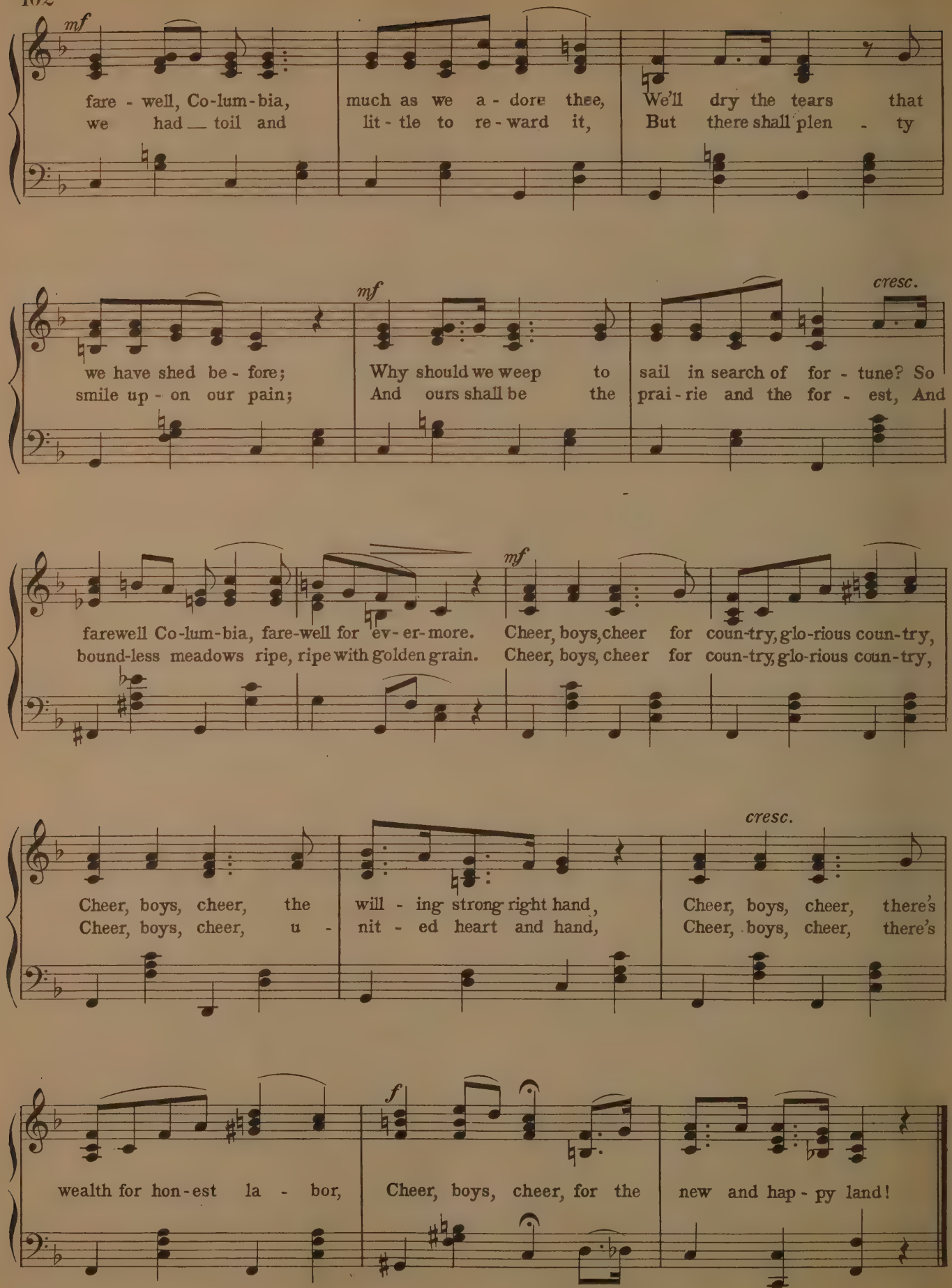

Moderato
mf
1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, mother, I am think-ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight;
mf
While up-on the field we're watch-ing, With the en-e-my in view.
Now may God pro-tect us, moth-er, As He ev-er does the right!
mf
Com-rades brave are 'round me ly-ing, Free-dom,"
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of
cresc.
Filled with tho'ts of home and God; For
How it swells up-on the air, Oh,
dim.
mf
well they know that on the mor-row, Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
yes, we'll ral-ly 'round the stan-dard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.


CHORUS
mf
cresc.
dim.
Fare - well, mother, you may nev-er Press me to your heart a - gain, But
oh, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, If I'm numbered with the slain.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer

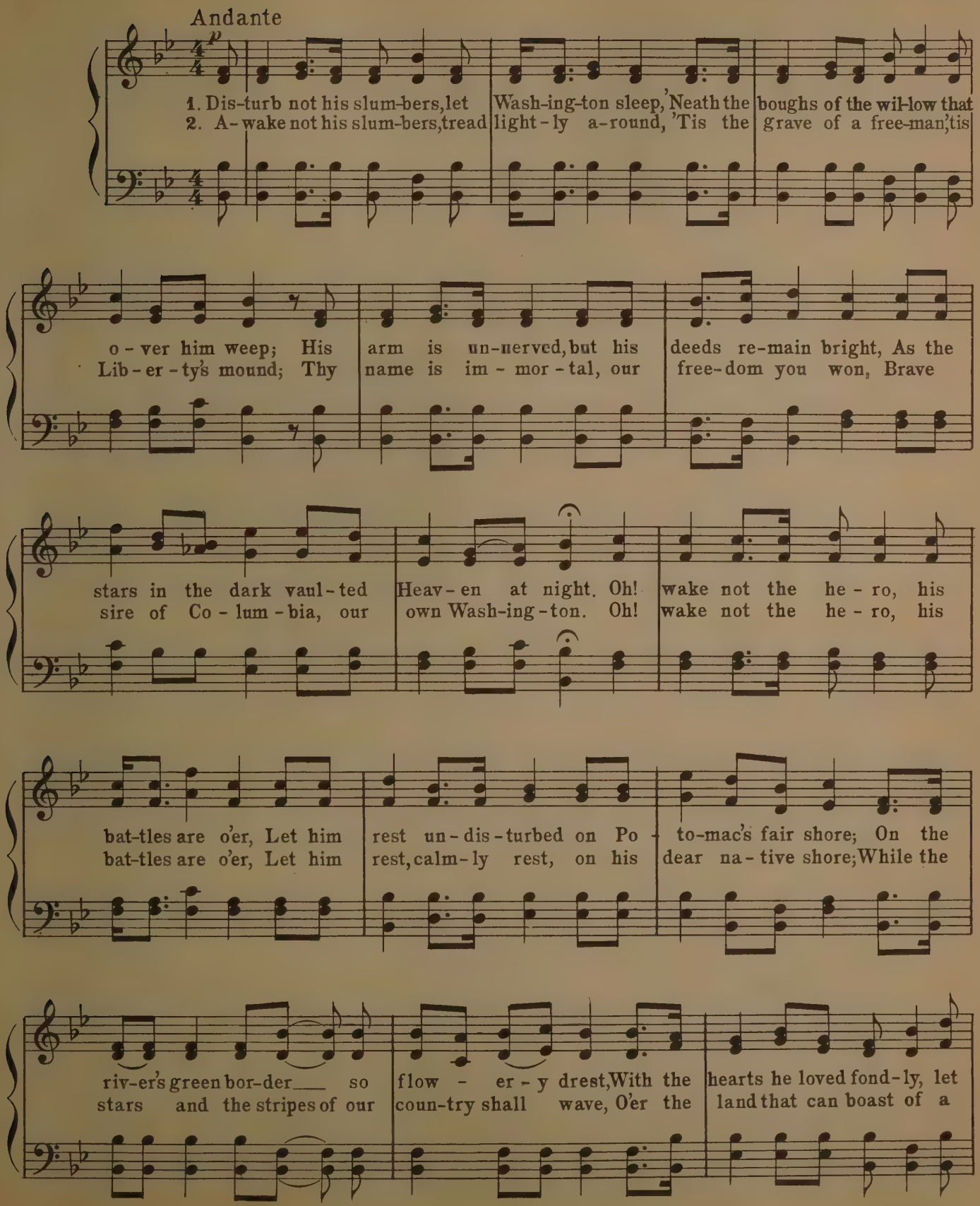
H. RUSSELL C. MACKAY

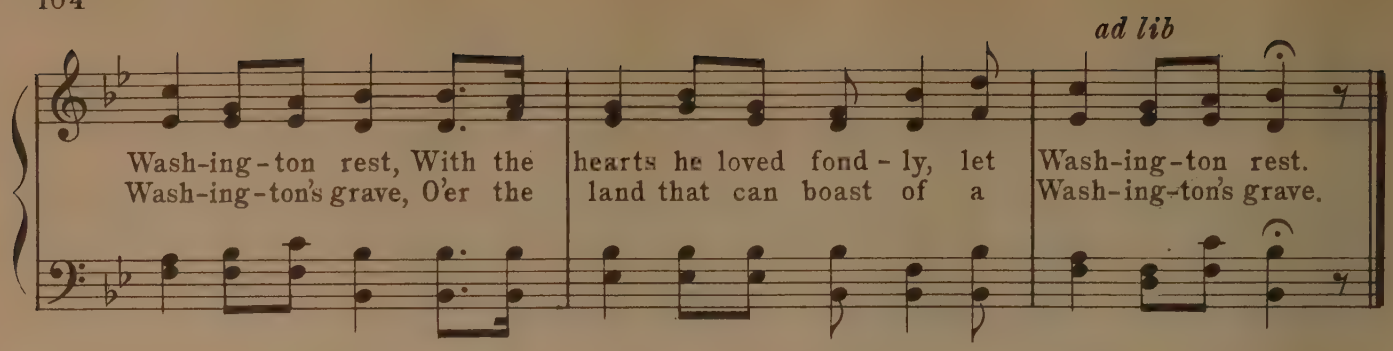

March time
mf
cresc.
1 Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age! true hearts shall
2 Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly
dim.
mf
cresc.
bear us on our way, Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row,
o'er the o - cean's breast, The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,
dim.
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So
The star of Free - dom glit - ters in the West. Here


mf
fare - well, Co-lum-bia, much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that
we had toil and lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty
mf
cresc.
we have shed be - fore; Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So
smile up - on our pain; And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And
farewell Co-lum-bia, fare-well for ev - er - more. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun-try, glo-rious coun-try,
bound-less meadows ripe, ripe with golden grain. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun-try, glo-rious coun-try,
mf
cresc.
Cheer, boys, cheer, the will - ing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
f
wealth for hon - est la - bor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap - py land!

Grave Of Washington

MARSHALL S. PIKE

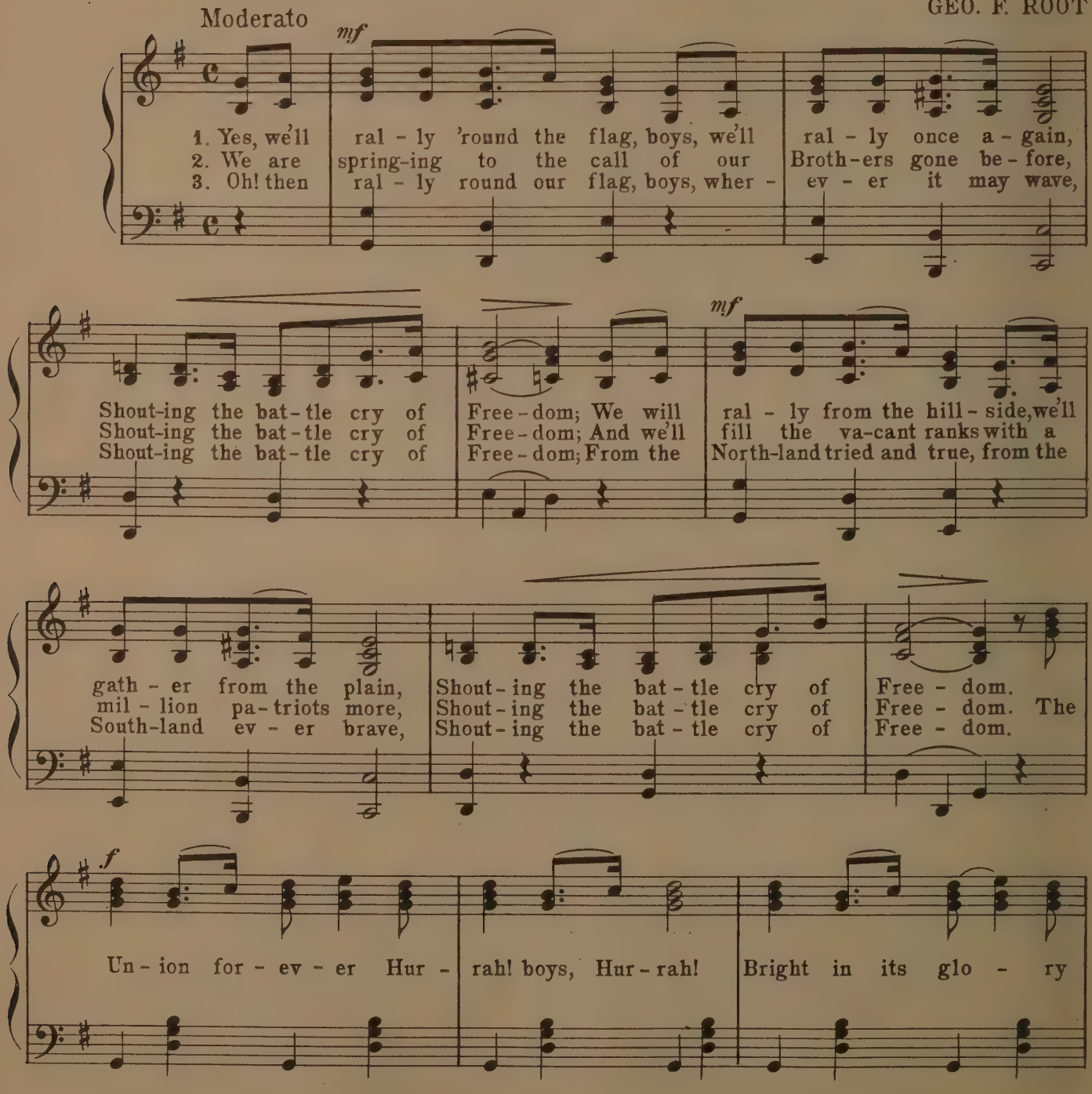

Andante
p
1. Dis-turb not his slum-bers, let Wash-ing-ton sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the wil-low that
2. A-wake not his slum-bers, tread light-ly a-round, 'Tis the grave of a free-man, 'tis
o-ver him weep; His arm is un-nerved, but his deeds re-main bright, As the
Lib-er-ty's mound; Thy name is im-mor-tal, our free-dom you won, Brave
stars in the dark vaul-ted Heav-en at night. Oh! wake not the he-ro, his
sire of Co-lum-bia, our own Wash-ing-ton. Oh! wake not the he-ro, his
bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest un-dis-turbed on Po-to-mac's fair shore; On the
bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest, calm-ly rest, on his dear na-tive shore; While the
riv-er's green bor-der so flow-er-y drest, With the hearts he loved fond-ly, let
stars and the stripes of our coun-try shall wave, O'er the land that can boast of a

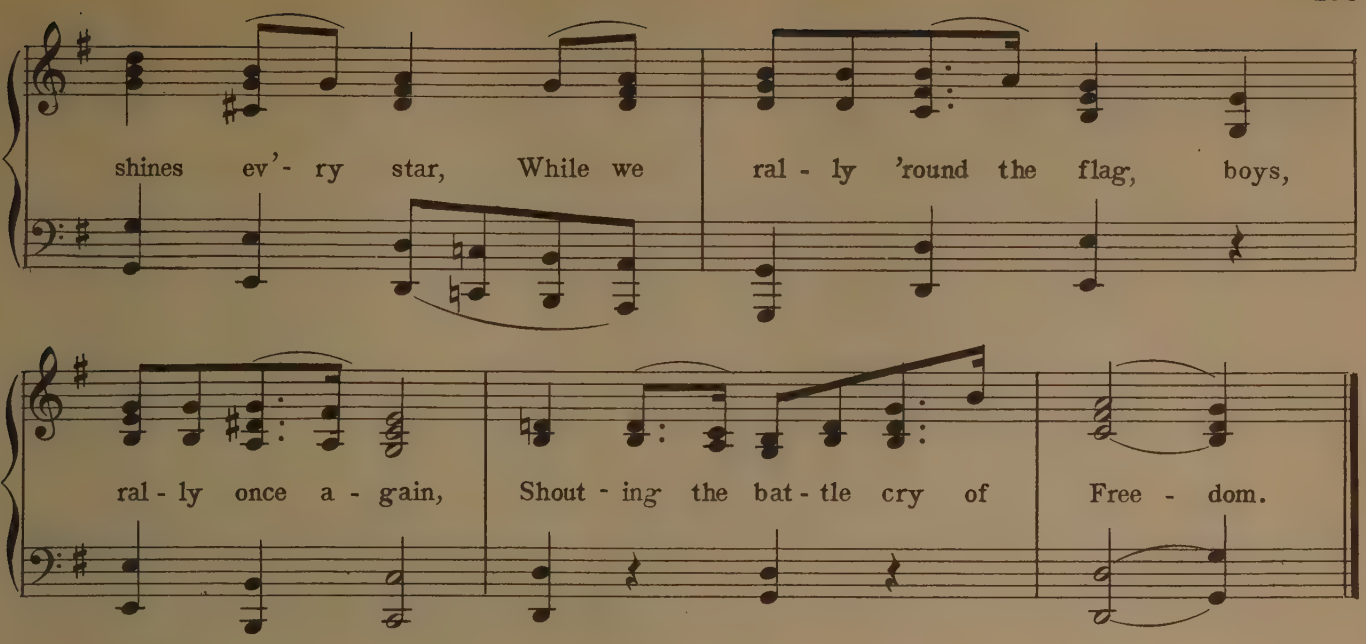

ad lib
Wash-ing-ton rest, With the hearts he loved fond-ly, let Wash-ing-ton rest.
Wash-ing-ton's grave, O'er the land that can boast of a Wash-ing-ton's grave.

The Battle Cry Of Freedom

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

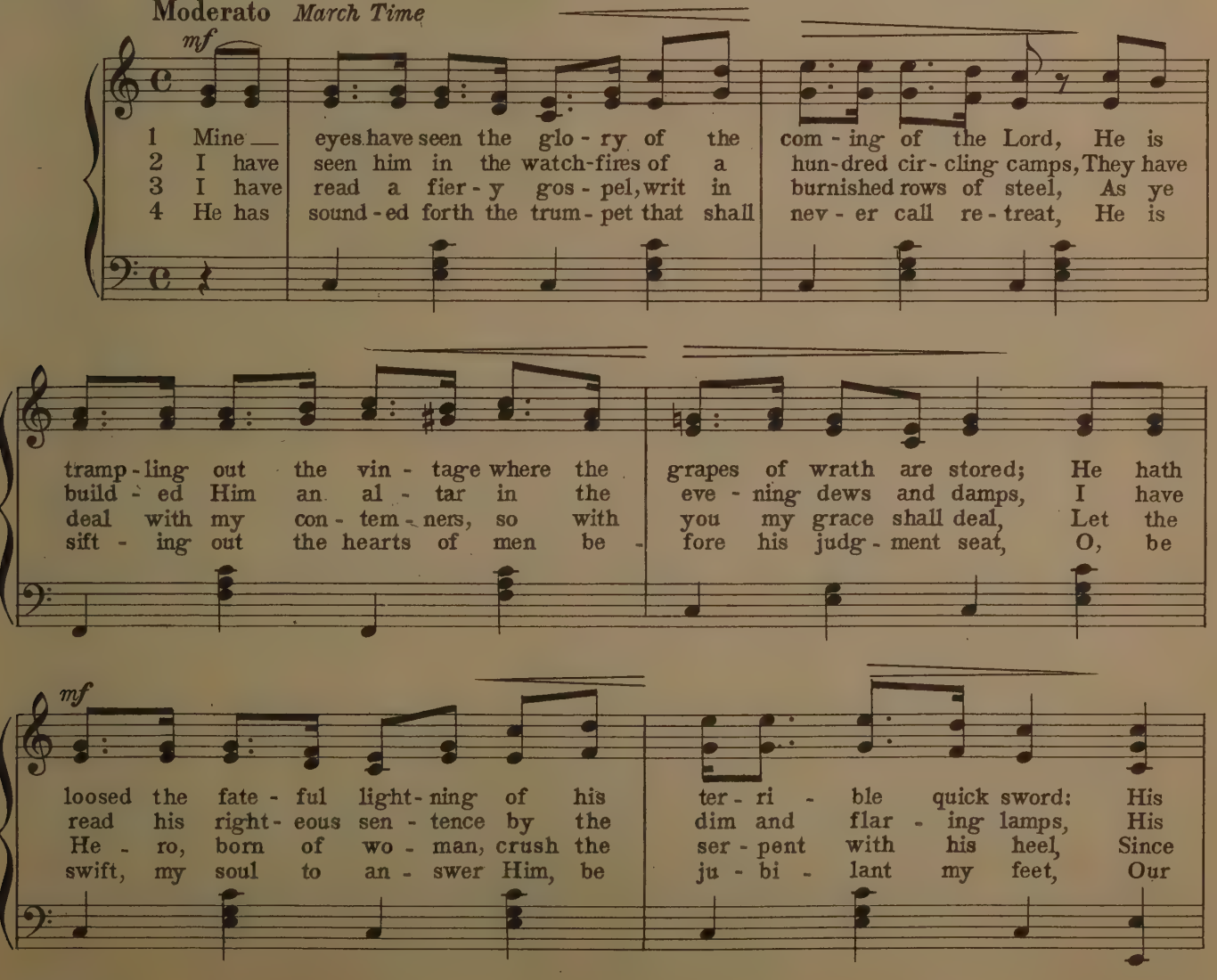

mf
1. Yes, we'll ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our Broth-ers gone be-fore,
3. Oh! then ral-ly round our flag, boys, wher- ev-er it may wave,
Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; We will ral-ly from the hill-side, we'll
Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; And we'll fill the va-cant ranks with a
Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom; From the North-land tried and true, from the
mf
gath-er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.
mil-lion pa-triots more, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom. The
South-land ev-er brave, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.
f
Un-ion for-ev-er Hur- rah! boys, Hur-rah! Bright in its glo-ry



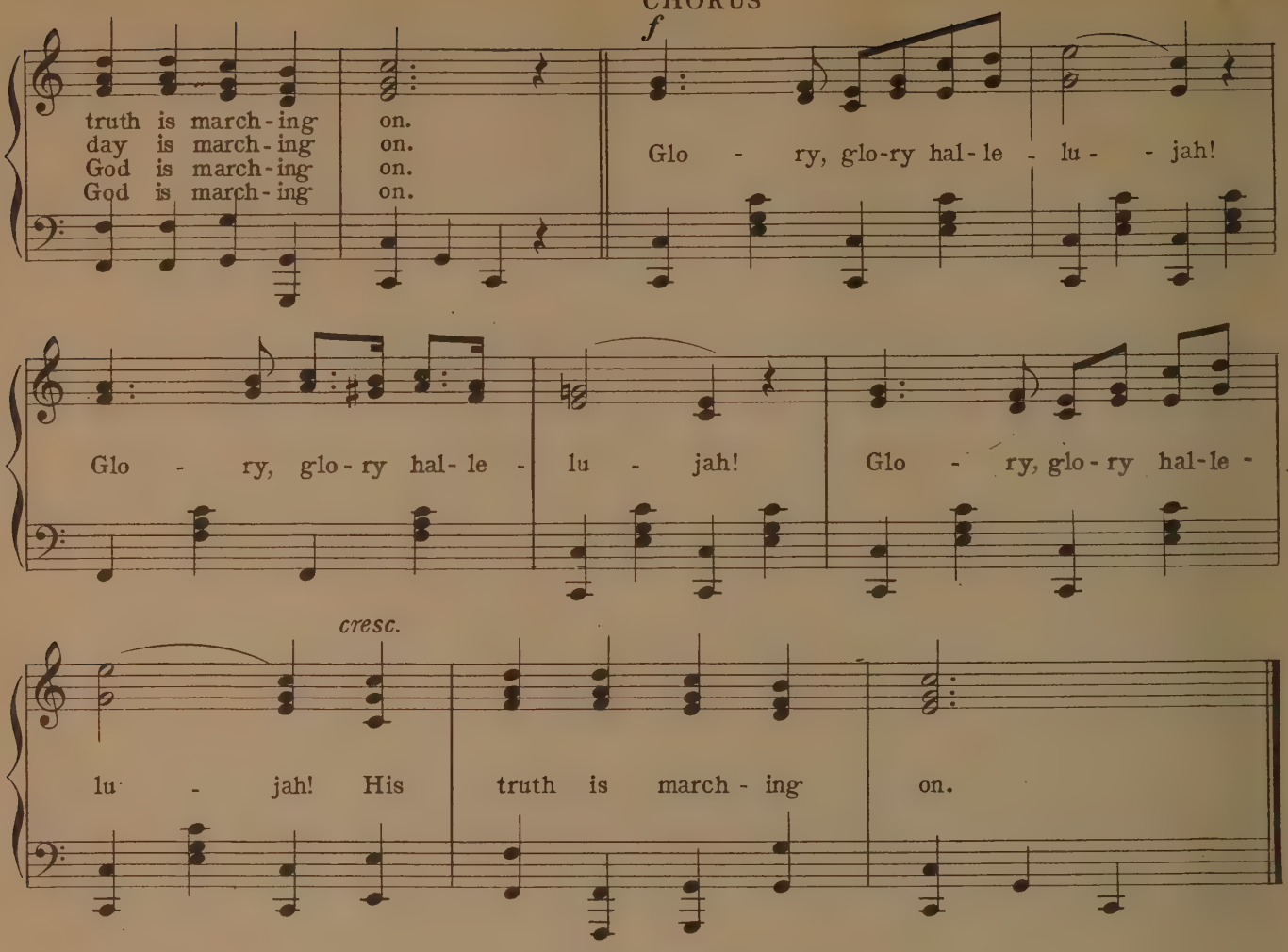
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Moderato *March Time*

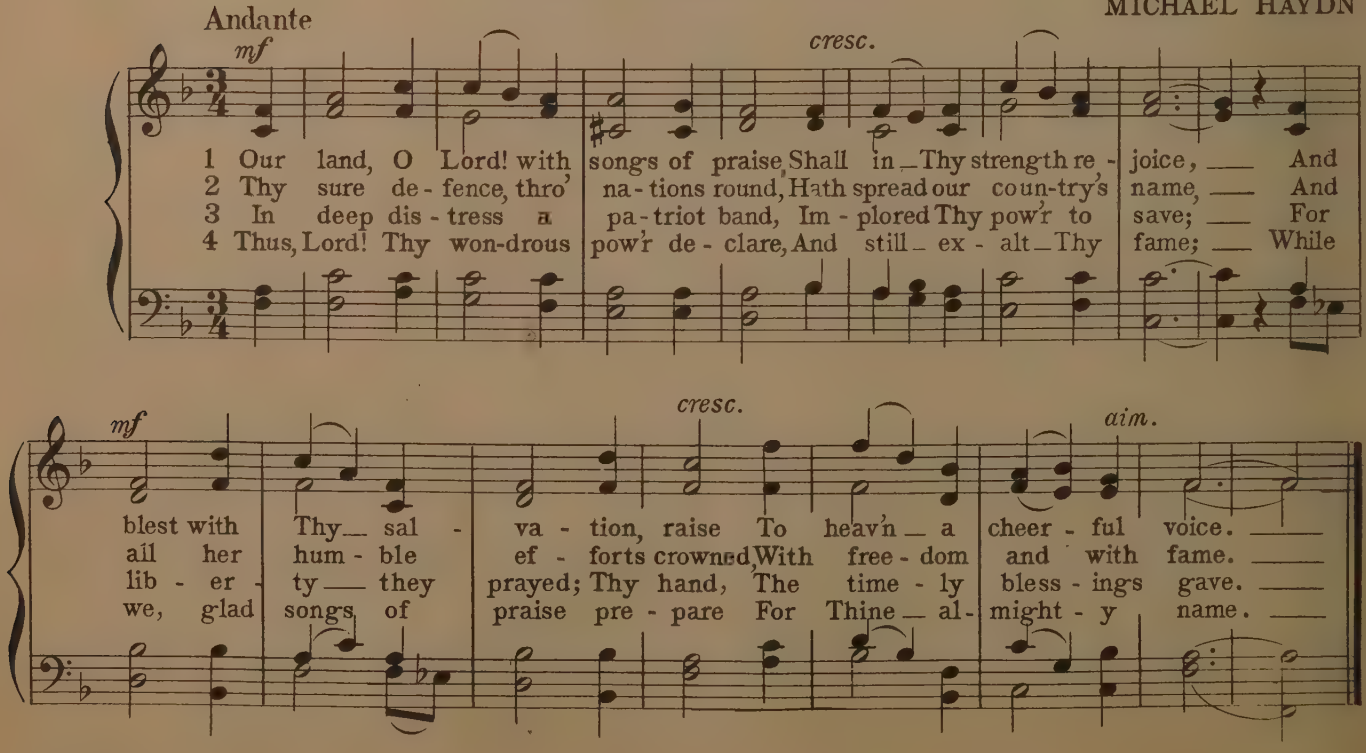

mf
1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps, They have
3 I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel, As ye
4 He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat, He is
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps, I have
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal, Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat, O, be
mf
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His
read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His
He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since
swift, my soul to an - swer Him, be ju - bi - lant my feet, Our

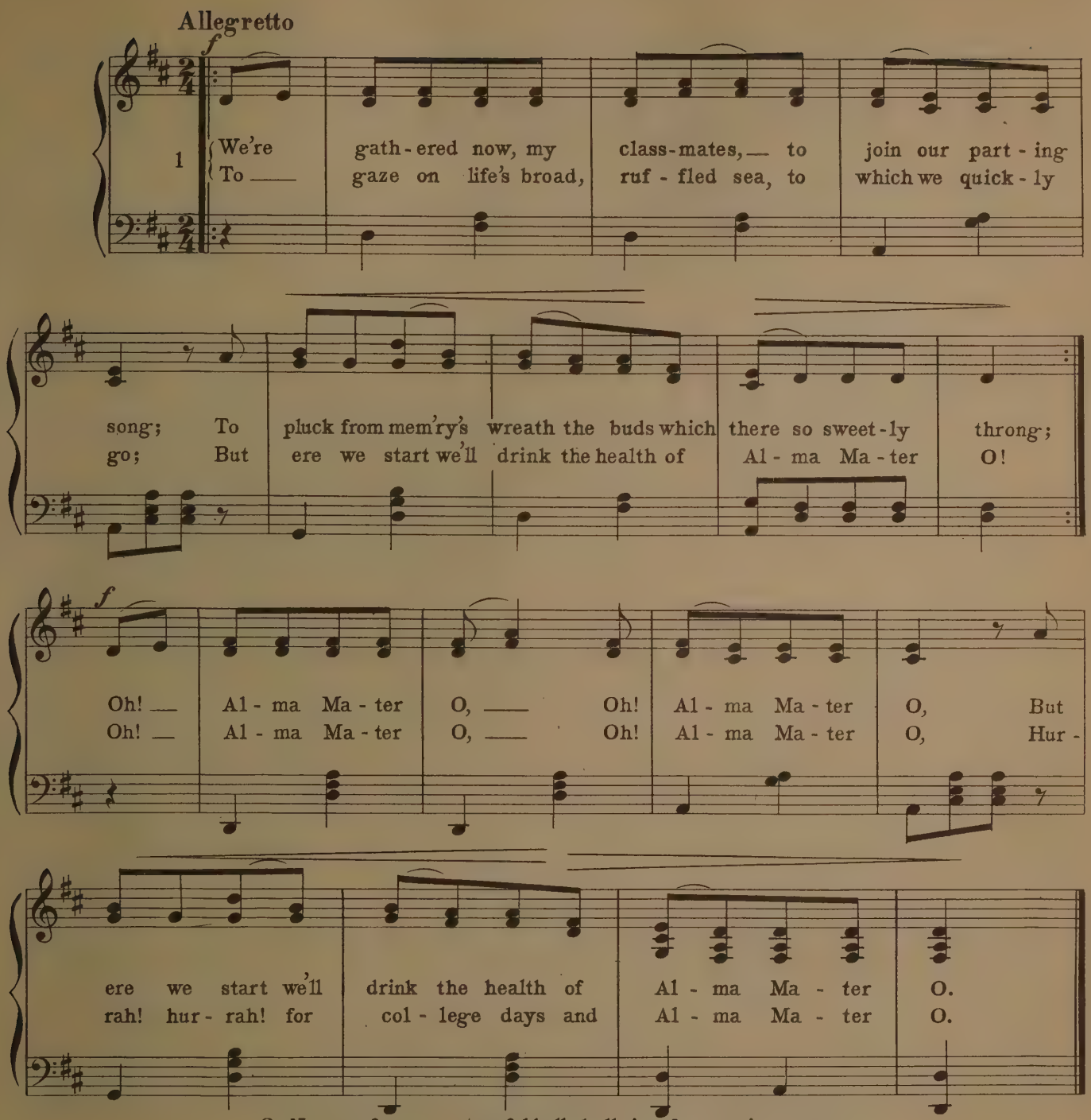
CHORUS


f
truth is march-ing on.
day is march-ing on.
God is march-ing on.
God is march-ing on.
Glo - ry, glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo-ry hal-le -
cresc.
lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Our Land, O Lord!

MICHAEL HAYDN


Andante
mf
cresc.
1 Our land, O Lord! with songs of praise Shall in Thy strength re - joice, And
2 Thy sure de-fence, thro' na-tions round, Hath spread our coun-try's name, And
3 In deep dis-tress a pa-triot band, Im-plored Thy pow'r to save; For
4 Thus, Lord! Thy won-drous pow'r de-clare, And still ex-alt Thy fame; While
mf
cresc.
rit.
blest with Thy sal - va - tion, raise To heav'n a cheer-ful voice.
all her hum-ble ef - forts crowned, With free-dom and with fame.
lib-er-ty they prayed; Thy hand, The time-ly bless-ings gave.
we, glad songs of praise pre-pare For Thine al-might-y name.

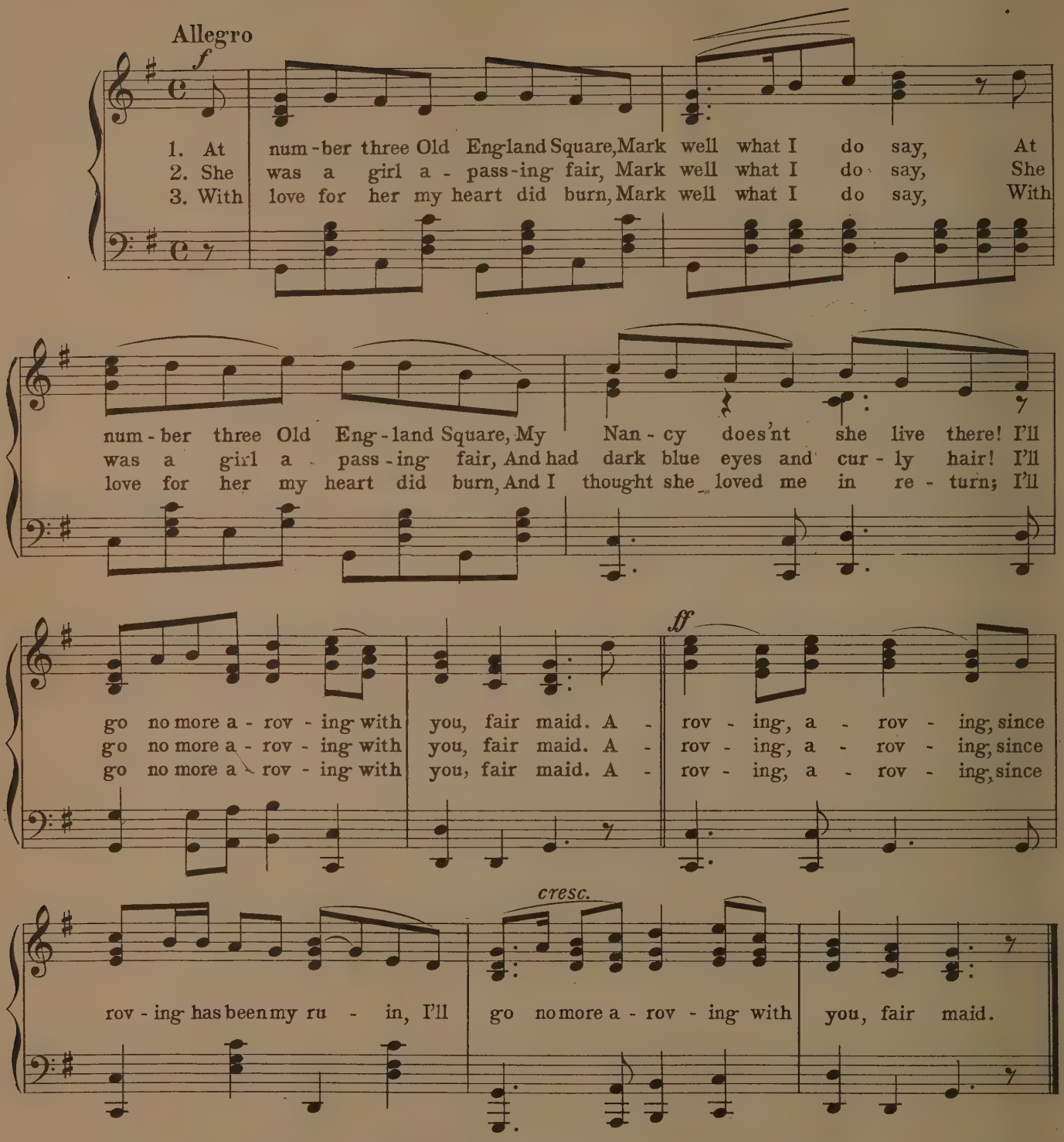
Alma Mater O

Allegretto
f
1
We're gath-ered now, my class-mates, to join our part-ing
To gaze on life's broad, ruf-fled sea, to which we quick-ly
song; To pluck from mem'ry's wreath the buds which there so sweet-ly throng;
go; But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter O!
f
Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, But
Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Hur-
ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter O.
rah! hur-rah! for col-lege days and Al-ma Ma-ter O.

2 No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring for morning prayers,
No more to long Biennial we'll mount the attic stairs;
Our recitations all are passed — Alumnuses, you know,
We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O.

3 We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their pride;
But bubble-like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O.

4 Then brush the tear drop from your eye, and happy let us be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we,
One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
To memory of college days and Alma Mater O.

A-Roving


Allegro
f
1. At num-ber three Old England Square, Mark well what I do say, At
2. She was a girl a-pass-ing fair, Mark well what I do say, She
3. With love for her my heart did burn, Mark well what I do say, With
num-ber three Old Eng-land Square, My Nan-cy does'nt she live there! I'll
was a girl a pass-ing fair, And had dark blue eyes and cur-ly hair! I'll
love for her my heart did burn, And I thought she loved me in re-turn; I'll
ff
go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid. A-rov-ing, a-rov-ing, since
go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid. A-rov-ing, a-rov-ing, since
go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid. A-rov-ing, a-rov-ing, since
cresc.
rov-ing has been my ru-in, I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid.

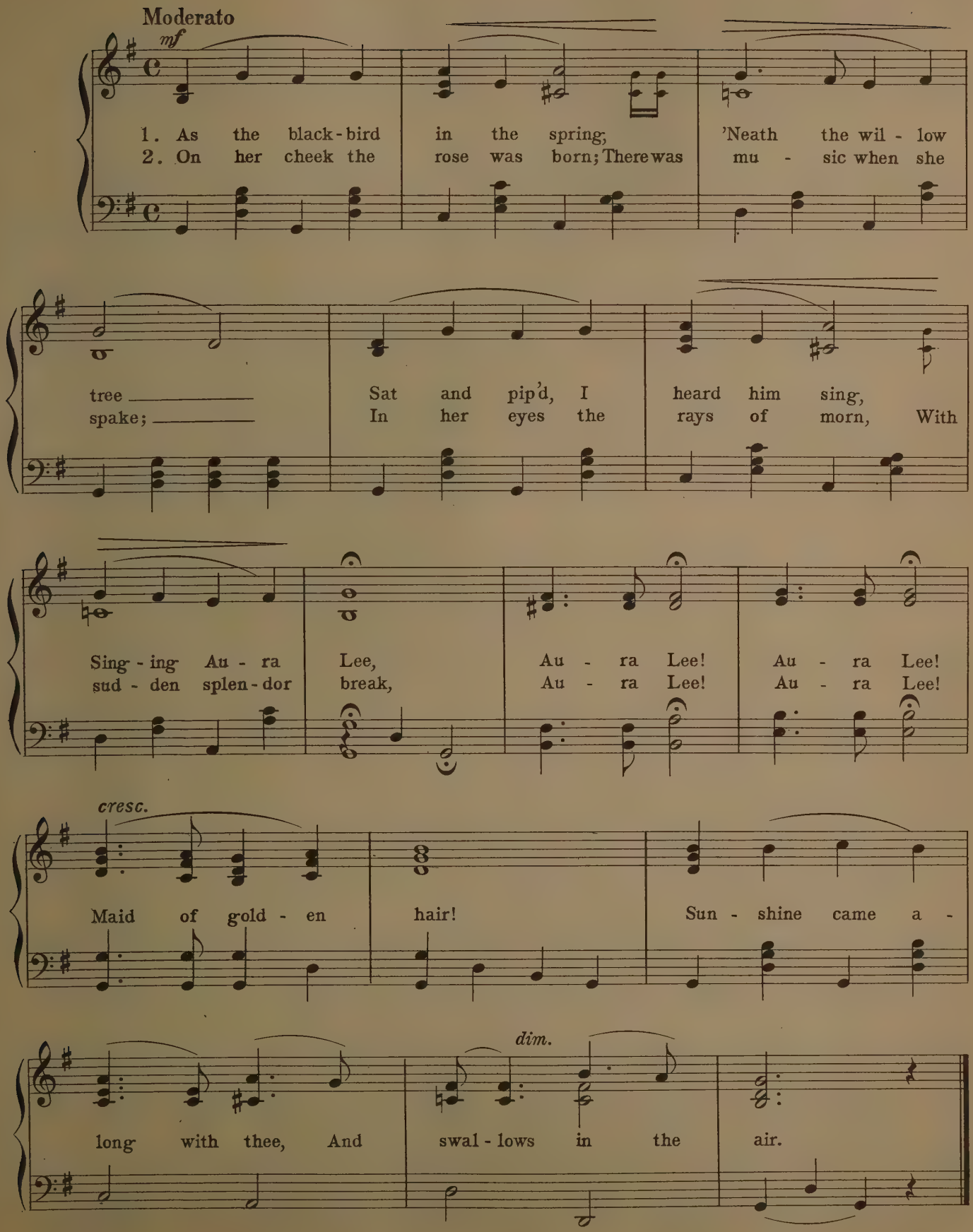
4

But when my money was gone and spent,
Mark well what I do say,
But when my money was gone and spent,
Then off on her ear away she went;
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

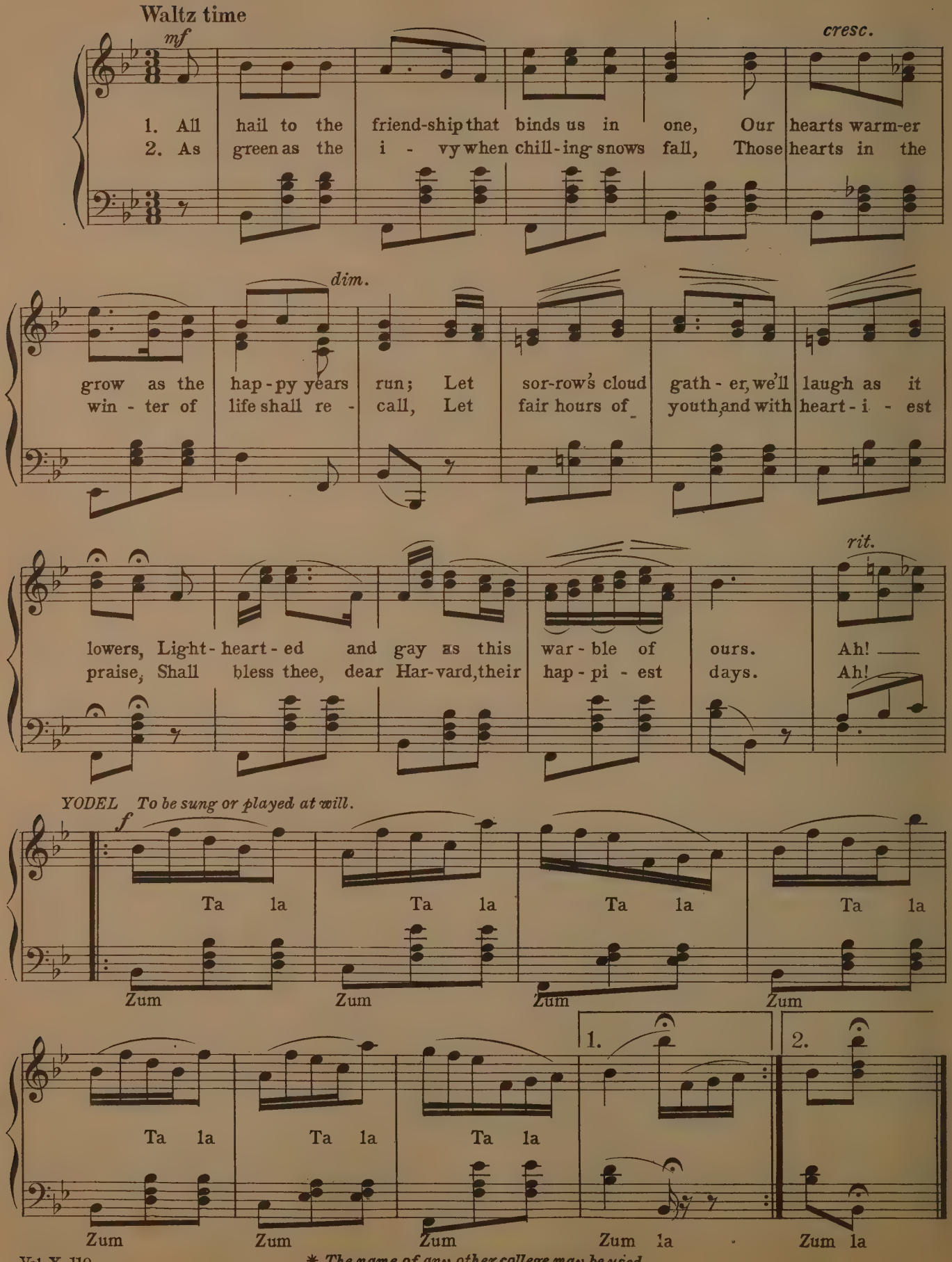
5

By this I have a lesson learnt,
Mark well what I do say,
By this I have a lesson learnt,
And I'll keep the money I have earnt,
And go no more a-roving with any fair maid.

Aura Lee

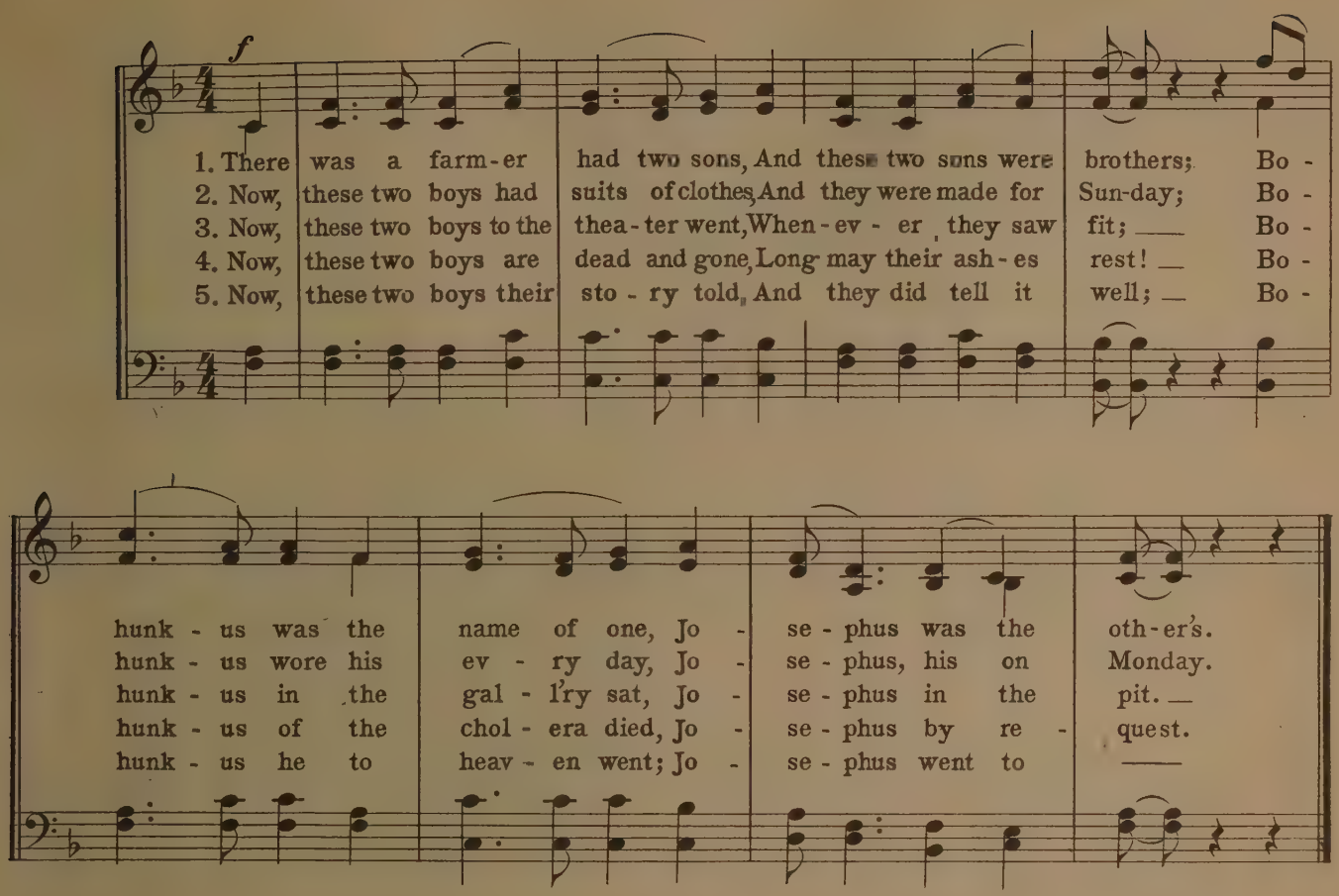

Moderato
mf
1. As the black-bird in the spring; 'Neath the wil - low
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was mu - sic when she
tree
spake;
Sat and pip'd, I heard him sing,
In her eyes the rays of morn, With
Sing - ing Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
sud - den splen - dor break, Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
cresc.
Maid of gold - en hair! Sun - shine came a -
dim.
long with thee, And swal - lows in the air.

Bavarian Yodel

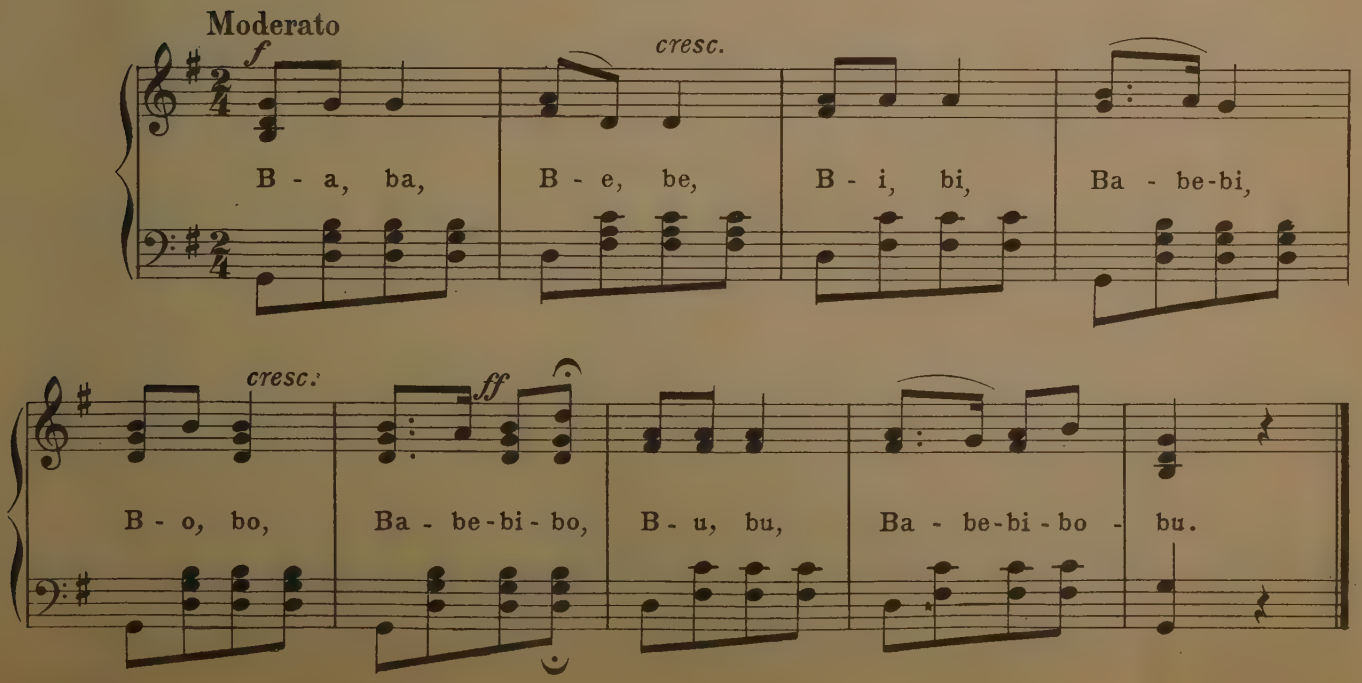

Waltz time
mf
cresc.
1. All hail to the friend-ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm-er
2. As green as the i - vy when chill-ing snows fall, Those hearts in the
dim.
grow as the hap-py years run; Let sor-row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it
win - ter of life shall re - call, Let fair hours of youth, and with heart - i - est
rit.
lowers, Light-heart-ed and gay as this war-ble of ours. Ah!
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Har-vard, their hap - pi - est days. Ah!
YODEL To be sung or played at will.
f
Ta la Ta la Ta la Ta la
Zum Zum Zum Zum
1.
2.
Ta la Ta la Ta la
Zum Zum Zum Zum la Zum la

* *The name of any other college may be used*

Bohunkus


f
1. There was a farm-er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers; Bo -
2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun-day; Bo -
3. Now, these two boys to the thea-ter went, When-ev - er they saw fit; Bo -
4. Now, these two boys are dead and gone, Long may their ash-es rest! Bo -
5. Now, these two boys their sto - ry told, And they did tell it well; Bo -
hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth-er's.
hunk - us wore his ev - ry day, Jo - se - phus, his on Monday.
hunk - us in the gal - lery sat, Jo - se - phus in the pit.
hunk - us of the chol - era died, Jo - se - phus by re - quest.
hunk - us he to heav - en went; Jo - se - phus went to

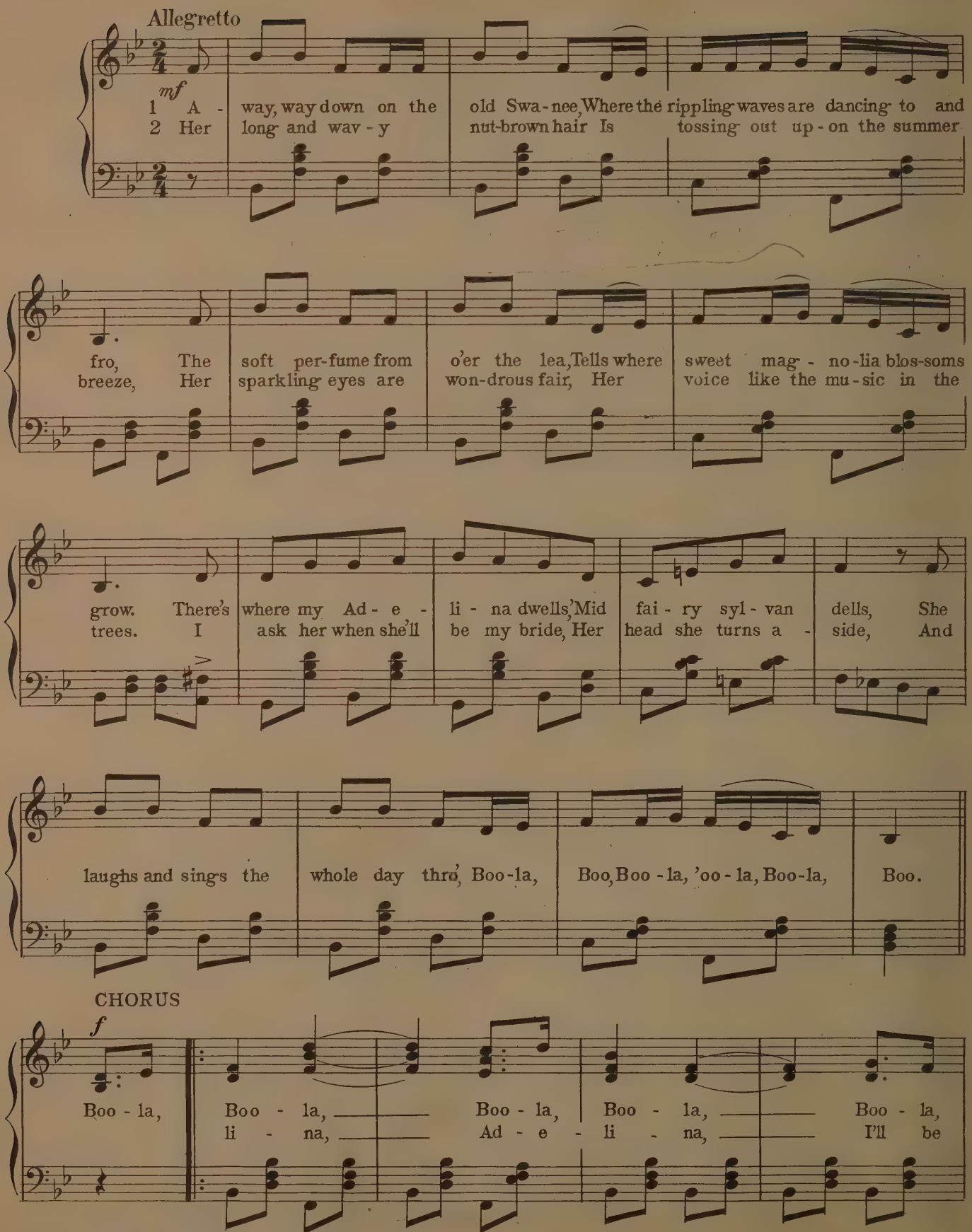
Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu



Boola Song

(ADELINA, THE YALE BOOLA GIRL)

A. M. HIRSH


Allegretto
mf
1 A - way, way down on the old Swa - nee, Where the rippling waves are dancing to and
2 Her long and wav - y nut-brown hair Is tossing out up - on the summer
fro, The soft per-fume from o'er the lea, Tells where sweet mag - no - lia blos-soms
breeze, Her sparkling eyes are won-drous fair, Her voice like the mu - sic in the
grow. There's where my Ad - e - li - na dwells, 'Mid fai - ry syl - van dells, She
trees. I ask her when she'll be my bride, Her head she turns a - side, And
laughs and sings the whole day thro', Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, 'oo - la, Boo - la, Boo.
CHORUS
f
Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la,
li - na, Ad - e - li - na, I'll be

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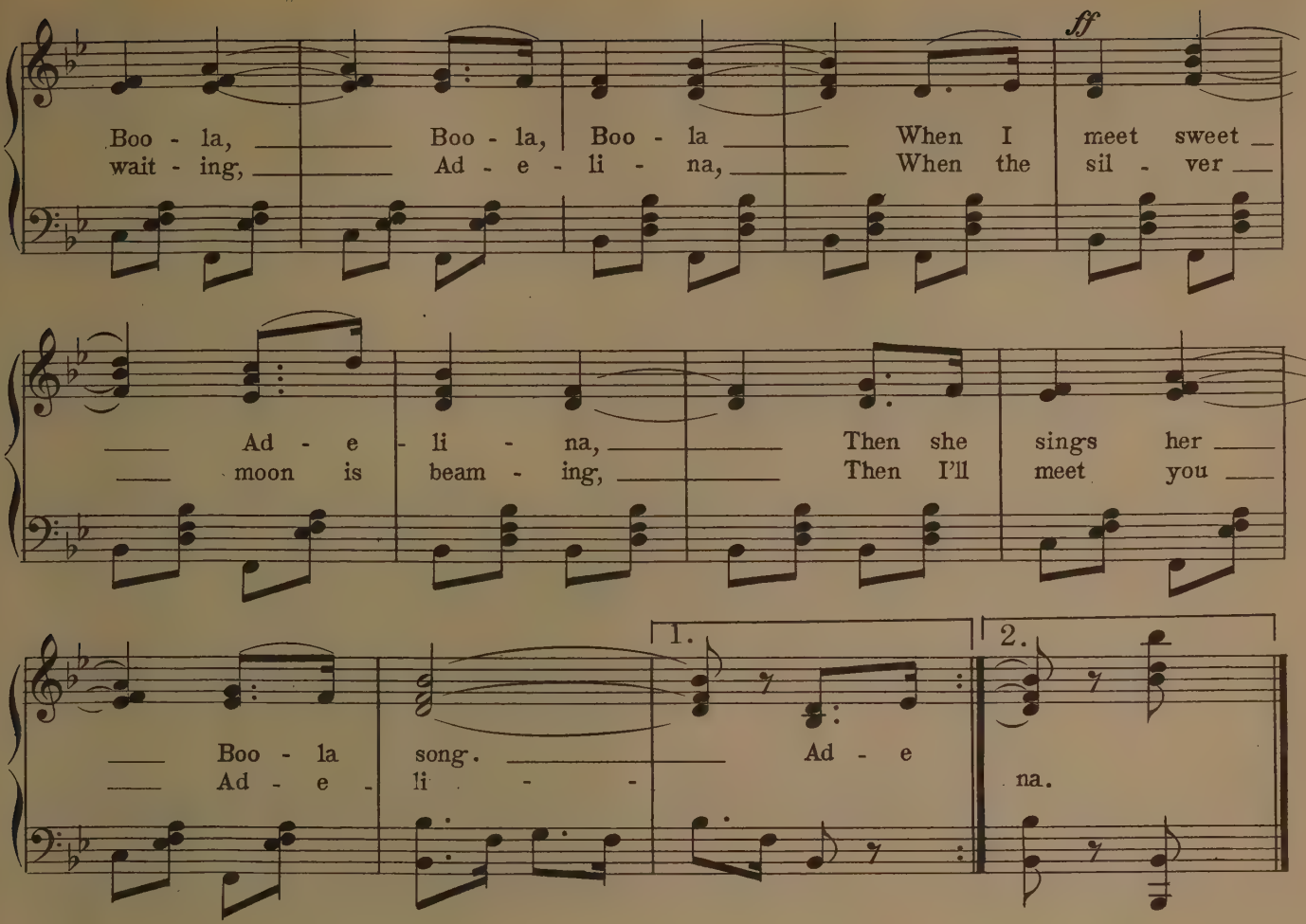
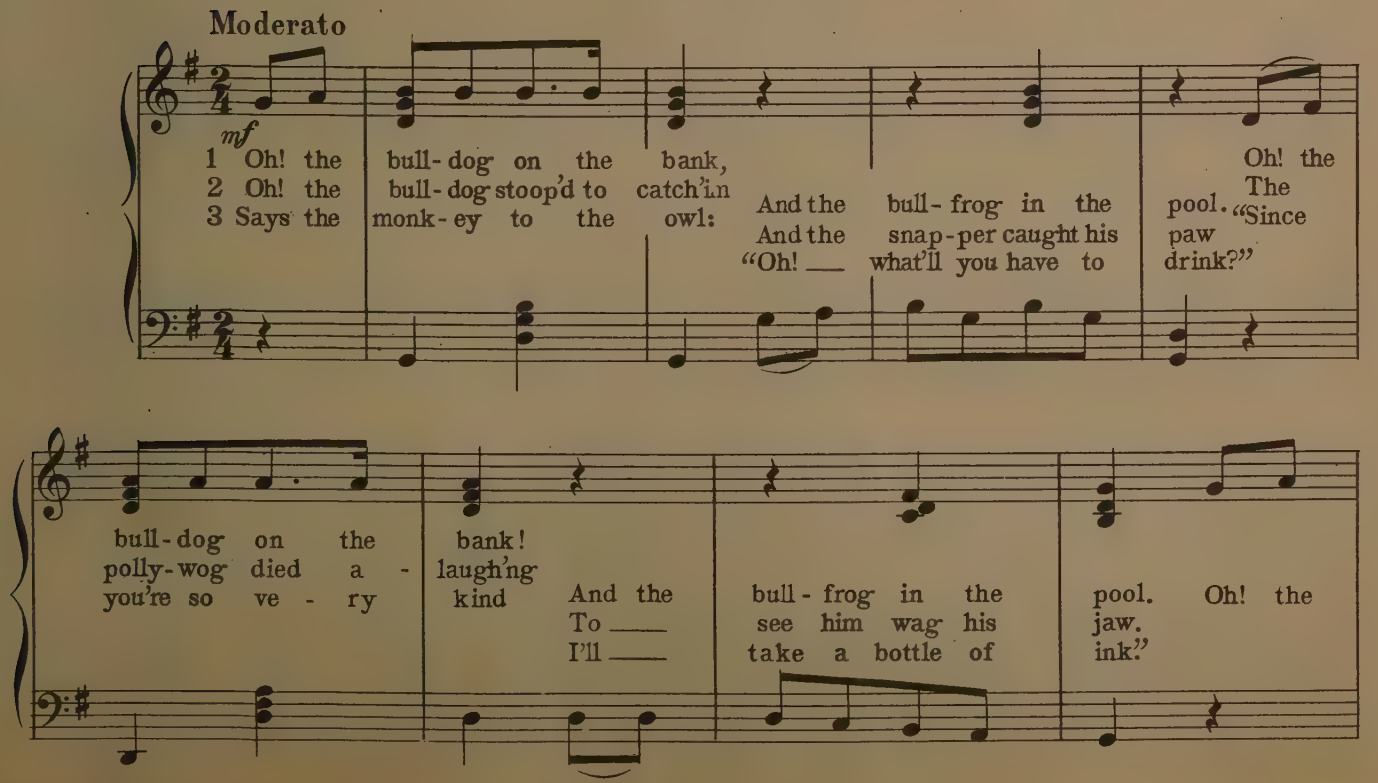
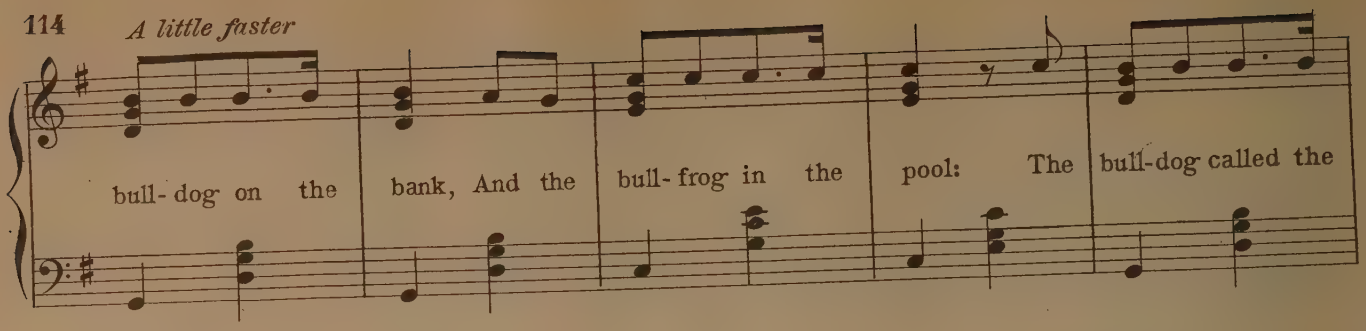

ff
Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la When I meet sweet
wait - ing, Ad - e - li - na, When the sil - ver
Ad - e - li - na, Then she sings her
moon is beam - ing, Then I'll meet you
1.
2.
Boo - la song. Ad - e
Ad - e - li - na.

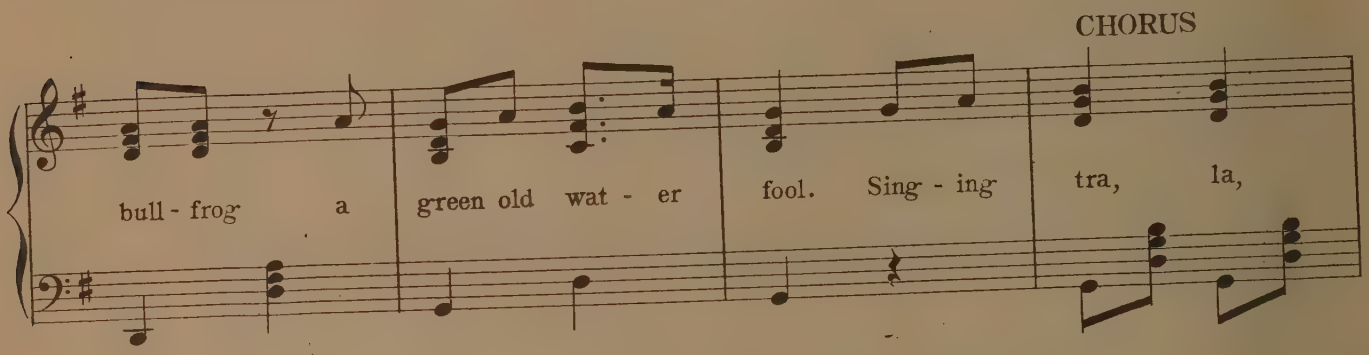
The Bull Dog

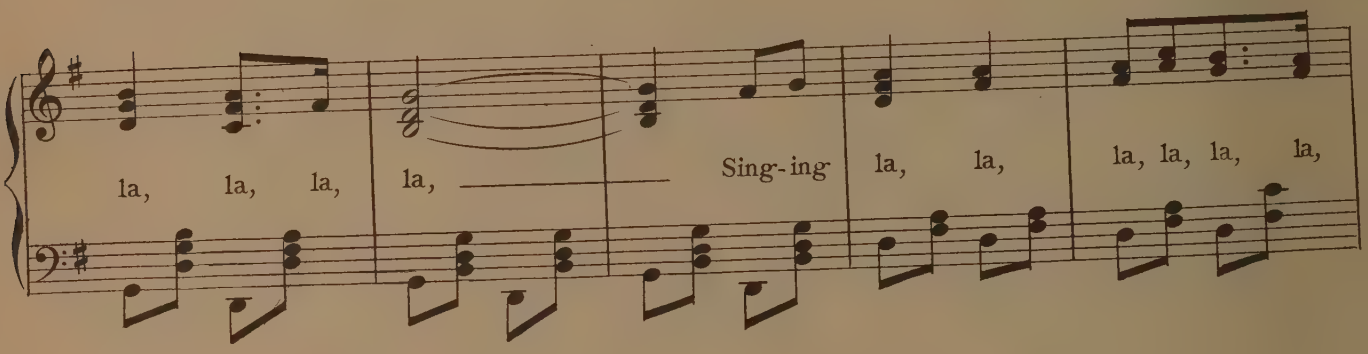

Moderato
mf
1 Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2 Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch 'in
3 Says the monk-ey to the owl:
And the bull-frog in the pool. Oh! the
And the snap-per caught his paw The
"Oh! ___ what'll you have to drink?" "Since
bull-dog on the bank!
polly-wog died a - laugh'ng
you're so ve - ry kind
And the bull-frog in the pool. Oh! the
To ___ see him wag his jaw.
I'll ___ take a bottle of ink."

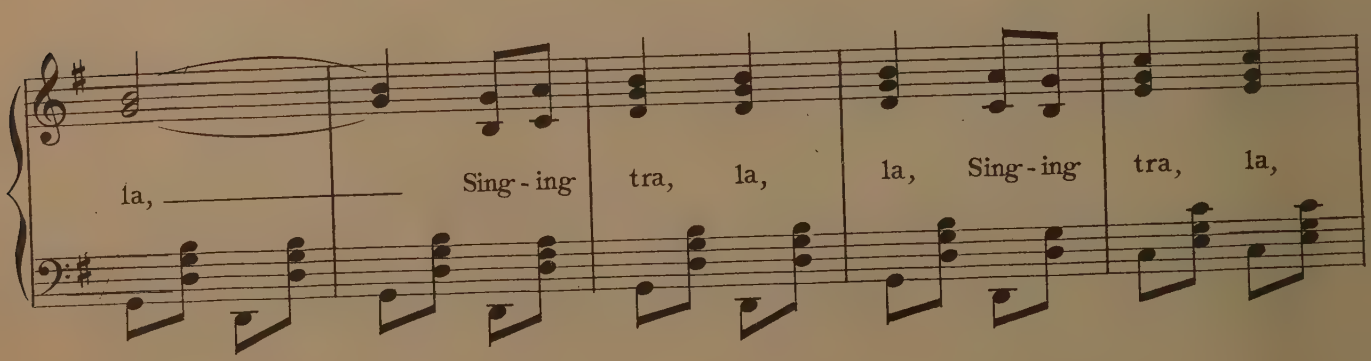
A little faster

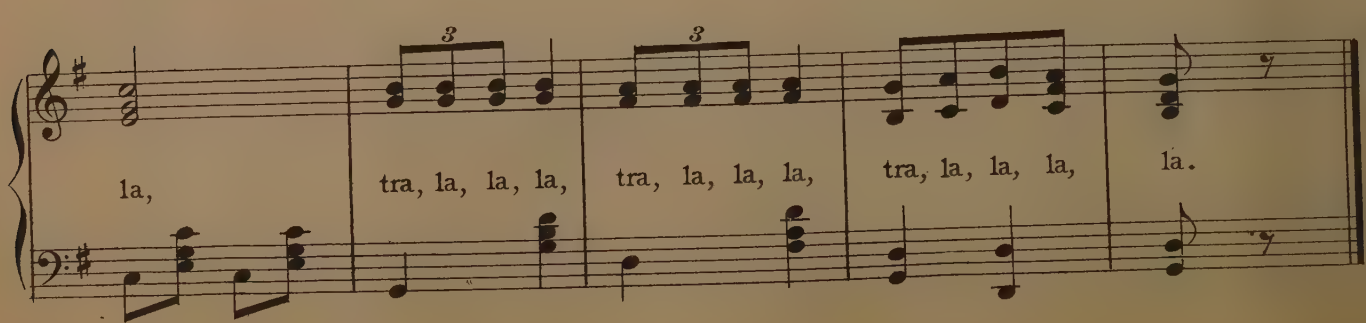


CHORUS



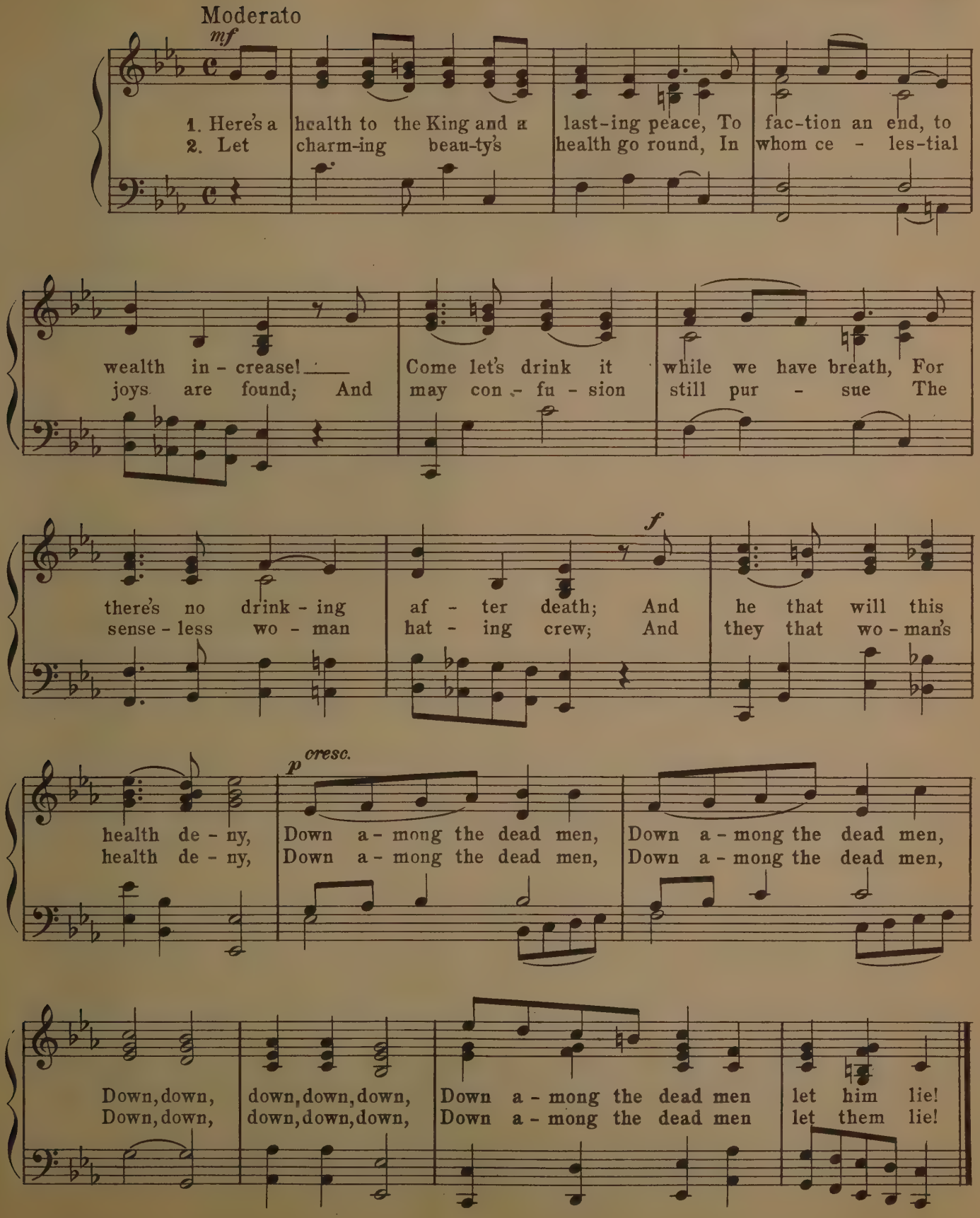




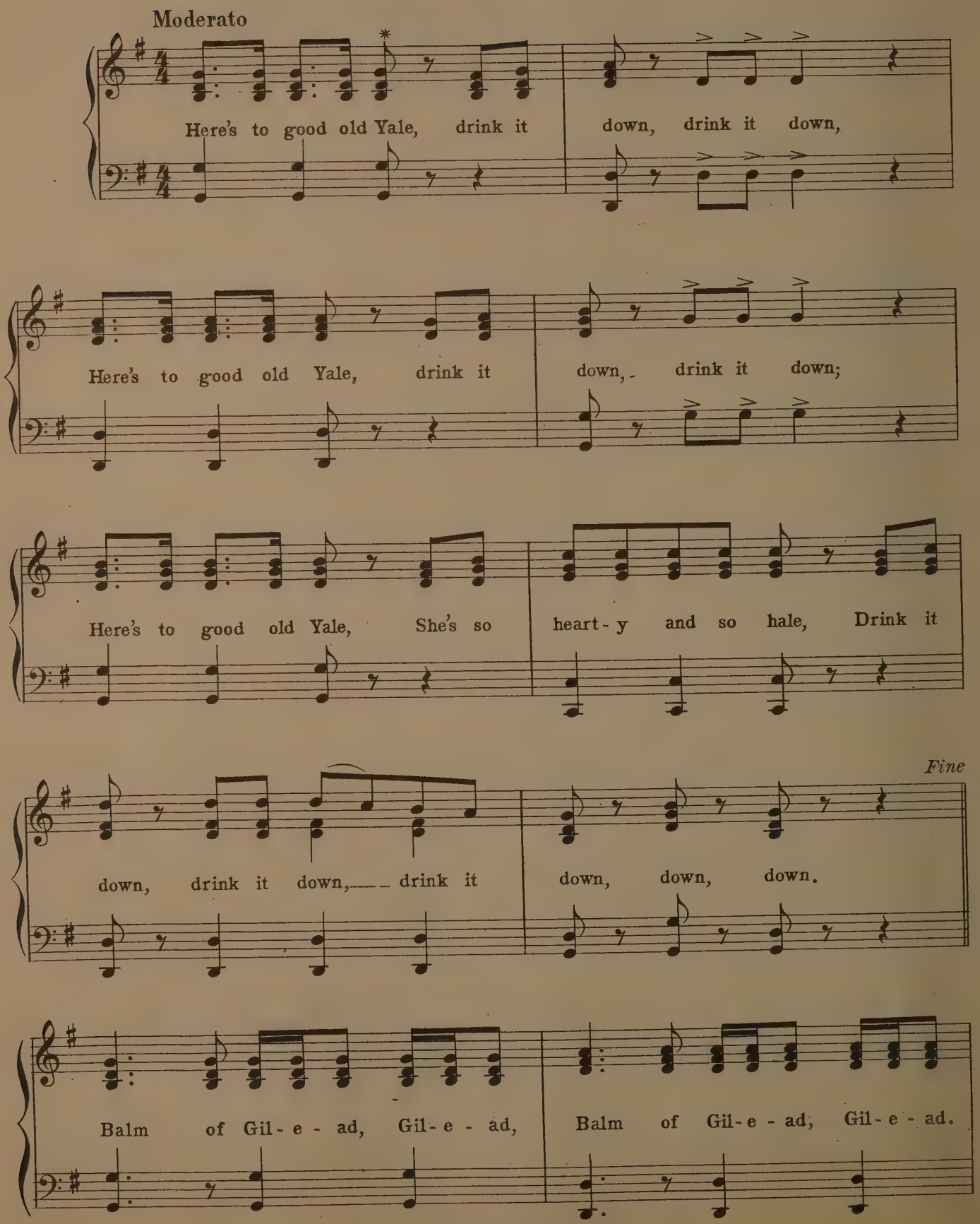


Down Among The Dead Men

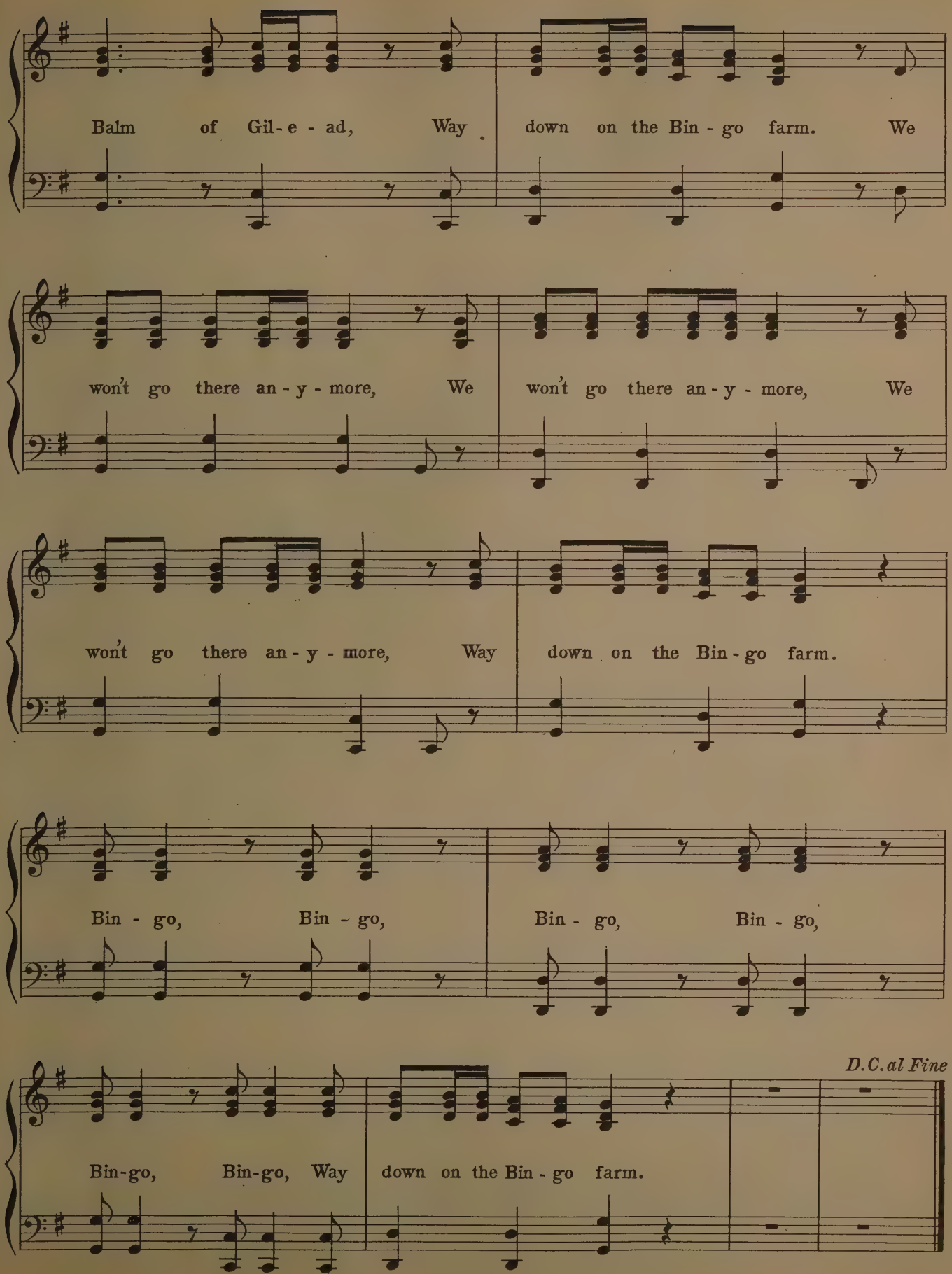
ROBERT DYER


Moderato
mf
1. Here's a health to the King and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to
2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce - les-tial
wealth in - crease! Come let's drink it while we have breath, For
joys are found; And may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The
there's no drink - ing af - ter death; And he that will this
sense - less wo - man hat - ing crew; And they that wo - man's
f
p cresc.
health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men,
health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men,
Down, down, down, down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let him lie!
Down, down, down, down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let them lie!

Bingo


Moderato
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, Drink it
Fine
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad.

* *The name of any other college may be substituted*


Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We
won't go there an-y-more, We won't go there an-y-more, We
won't go there an-y-more, Way down on the Bin-go farm.
Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go,
D.C. al Fine
Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bin-go farm.

The Bold Fisherman

G.W. HUNT

Waltz time

mf

1. There once was a bold Fisherman, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild
2. First he wrig-gled, then he strig-gled, In the wa-ter so bri-ny-o, He bellow'd and he
3. His ghost walked that ni-i-ight, To the bed-side of his Mary Jane; He told her how

po - gy, And the shy macker - el. But when he arrove off Pim-li - co, The stormy wind, it did be-
yel-lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gently gli - i - ide, To the bottom of the sil-v'ry
dead he was, "Then" says she, "I'll go mad!" "For since my dovey is so dead," says she, "All jo - o - oy from me has

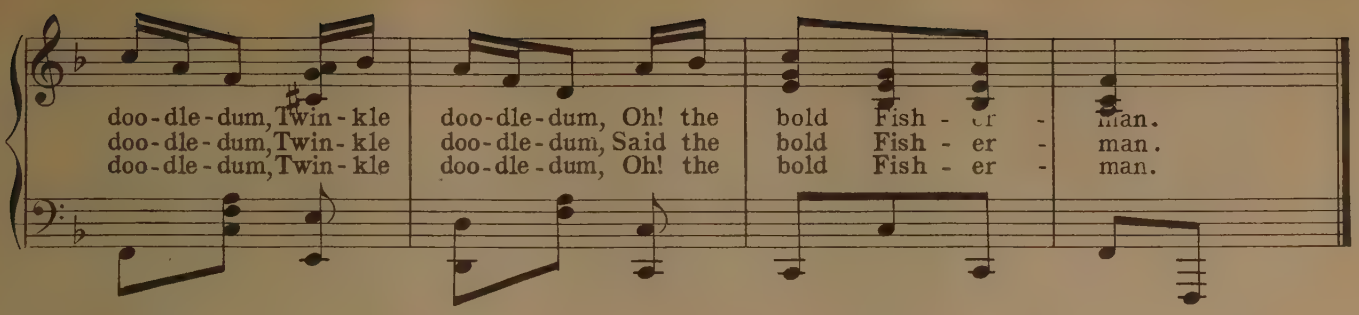
gin to blow, And his lit-tle boat did wibble wobble so, That slick o-ver-board he fell. *Spoken:* All among the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kippered Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the Blackbait, and the Tittlebats, and the Brickbats, and the Mullibobs, and the Pummy-jobs, singing: . . . . . .

ti - i - ide, But pre - vi-ous-ly to that he cri-i - ied, "Fare - well, Ma-ry Jane!" *Spoken:* When he came to the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he simply took a cough lozenge, and murmured: . . . . .

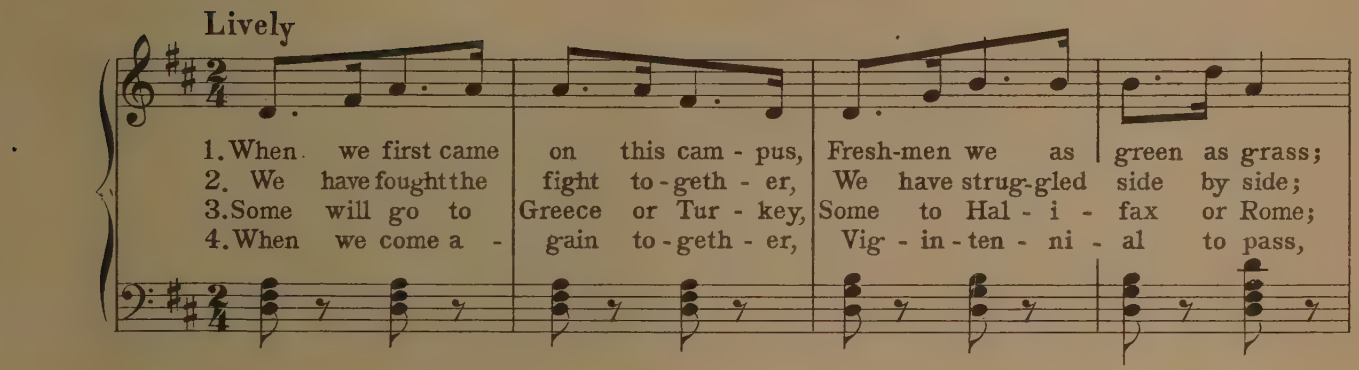
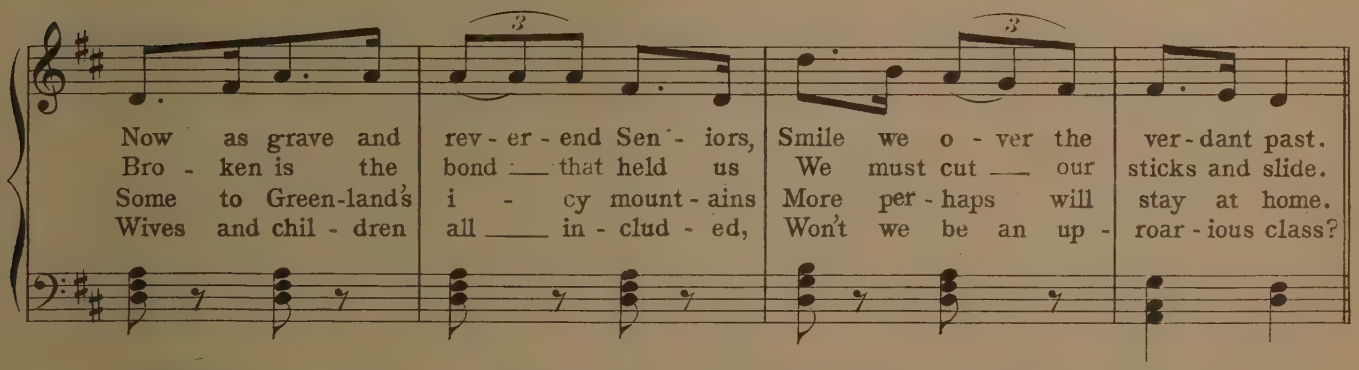
fled" says she, "I'll go a raving lun-i - ac!" says she, And she went star-ing mad. *Spoken:* She thereupon tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the Can Can on the top of the water butt, and joined the Woman's Right's Association, and frequently edifies the angelic members thereof by softly chanting a song of plaintive memory, viz: . . . .

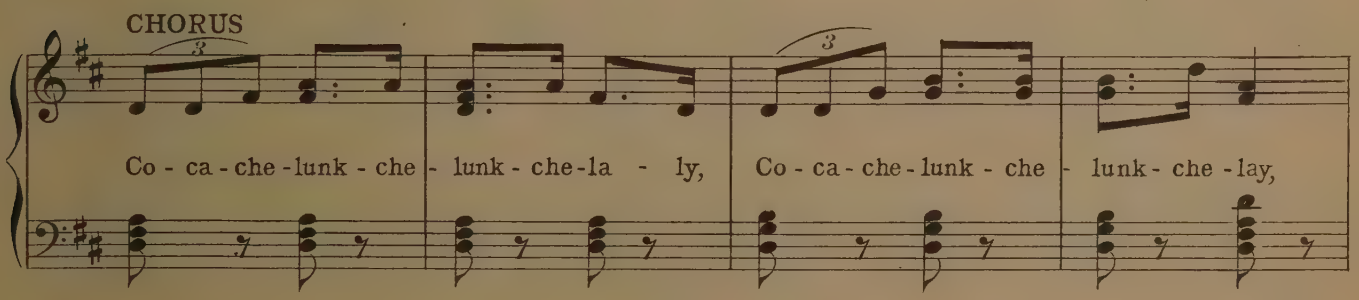
CHORUS

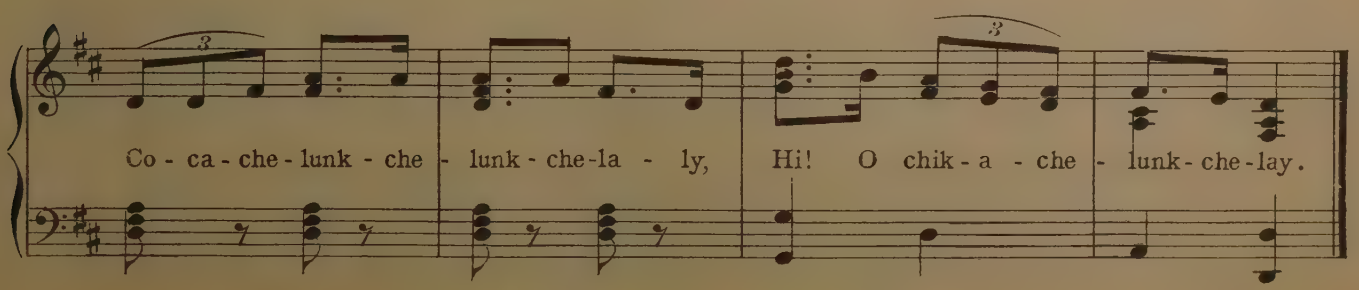
Twin - kle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, That's the high-ly in - ter-est - ing song he sung: Twinkle
Twin - kle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, That's the re-frain of the gen-tle song he sung: Twinkle
Twin - kle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, That's the kind of soul-in-spir-ing strains she sung: Twinkle


doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish-er-man.
doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Said the bold Fish-er-man.
doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish-er-man.

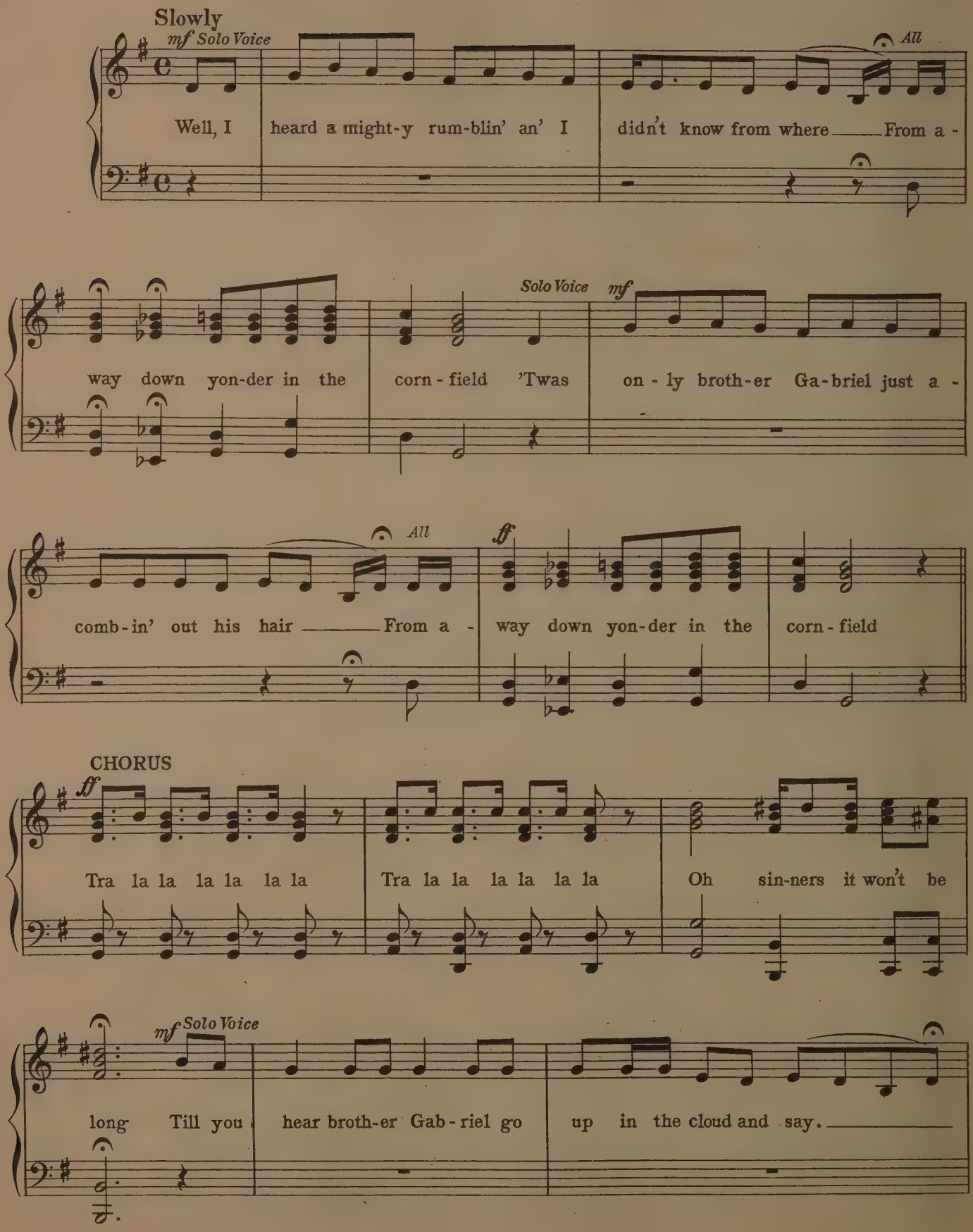
Co-ca-che-lunk

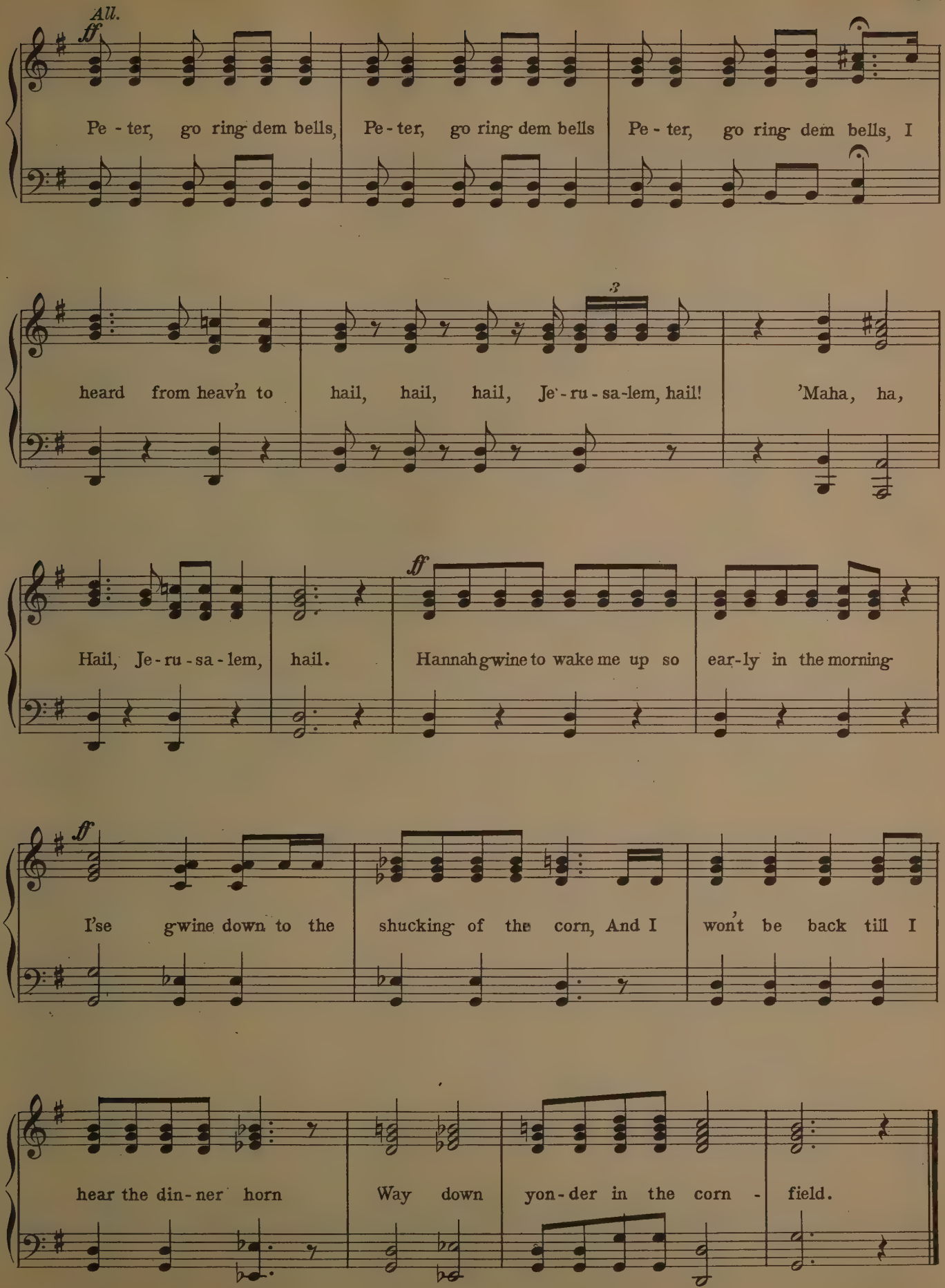

Lively
1. When we first came on this cam-pus, Fresh-men we as green as grass;
2. We have fought the fight to-geth-er, We have strug-gled side by side;
3. Some will go to Greece or Tur-key, Some to Hal-i-fax or Rome;
4. When we come a-gain to-geth-er, Vig-in-ten-ni-al to pass,

Now as grave and rev-er-end Sen-iors, Smile we o-ver the ver-dant past.
Bro-ken is the bond that held us We must cut our sticks and slide.
Some to Green-land's i-cy mount-ains More per-haps will stay at home.
Wives and chil-dren all in-clud-ed, Won't we be an up-roar-ious class?





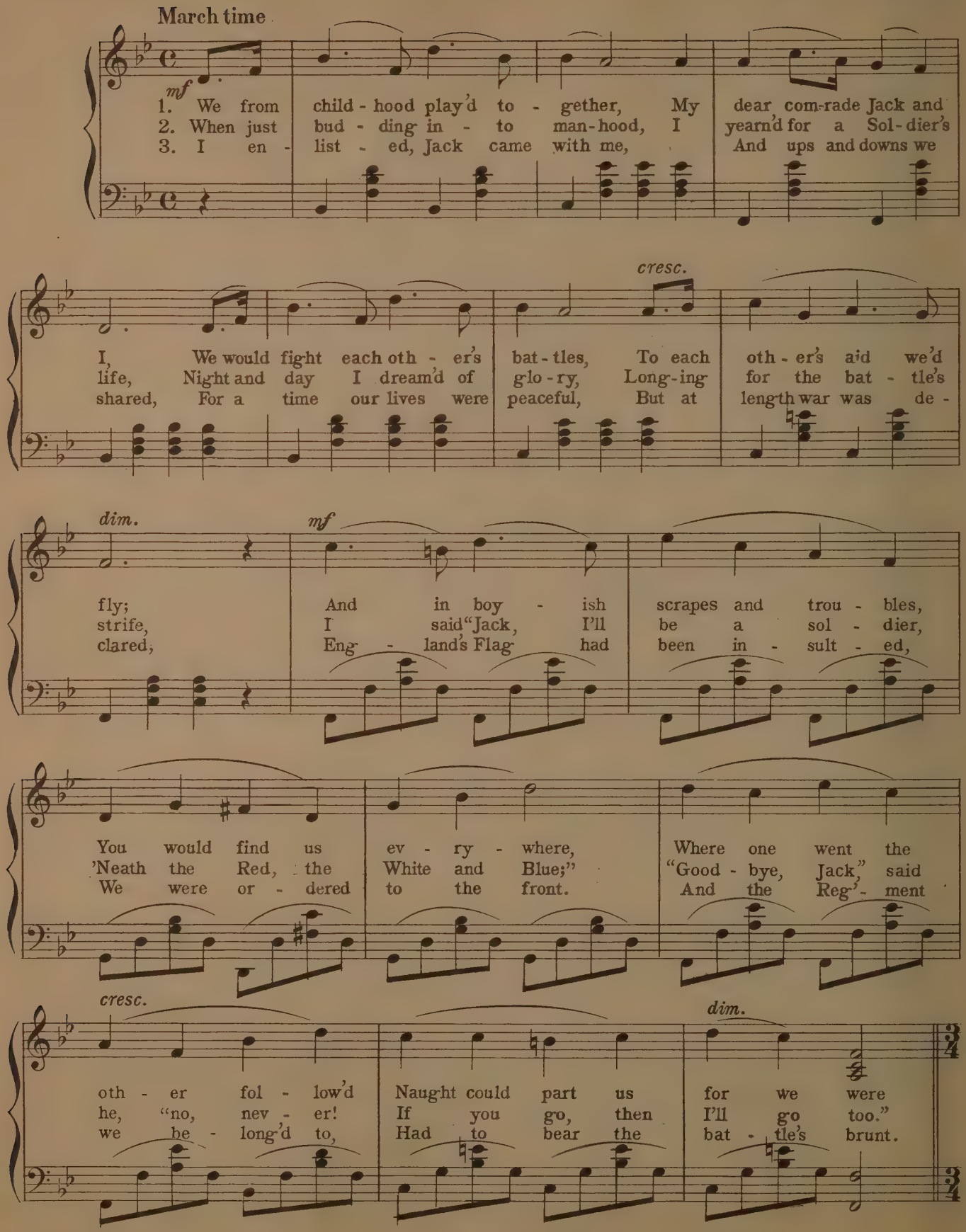
Cornfield Medley

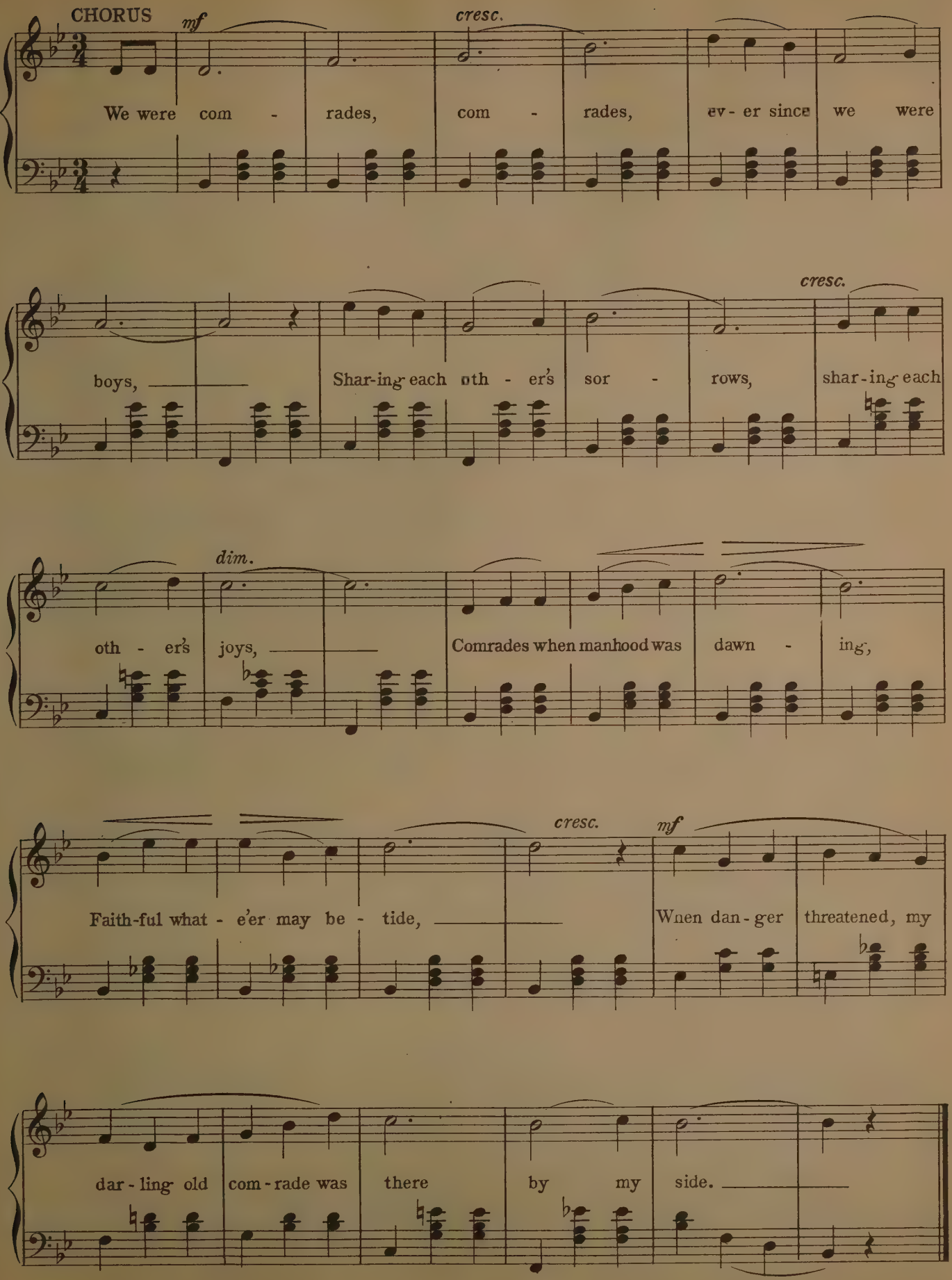

Slowly
mf Solo Voice
All
Well, I heard a might-y rum-blin' an' I didn't know from where From a -
Solo Voice
mf
way down yon-der in the corn - field 'Twas on - ly broth-er Ga-briel just a -
All
ff
comb - in' out his hair From a - way down yon-der in the corn - field
CHORUS
ff
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la
Oh sin-ners it won't be
mf Solo Voice
long Till you hear broth-er Gab - riel go up in the cloud and say.

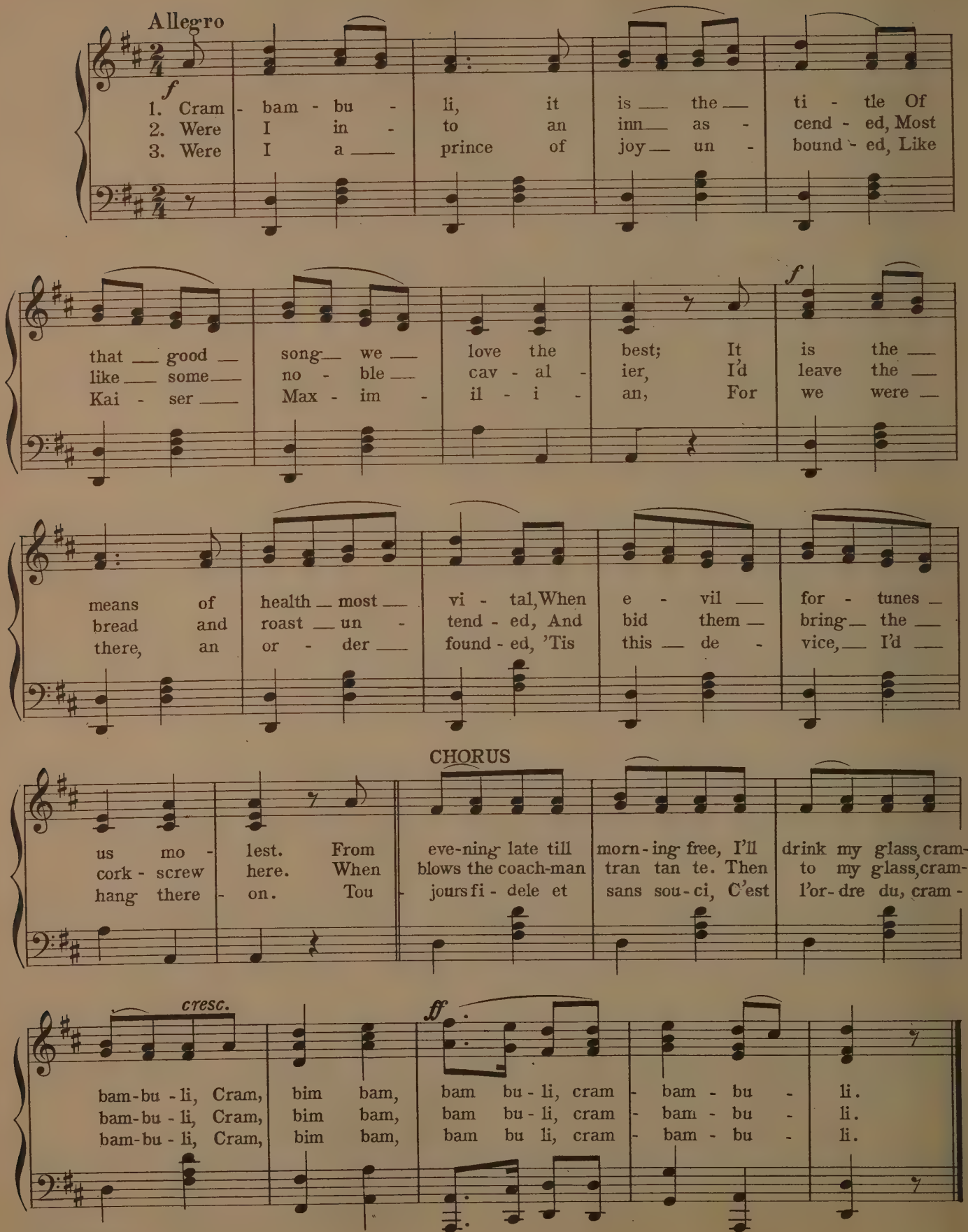

All.
ff
Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, Pe - ter, go ring dem bells Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, I
heard from heav'n to hail, hail, hail, Je - ru - sa - lem, hail! 'Maha, ha,
Hail, Je - ru - sa - lem, hail.
ff
Hannah gwine to wake me up so ear - ly in the morning
ff
I'se gwine down to the shucking of the corn, And I won't be back till I
hear the din - ner horn Way down yon - der in the corn - field.

Comrades

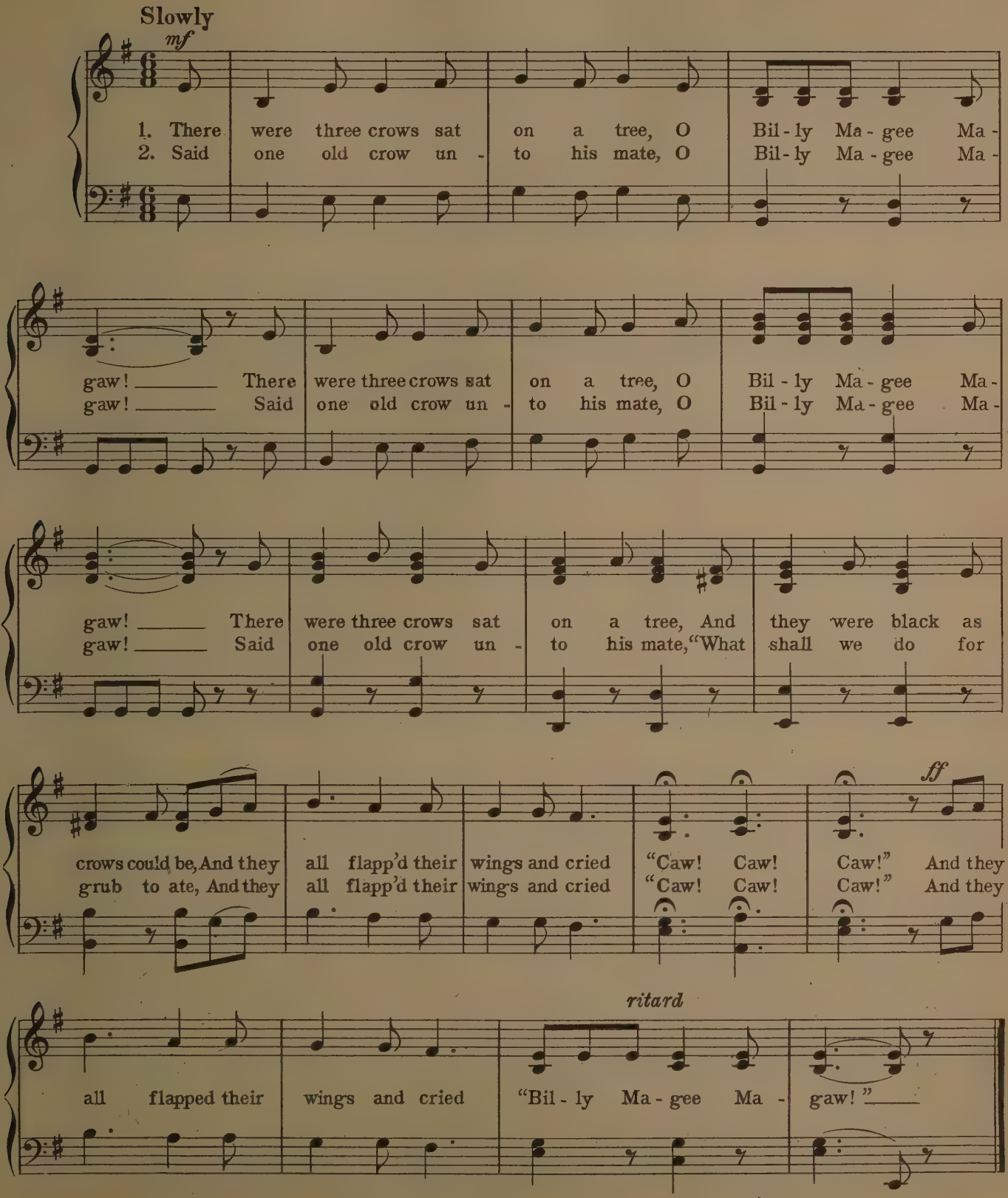
FELIX MCGLENNON


March time
mf
1. We from child - hood play'd to - gether, My dear com-rade Jack and
2. When just bud - ding in - to man-hood, I yearn'd for a Sol-dier's
3. I en - list - ed, Jack came with me, And ups and downs we
cresc.
I, We would fight each oth - er's bat-tles, To each oth-er's aid we'd
life, Night and day I dream'd of glo-ry, Long-ing for the bat - tle's
shared, For a time our lives were peaceful, But at length war was de -
dim.
mf
fly; And in boy - ish scrapes and trou - bles,
strife, I said "Jack, I'll be a sol - dier,
clared, Eng - land's Flag had been in - sult - ed,
You would find us ev - ry - where, Where one went the
'Neath the Red, the White and Blue;" "Good - bye, Jack," said
We were or - dered to the front. And the Reg'- ment
cresc.
dim.
oth - er fol - low'd Naught could part us for we were
he, "no, nev - er! If you go, then I'll go too."
we be - long'd to, Had to bear the bat - tle's brunt.


CHORUS
mf
cresc.
We were com - rades, com - rades, ev - er since we were
cresc.
boys, Shar-ing each oth - er's sor - rows, shar-ing each
dim.
oth - er's joys, Comrades when manhood was dawn - ing,
cresc.
mf
Faith-ful what - e'er may be - tide, Wnen dan-ger threatened, my
dar-ling old com-rade was there by my side.

Crambambuli

Allegro
f
1. Cram - bam - bu - li, it is the ti - tle Of
2. Were I in - to an inn as - cend - ed, Most
3. Were I a prince of joy un - bound - ed, Like
that good song we love the best; It is the
like some no - ble cav - al - ier, I'd leave the
Kai - ser Max - im - il - i - an, For we were
f
means of health most vi - tal, When e - vil for - tunes
bread and roast un - tend - ed, And bid them bring the
there, an or - der found - ed, 'Tis this de - vice, I'd
CHORUS
us mo - lest. From eve-ning late till morn-ing free, I'll drink my glass, cram-
cork - screw here. When blows the coach-man tran tan te. Then to my glass, cram-
hang there - on. Tou - jours fi - dele et sans sou - ci, C'est l'or-dre du, cram -
cresc.
ff
bam-bu - li, Cram, bim bam, bam bu - li, cram - bam - bu - li.
bam-bu - li, Cram, bim bam, bam bu - li, cram - bam - bu - li.
bam-bu - li, Cram, bim bam, bam bu li, cram - bam - bu - li.

There Were Three Crows


Slowly
mf
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma -
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma -
gaw! _____ There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma -
gaw! _____ Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma -
gaw! _____ There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as
gaw! _____ Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for
crows could be, And they all flapp'd their wings and cried "Caw! Caw! Caw!" And they
grub to ate, And they all flapp'd their wings and cried "Caw! Caw! Caw!" And they
ff
ritard
all flapped their wings and cried "Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gaw!" _____

3

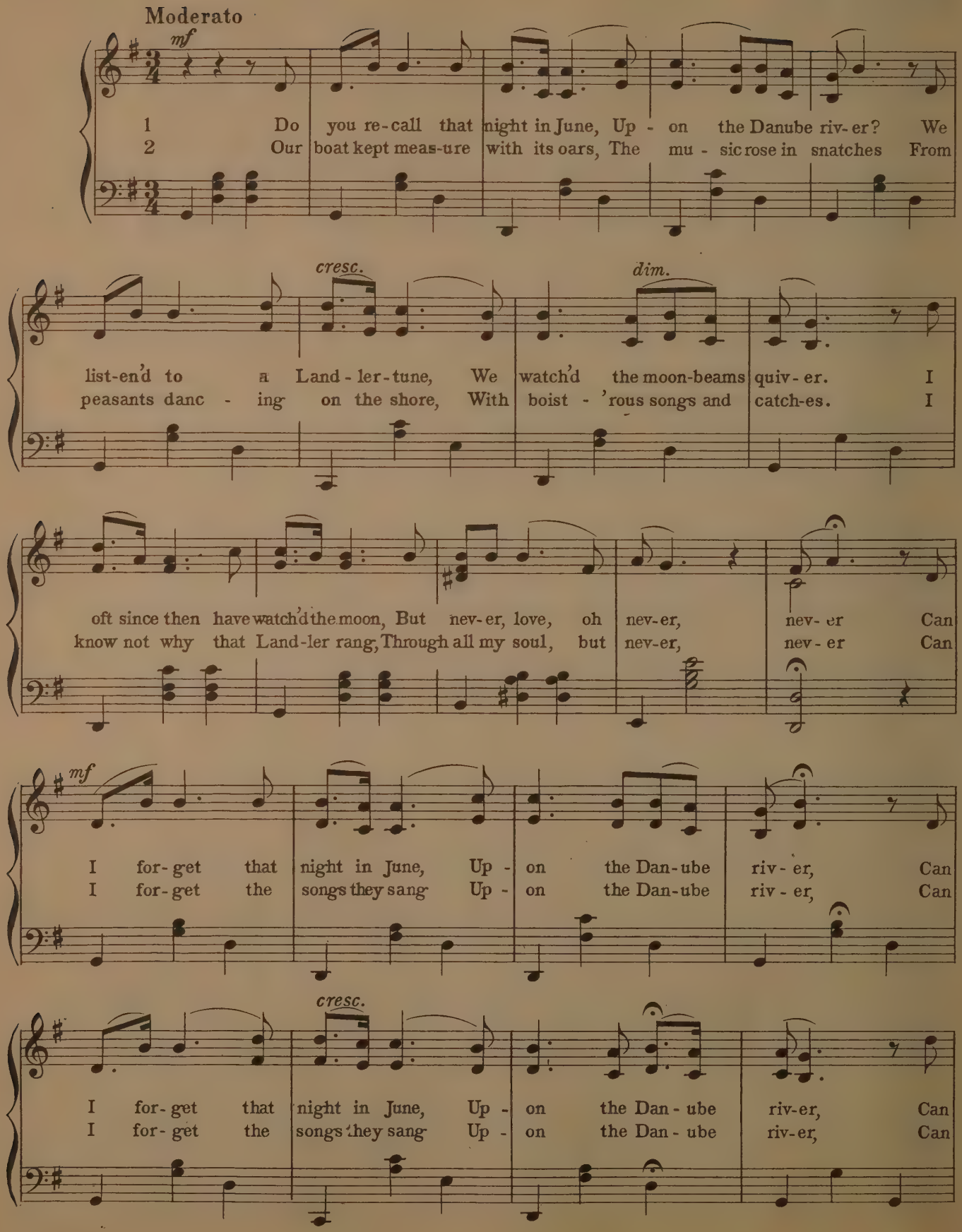
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

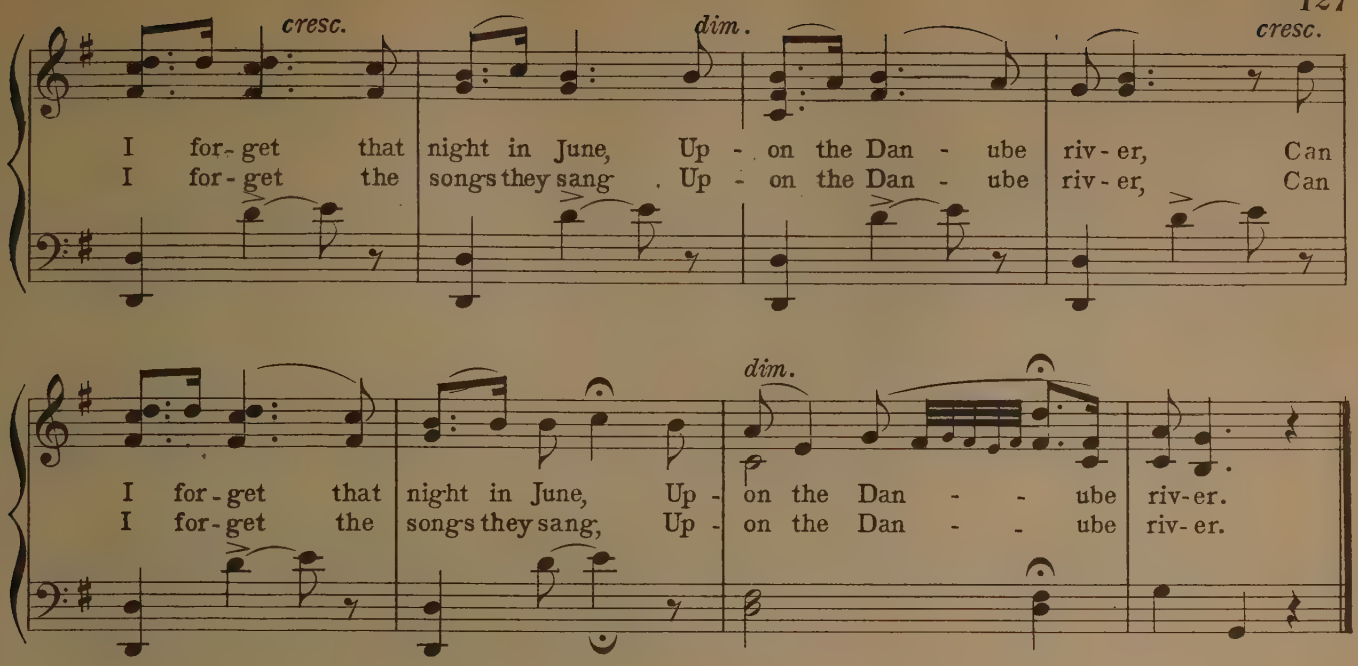
4

"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

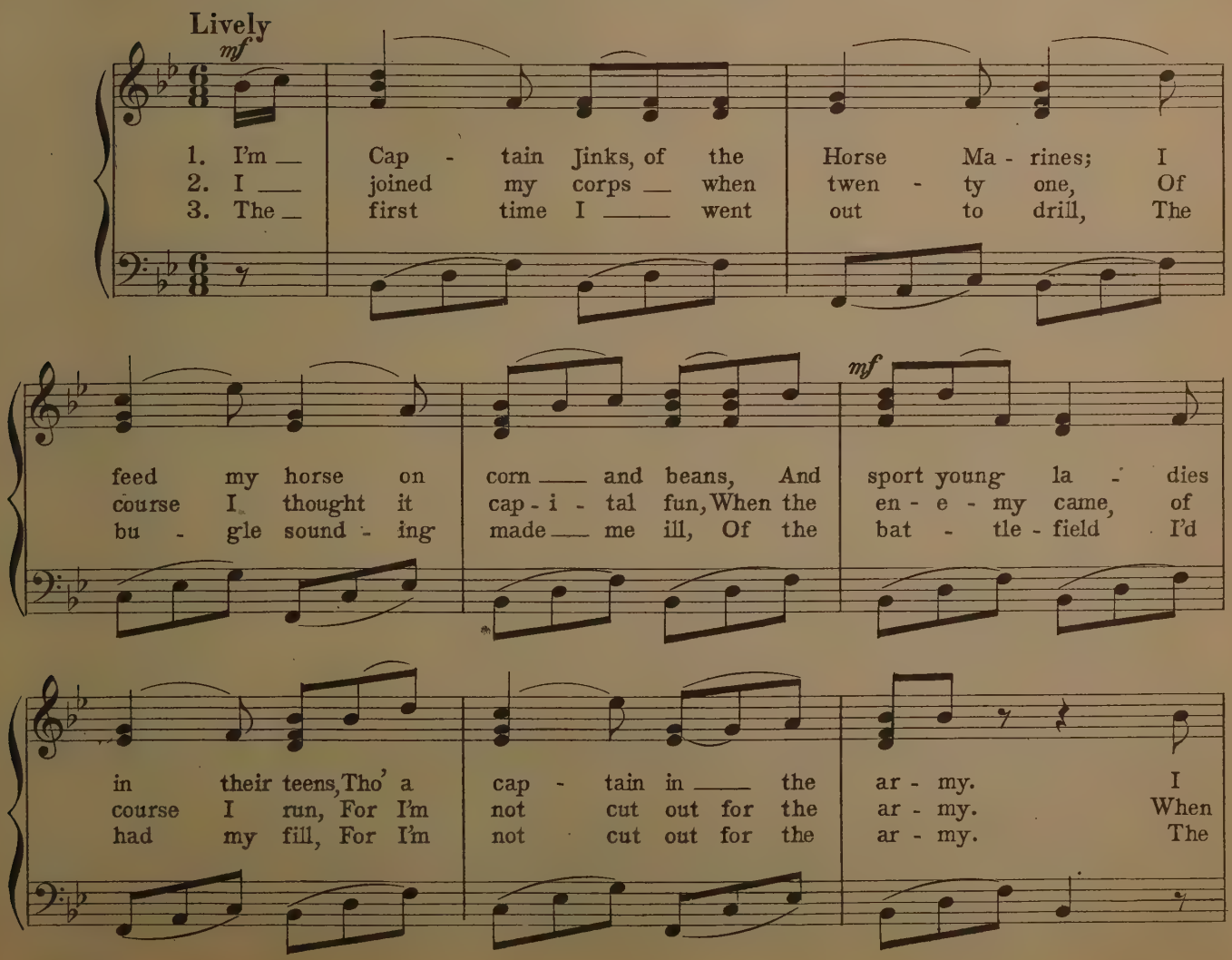
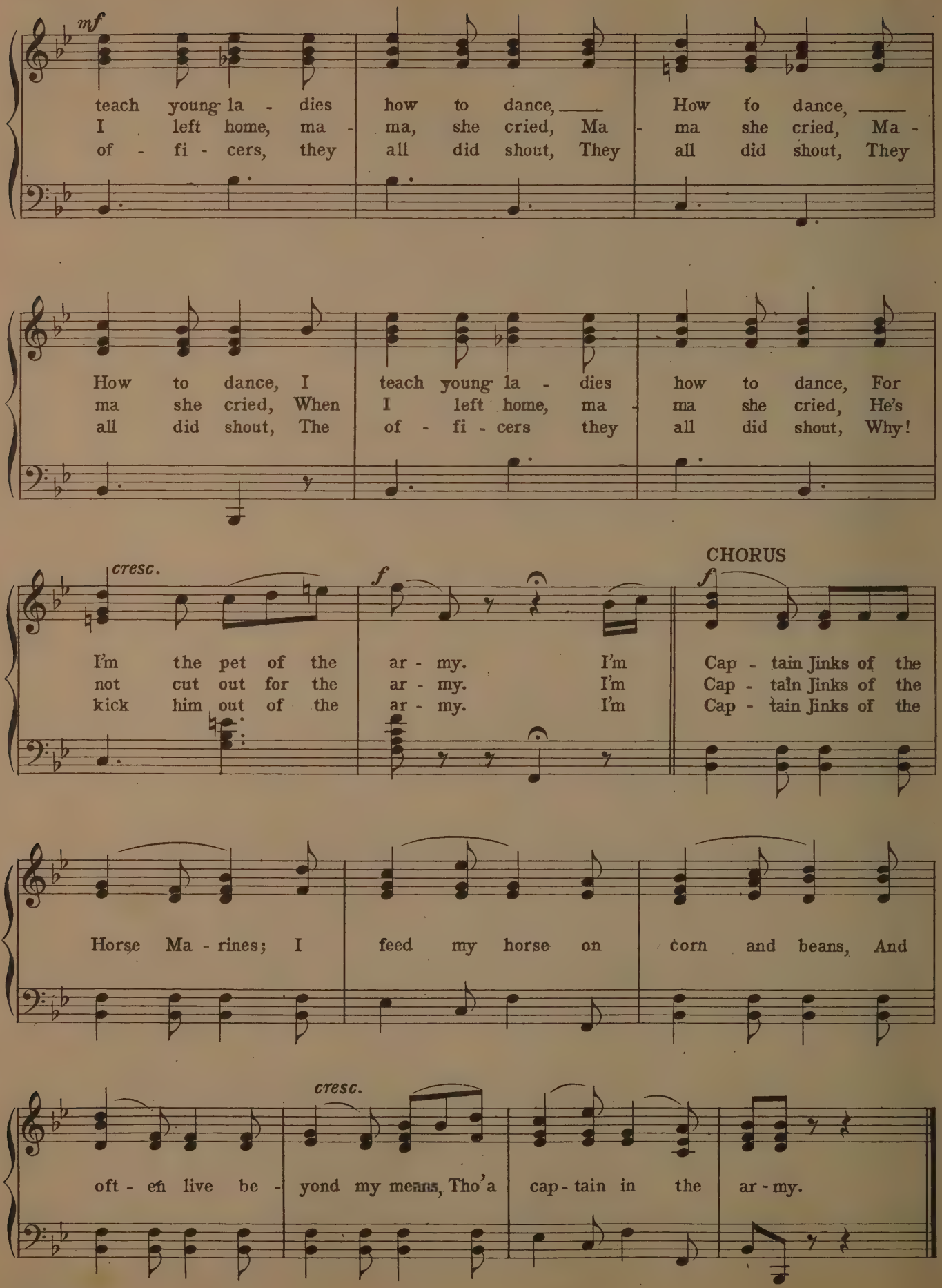
The Danube River

HAMILTON AIDÉ

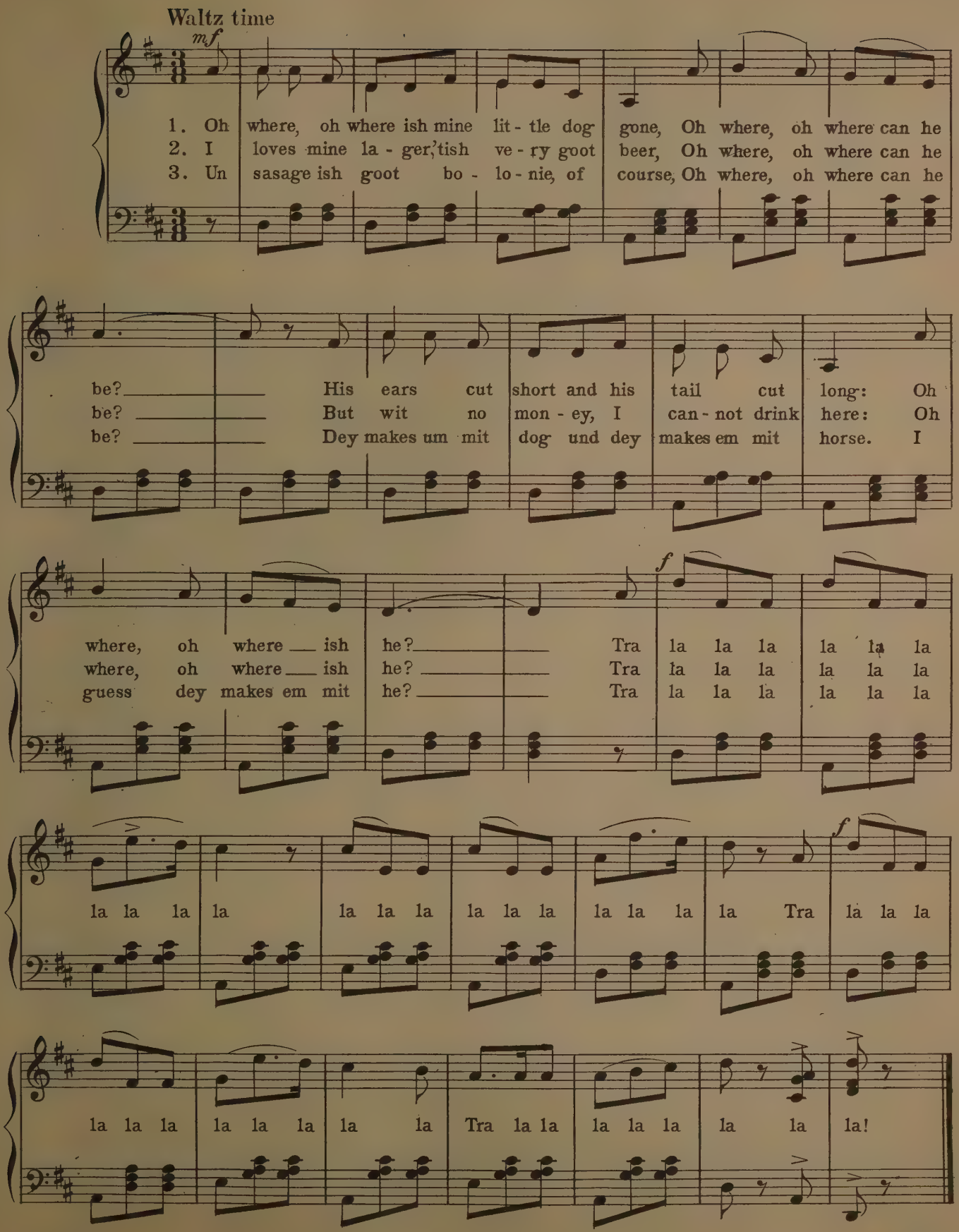

Moderato
mf
1 Do you re-call that night in June, Up - on the Danube riv-er? We
2 Our boat kept meas-ure with its oars, The mu - sic rose in snatches From
cresc.
dim.
list-en'd to a Land-ler-tune, We watch'd the moon-beams quiv-er. I
peasants danc - ing on the shore, With boist - 'rous songs and catch-es. I
oft since then have watch'd the moon, But nev-er, love, oh nev-er, nev-er Can
know not why that Land-ler rang, Through all my soul, but nev-er, nev-er Can
mf
I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can
I for-get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can
cresc.
I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv-er, Can
I for-get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv-er, Can


cresc.
dim.
cresc.
I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv-er, Can
I for-get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv-er, Can
dim.
I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - - ube riv-er.
I for-get the songs they sang; Up - on the Dan - - ube riv-er.

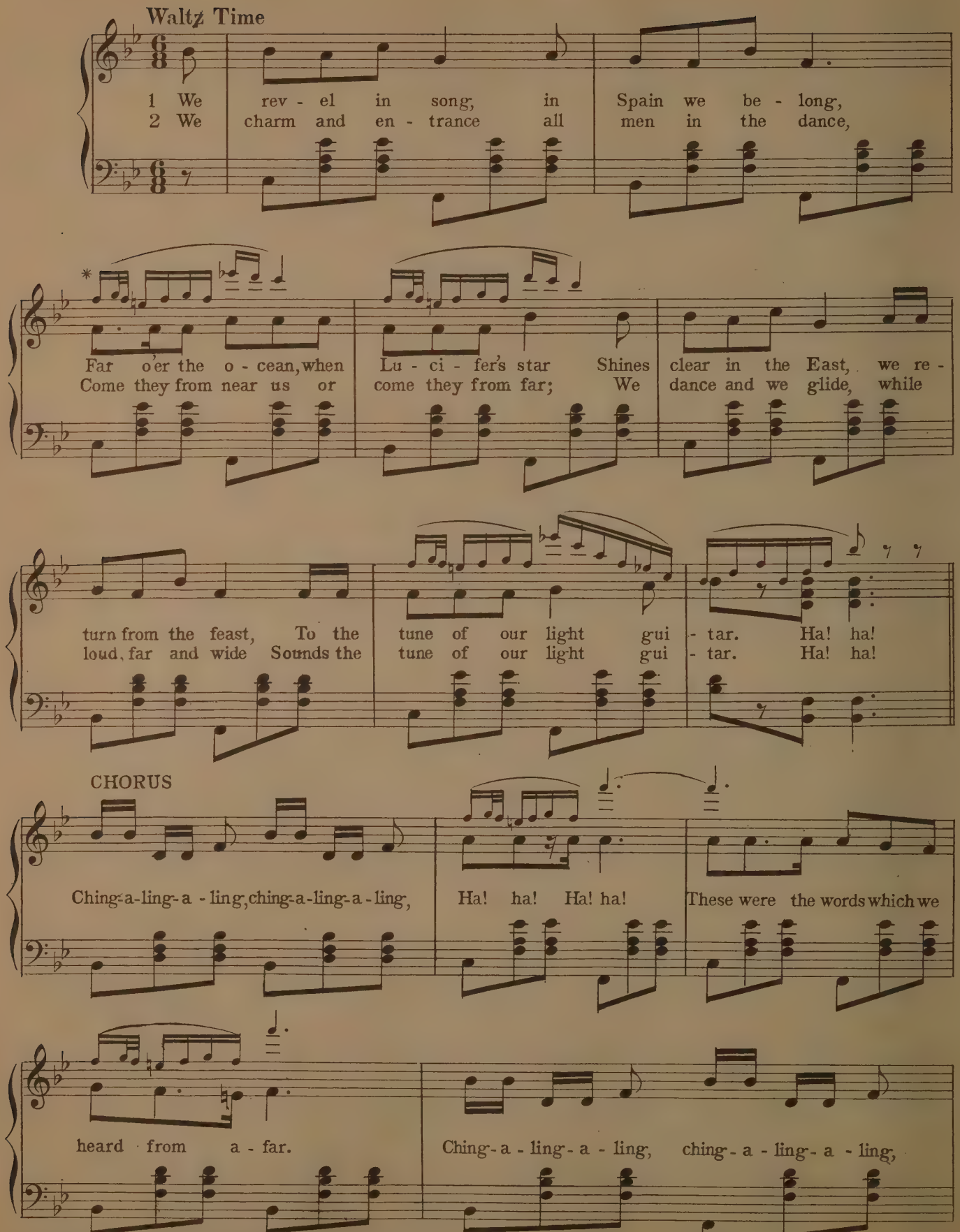
Captain Jinks


Lively
mf
1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma - rines; I
2. I joined my corps when twen - ty one, Of
3. The first time I went out to drill, The
feed my horse on corn and beans, And sport young la - dies
course I thought it cap - i - tal fun, When the en - e - my came, of
bu - gle sound - ing made me ill, Of the bat - tle - field I'd
mf
in their teens, Tho' a cap - tain in the ar - my. I
course I run, For I'm not cut out for the ar - my. When
had my fill, For I'm not cut out for the ar - my. The

mf
teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance,
I left home, ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma she cried, Ma -
of - fi - cers, they all did shout, They all did shout, They
How to dance, I teach young la - dies how to dance, For
ma she cried, When I left home, ma - ma she cried, He's
all did shout, The of - fi - cers they all did shout, Why!
cresc.
f
f
CHORUS
I'm the pet of the ar - my. I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the
not cut out for the ar - my. I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the
kick him out of the ar - my. I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the
Horse Ma - rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
cresc.
oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho'a cap - tain in the ar - my.

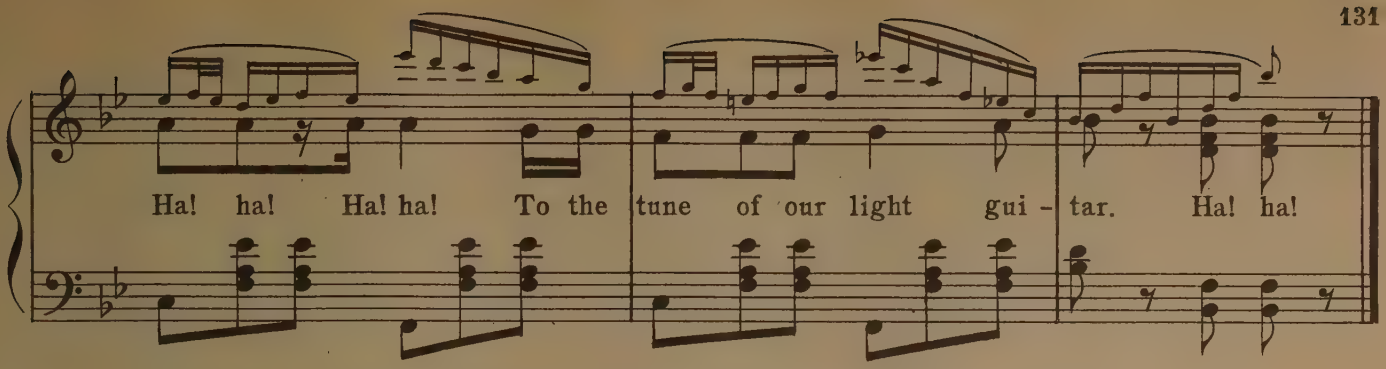
Dutch Warbler


Waltz time
mf
1. Oh where, oh where ish mine lit - tle dog gone, Oh where, oh where can he
2. I loves mine la - ger, tish ve - ry goot beer, Oh where, oh where can he
3. Un sasage ish goot bo - lo - nie, of course, Oh where, oh where can he
be? His ears cut short and his tail cut long: Oh
be? But wit no mon - ey, I can - not drink here: Oh
be? Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse. I
where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la
where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la
guess dey makes em mit he? Tra la la la la la la
f
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la Tra la la la
la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la!

Ching-a-Ling


Waltz Time
1 We rev - el in song; in Spain we be - long,
2 We charm and en - trance all men in the dance,
Far o'er the o - cean, when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the East, we re -
Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while
turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
loud, far and wide Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
CHORUS
Ching-a-ling-a - ling, ching-a-ling-a - ling, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! These were the words which we
heard from a - far. Ching-a - ling-a - ling, ching - a - ling-a - ling,

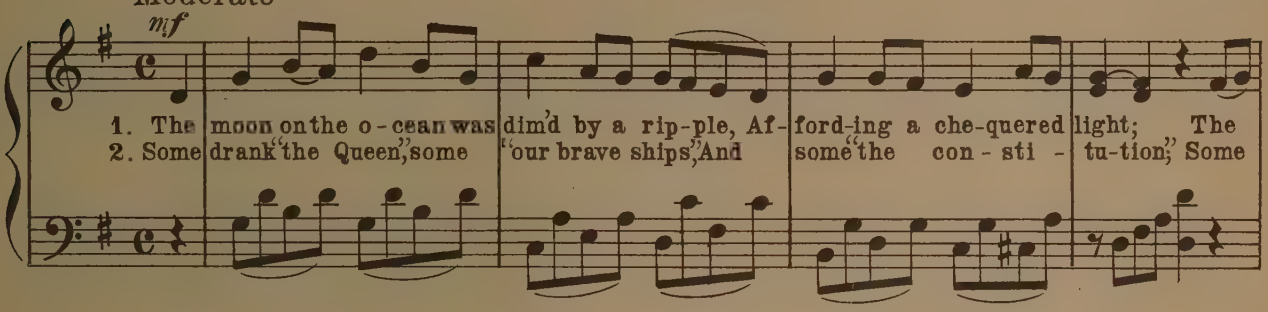
* *Small notes are to be whistled at libitum, but are not to be played on the piano.*

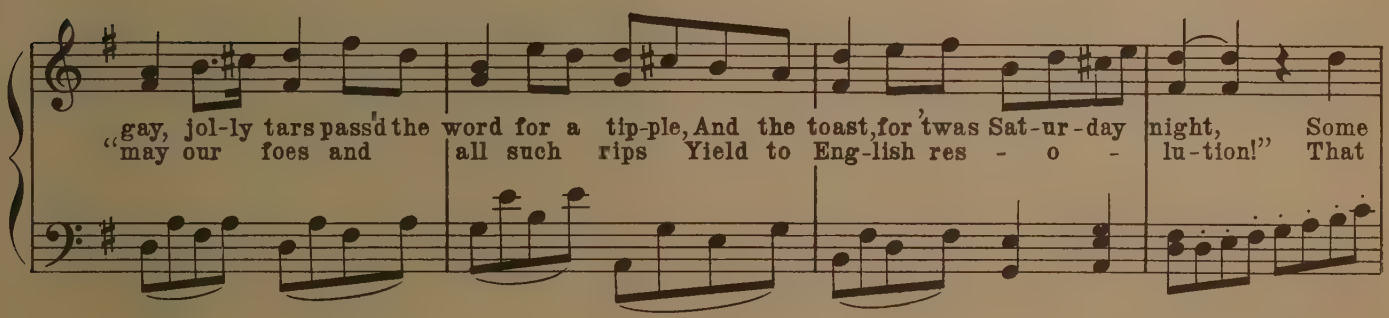


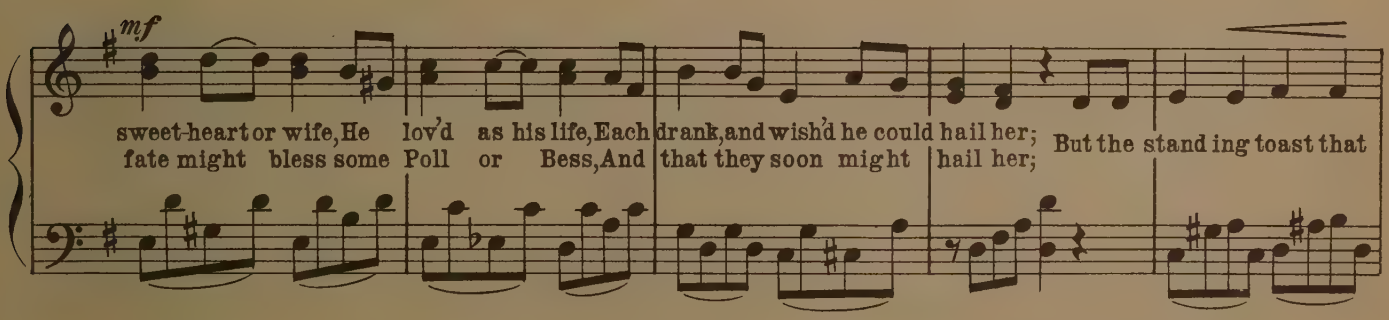
The Lass That Loves A Sailor

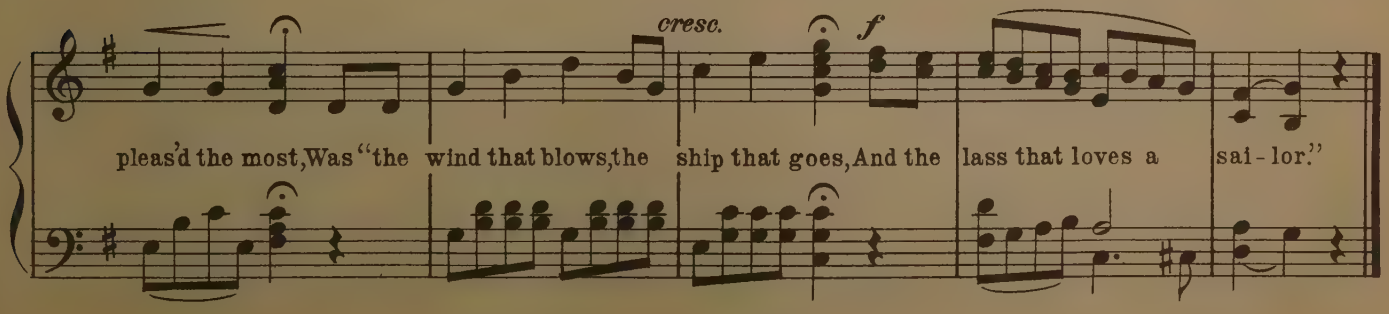
Moderato

CH. DIBDIN

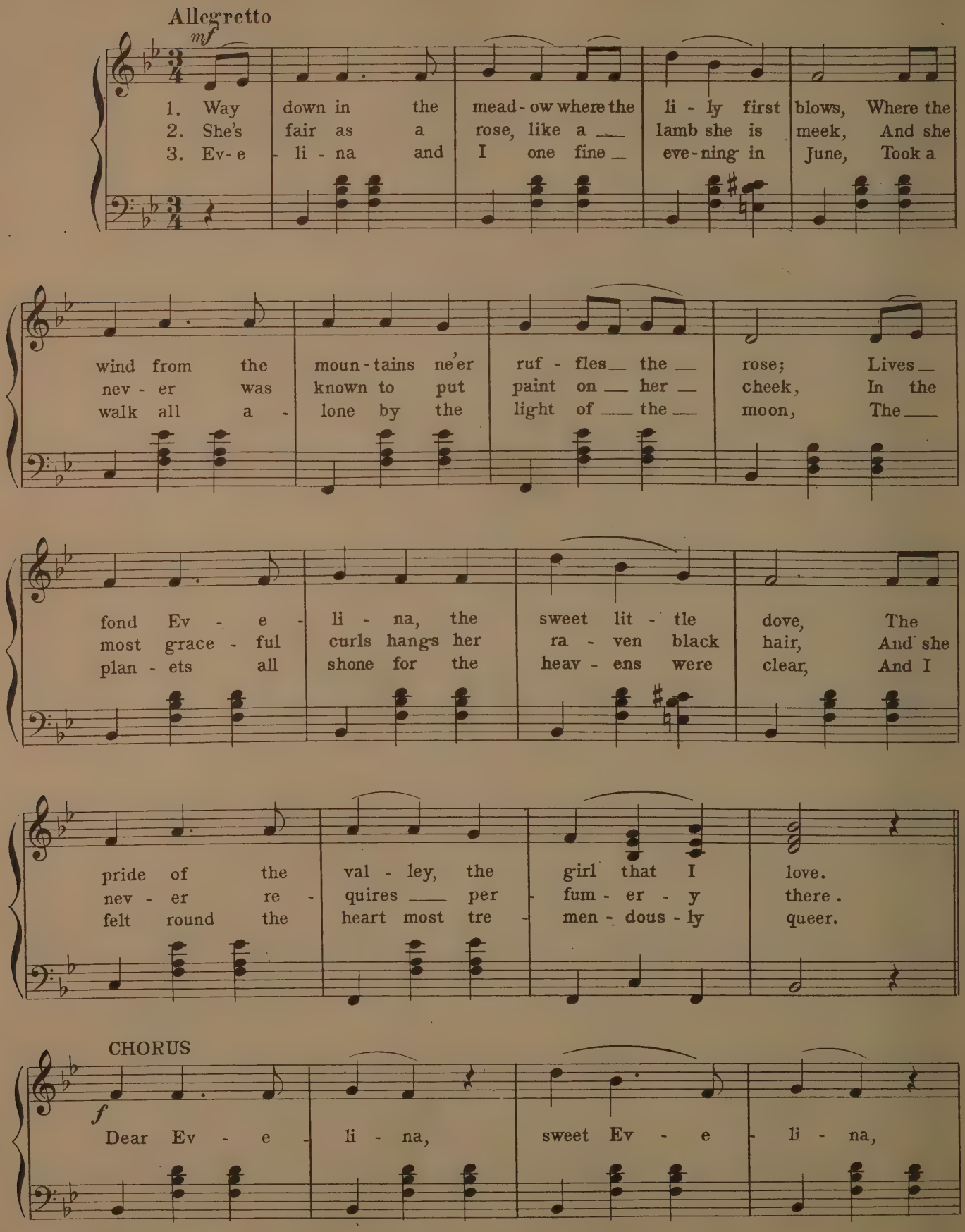

mf
1. The moon on the o - cean was dim'd by a rip-ple, Af- ford-ing a che-quered light; The
2. Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships," And some "the con - sti - tu-tion;" Some


"gay, jol-ly tars pass'd the word for a tip-ple, And the toast, for 'twas Sat-ur-day night, Some
"may our foes and all such rips Yield to Eng-lish res - o - lu-tion!" That


mf
sweet-heart or wife, He lov'd as his life, Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her;
fate might bless some Poll or Bess, And that they soon might hail her;
But the stand ing toast that



Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina


Allegretto
mf
1. Way down in the mead-ow where the li-ly first blows, Where the
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
3. Ev-e-li-na and I one fine eve-ning in June, Took a
wind from the moun-tains ne'er ruf-fles the rose; Lives
nev-er was known to put paint on her cheek, In the
walk all a-lone by the light of the moon, The
fond Ev-e-li-na, the sweet lit-tle dove, The
most grace-ful curls hangs her ra-ven black hair, And she
plan-ets all shone for the heav-ens were clear, And I
pride of the val-ley, the girl that I love.
nev-er re-quires per-fum-er-y there.
felt round the heart most tre-men-dous-ly queer.
CHORUS
f
Dear Ev-e-li-na, sweet Ev-e-li-na,

My love for thee shall nev - er, nev-er die.

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,

My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

Forty-Nine Bottles

Moderato

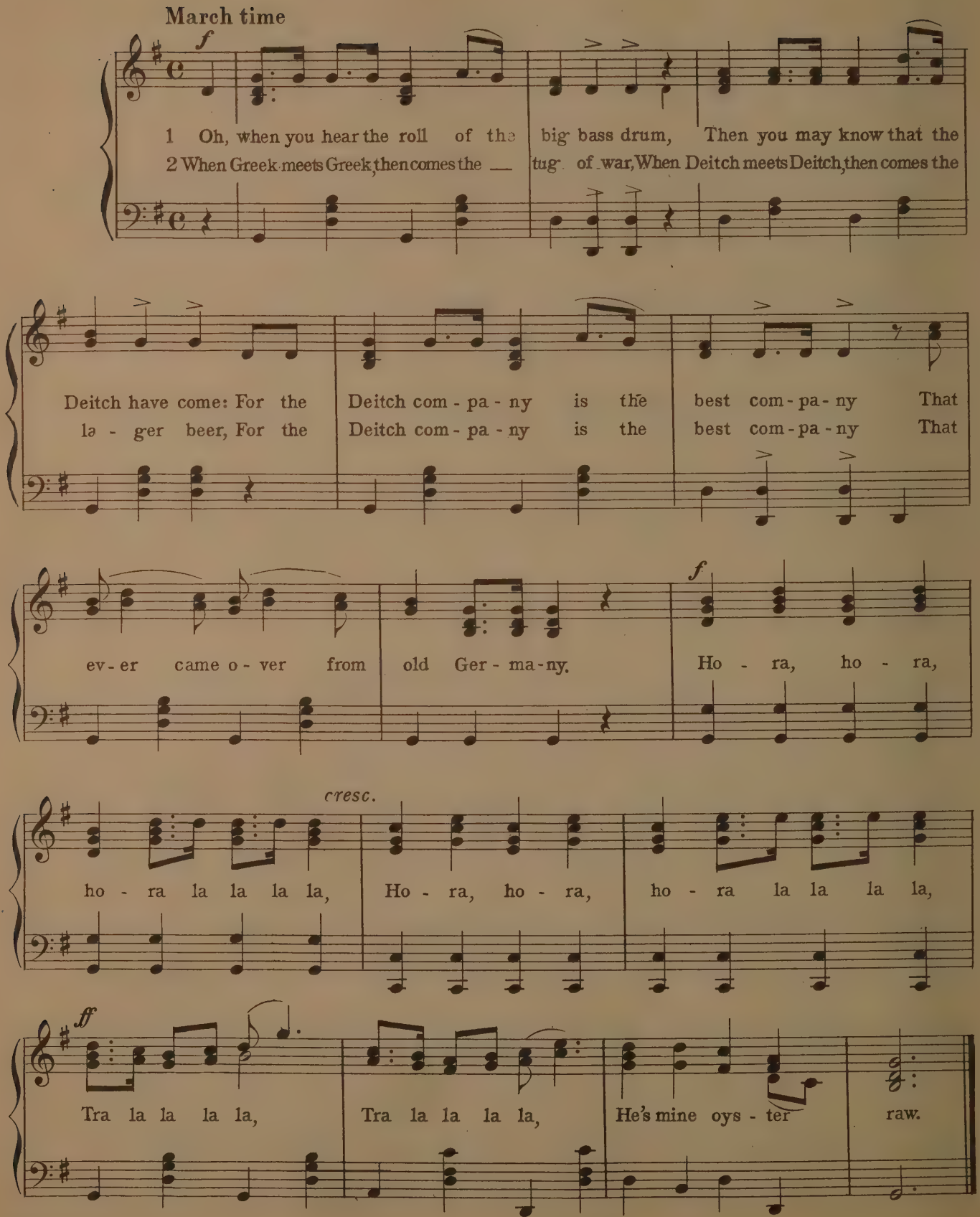
f *cresc.*

1 For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall,
2, 3 etc Forty-eight bot-tles etc

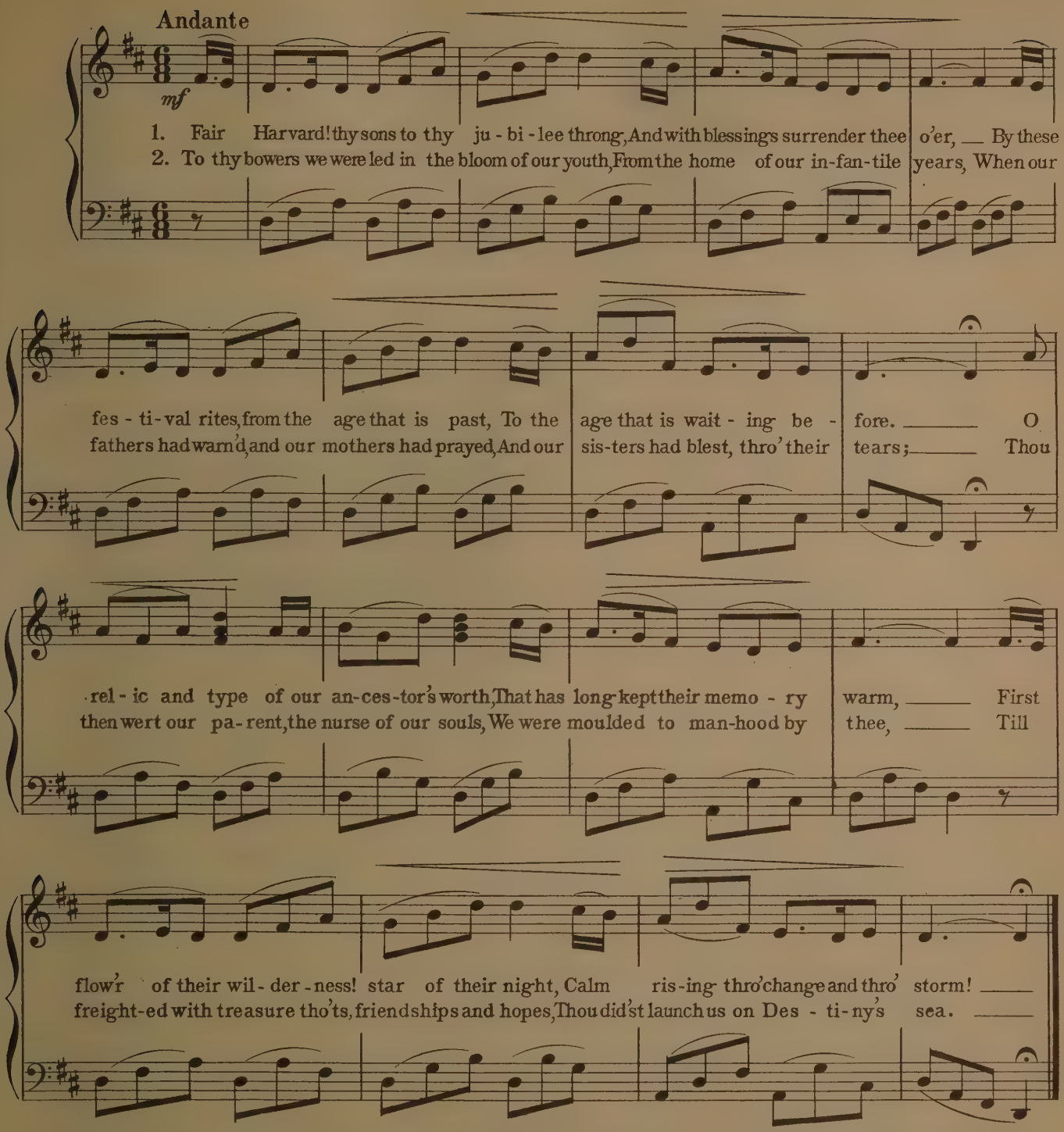
dim.

Take one a - way from them all, For - ty - eight bot - tles hang-ing on the wall.

The Dutch Company


March time
f
1 Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2 When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the
Deitch have come: For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
la - ger beer, For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny.
f
Ho - ra, ho - ra,
cresc.
ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la,
ff
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He's mine oys - ter raw.

Fair Harvard

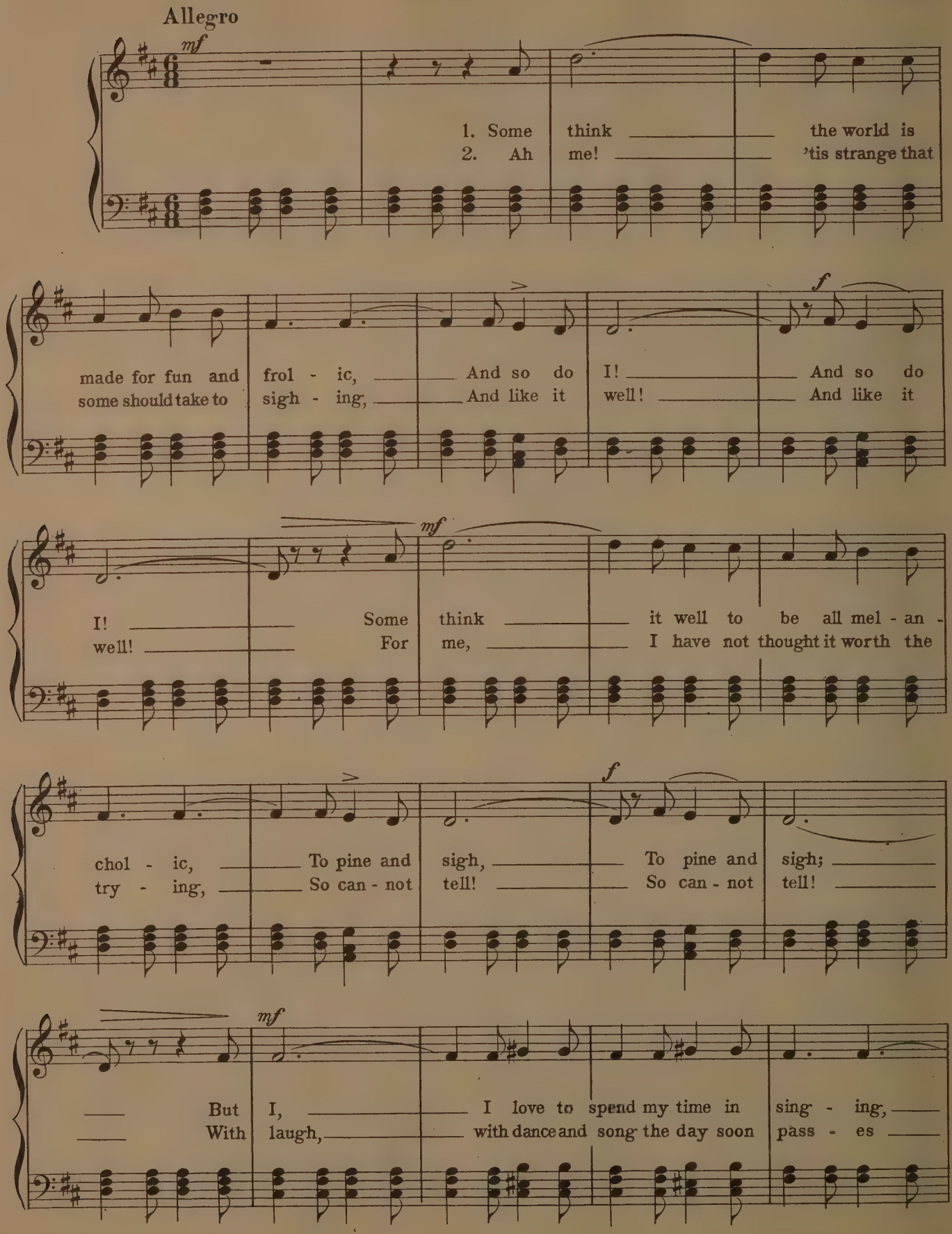

Andante
mf
1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with blessings surrender thee o'er, — By these
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile years, When our
fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. — O
fathers had warm'd, and our mothers had prayed, And our sis-ters had blest, thro' their tears; — Thou
·rel - ic and type of our an-ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their memo - ry warm, — First
then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our souls, We were moulded to man-hood by thee, — Till
flow'r of their wil - der - ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm! —
freight-ed with treasure tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea. —

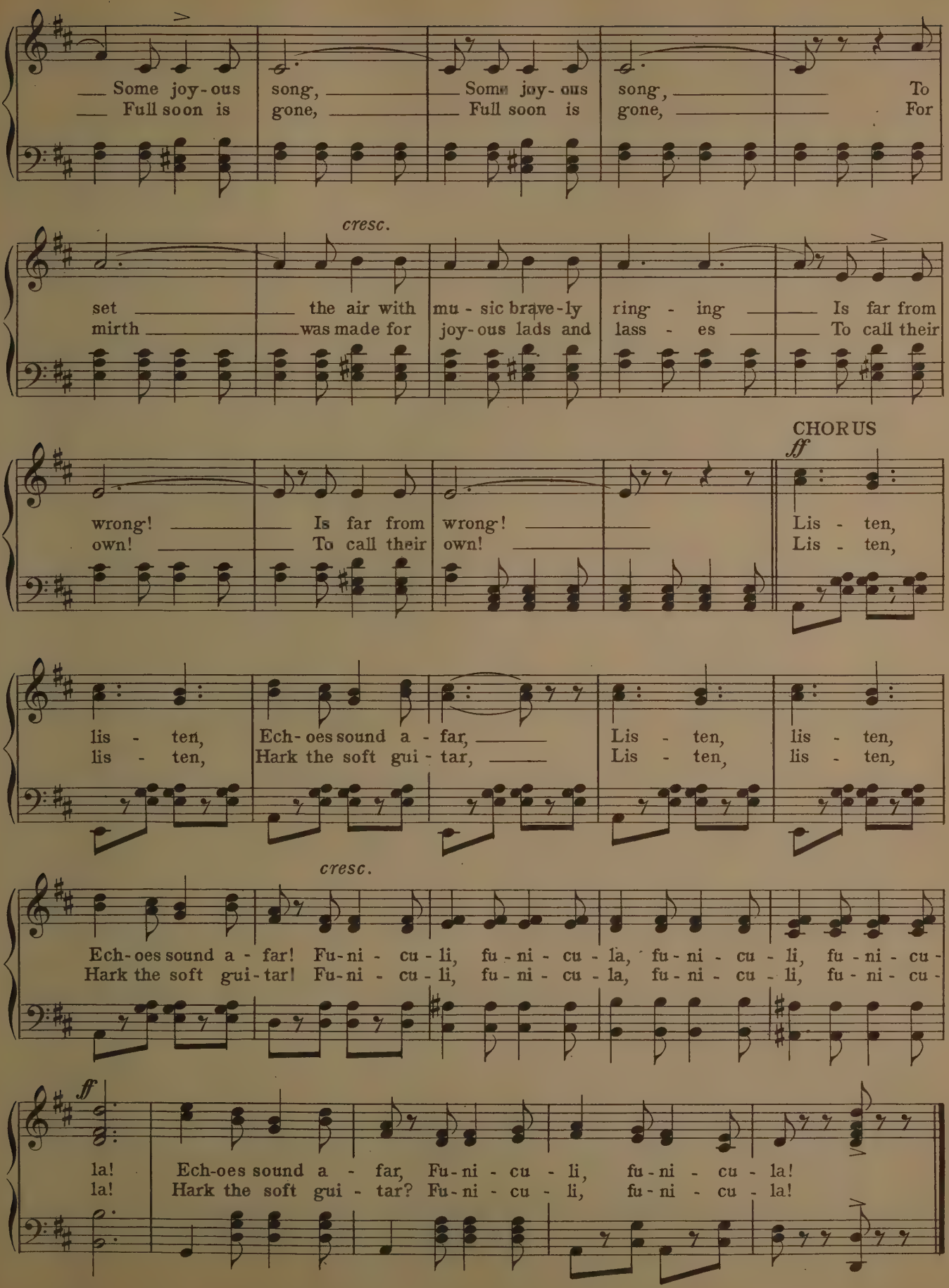
3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing; thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

Funiculi, Funicula

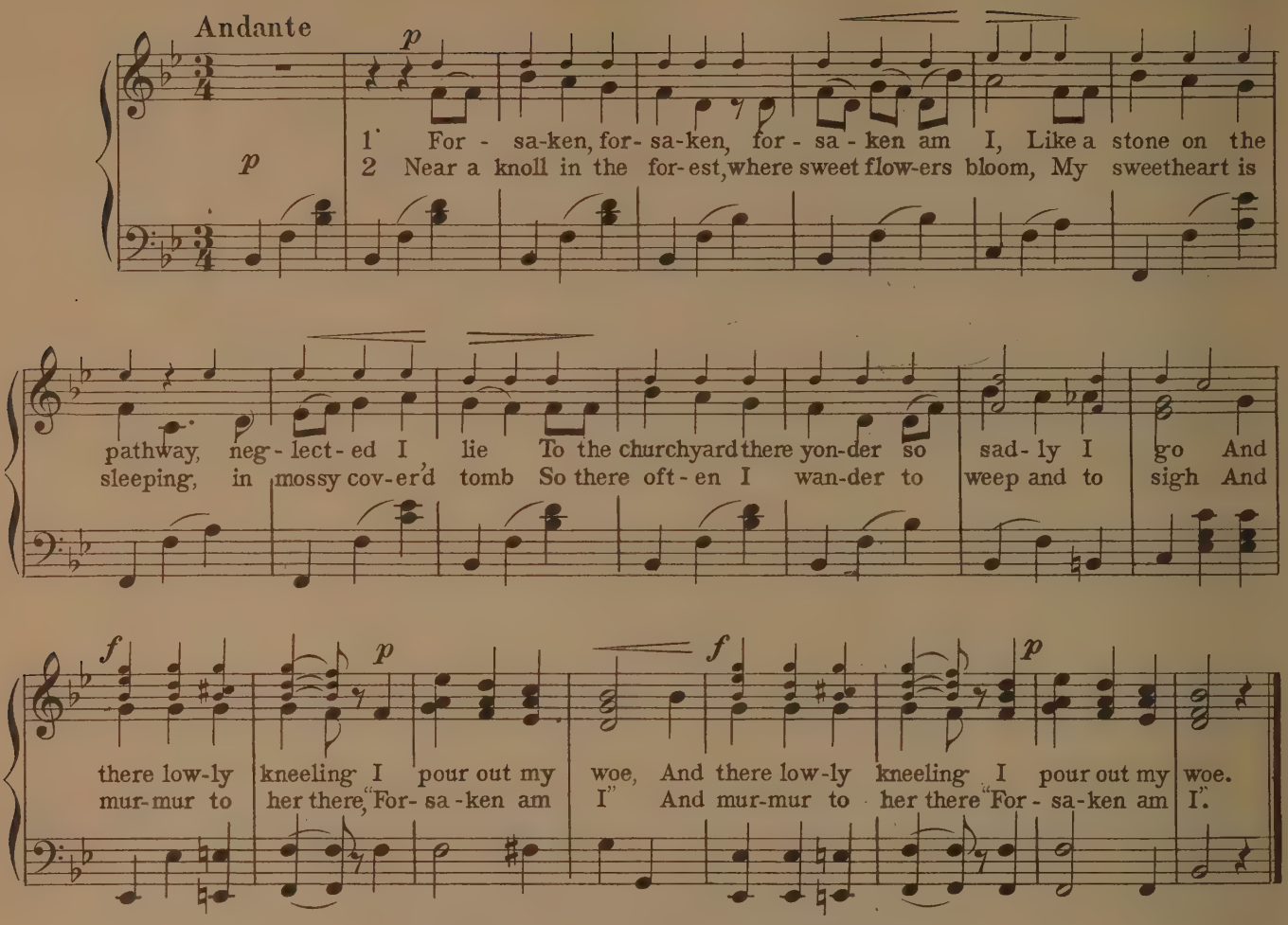
L. DENZA


Allegro
mf
1. Some think the world is
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that
made for fun and frol - ic, And so do I! And so do
some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well! And like it
f
I! Some think it well to be all mel - an -
well! For me, I have not thought it worth the
mf
chol - ic, To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh;
try - ing, So can - not tell! So can - not tell!
f
But I, I love to spend my time in sing - ing,
With laugh, with dance and song the day soon pass - es
mf


Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song, To
Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone, For
cresc.
set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing Is far from
mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass-es To call their
CHORUS
ff
wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis-ten,
own! To call their own! Lis-ten,
lis-ten, Ech-oes sound a-far, Lis-ten, lis-ten,
lis-ten, Hark the soft gui-tar, Lis-ten, lis-ten,
cresc.
Ech-oes sound a-far! Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-
Hark the soft gui-tar! Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-
ff
la! Ech-oes sound a-far, Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la!
la! Hark the soft gui-tar? Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la!

Forsaken

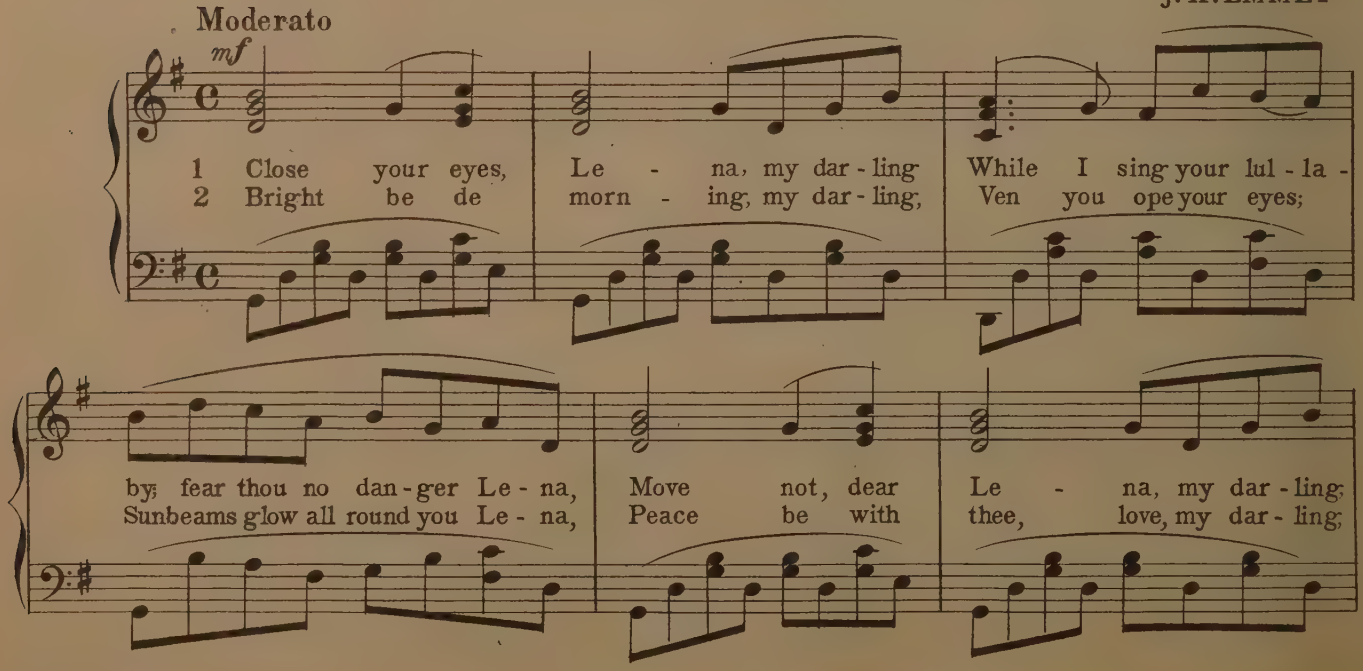
THOMAS KOSCHAT

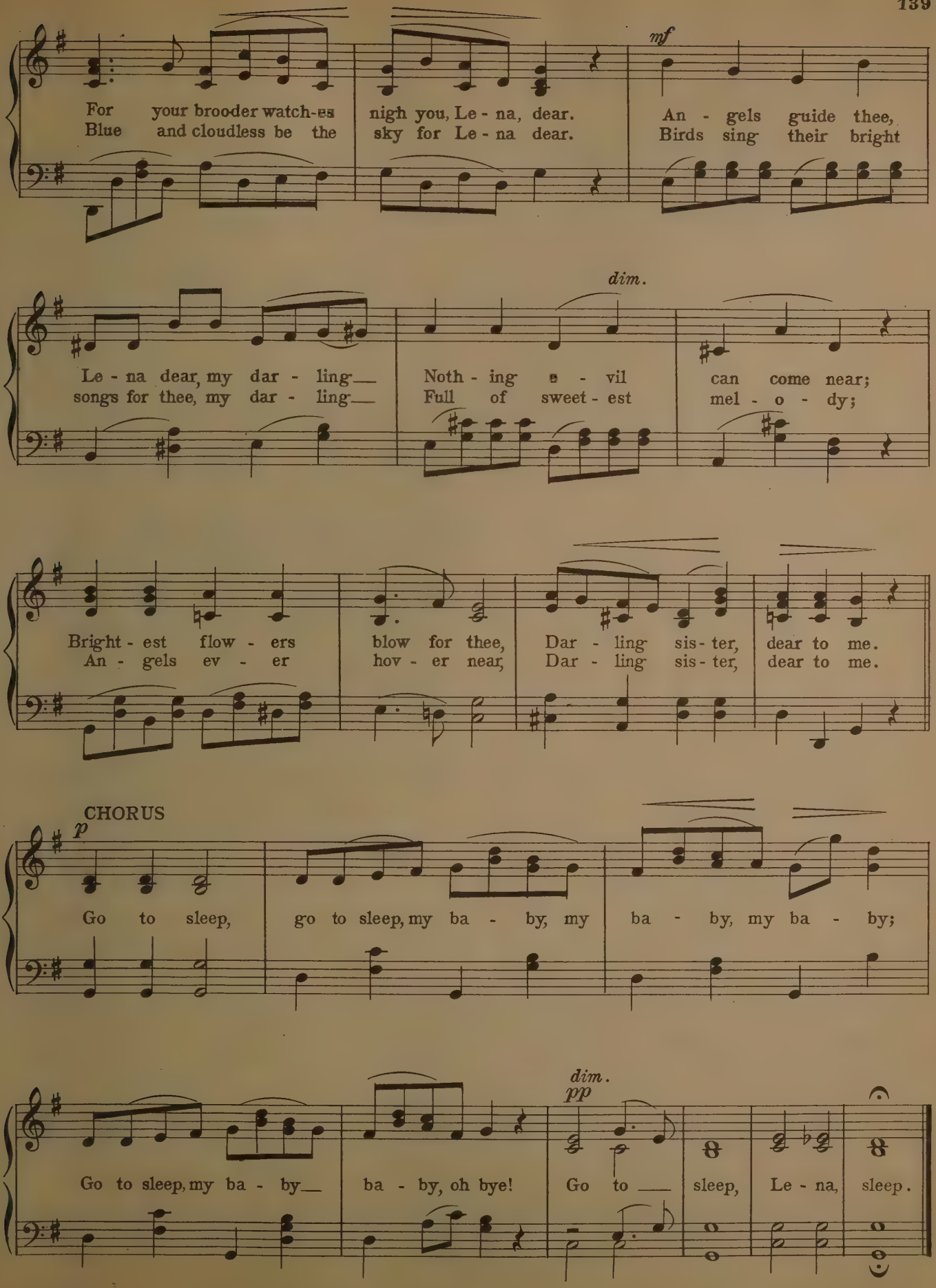

Andante
p
1 For - sa-ken, for- sa-ken, for - sa - ken am I, Like a stone on the
2 Near a knoll in the for-est, where sweet flow-ers bloom, My sweetheart is
pathway, neg - lect - ed I lie To the churchyard there yon-der so sad - ly I go And
sleeping, in mossy cov-er'd tomb So there oft - en I wan-der to weep and to sigh And
f p f p
there low-ly kneeling I pour out my woe, And there low-ly kneeling I pour out my woe.
mur-mur to her there, "For- sa - ken am I" And mur-mur to her there "For - sa-ken am I".

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(EMMET'S LULLABY)

J. K. EMMET


Moderato
mf
1 Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar - ling While I sing your lul - la -
2 Bright be de morn - ing, my dar - ling; Ven you ope your eyes;
by; fear thou no dan - ger Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar - ling;
Sunbeams glow all round you Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar - ling;


mf
For your brooder watch-es nigh you, Le - na, dear. An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright
dim.
Le - na dear, my dar - ling— Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling— Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy;
Bright - est flow - ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
CHORUS
p
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;
dim.
pp
Go to sleep, my ba - by— ba - by, oh bye! Go to — sleep, Le - na, sleep.

Eton Boating Song

By A.D.E.W.

With spirit

mf

1 Jol - ly boat - ing weather, And a hay har - vest breeze,
2 Oth-ers will fill our places, Dress'd in the old light blue,
3 Twenty years hence this weather, May tempt us from of - fice stools,

Blade on the feather,
We'll re-col - lect our ra - ces,
We may be slow on the feather,

p

Shade off the
We'll to the flag be
And seem to the boys old

mf

trees, Swing; swing to - geth - er With your
true, And youth will be still in our fa - ces, When we
fools, But we'll still stick to - geth - er, And

cresc.

backs be - tween your knees,
cheer for an E - ton crew,
swear by the best of schools,

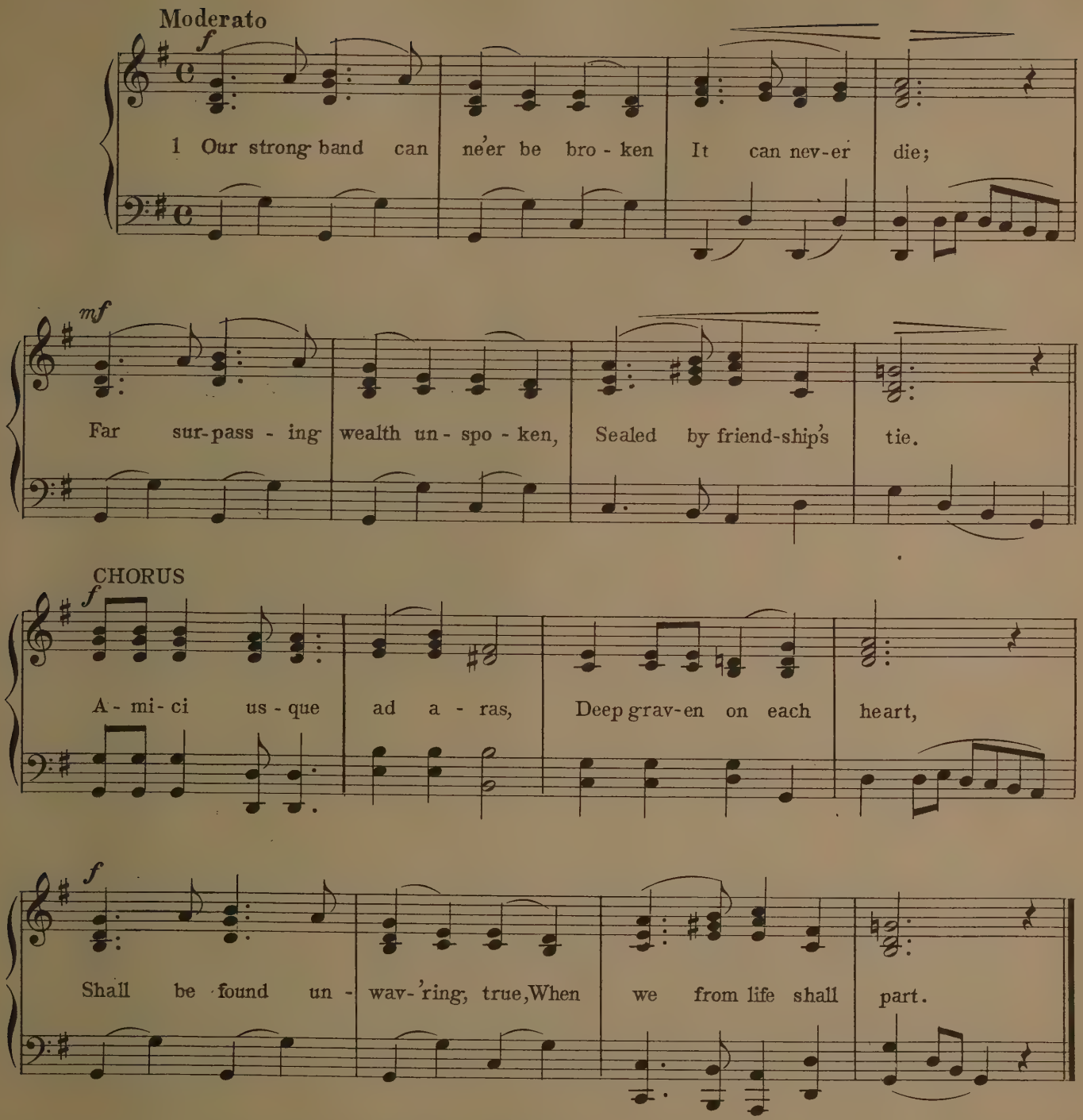
f

Swing; swing to -
And youth will be still in our
But we'll still stick to -

cresc.

gether, With your backs be - tween your knees.
fa - ces, When we cheer for an E - ton crew.
geth - er, And swear by the best of schools.

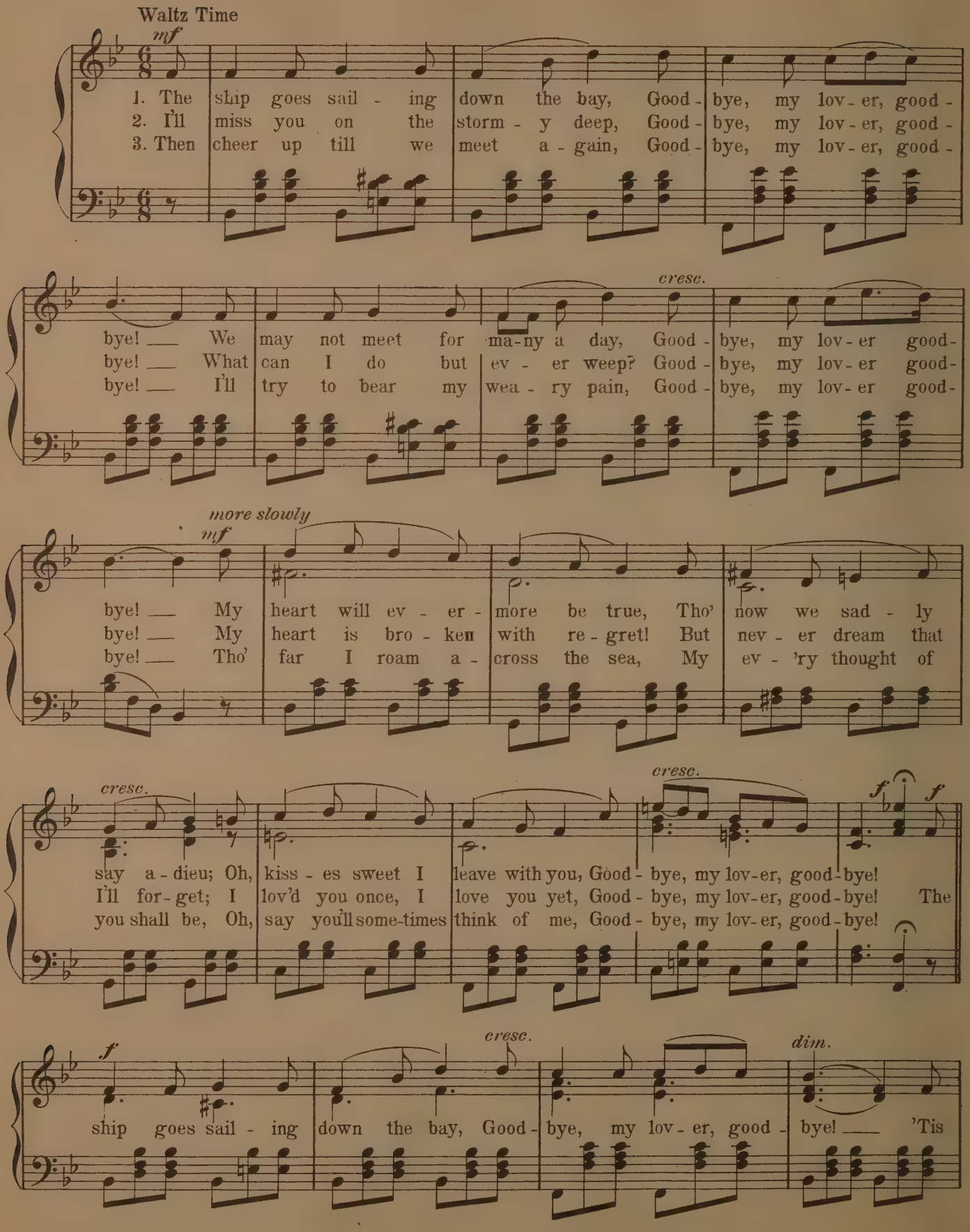
Amici

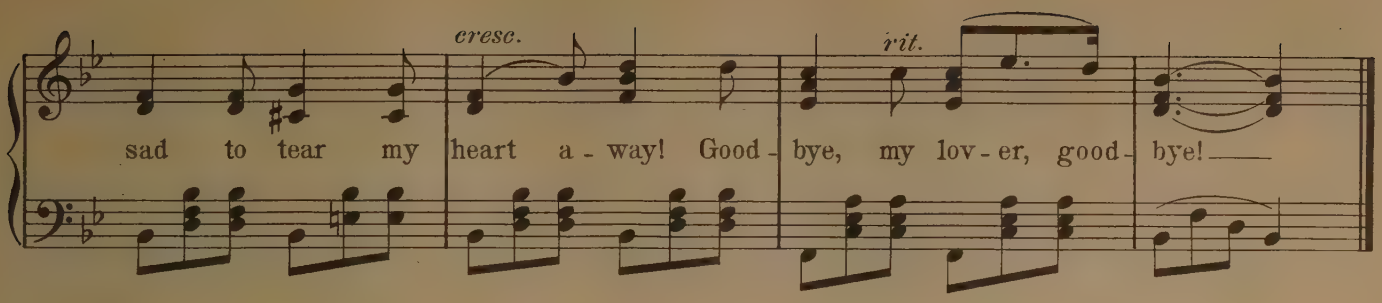

Moderato
f
1 Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken It can nev-er die;
mf
Far sur-pass - ing wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie.
CHORUS
f
A - mi - ci us - que ad a - ras, Deep grav-en on each heart,
f
Shall be found un - wav-'ring, true, When we from life shall part.

2 Mem'ry's leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back, o'er life's broad track,
To pleasures long gone by.

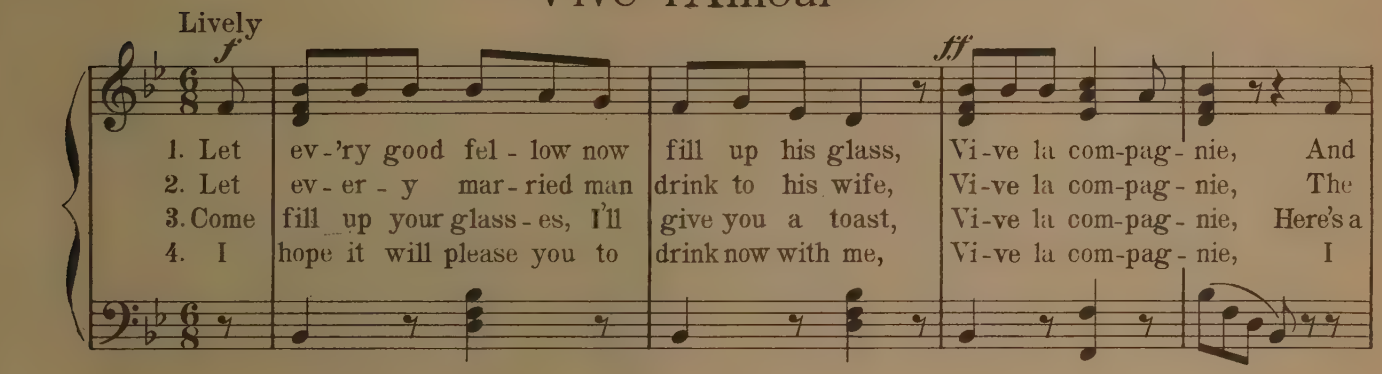
3 College life is swiftly passing;
Soon its sands are run;
But while we live we'll ever cherish
Friendships here begun.

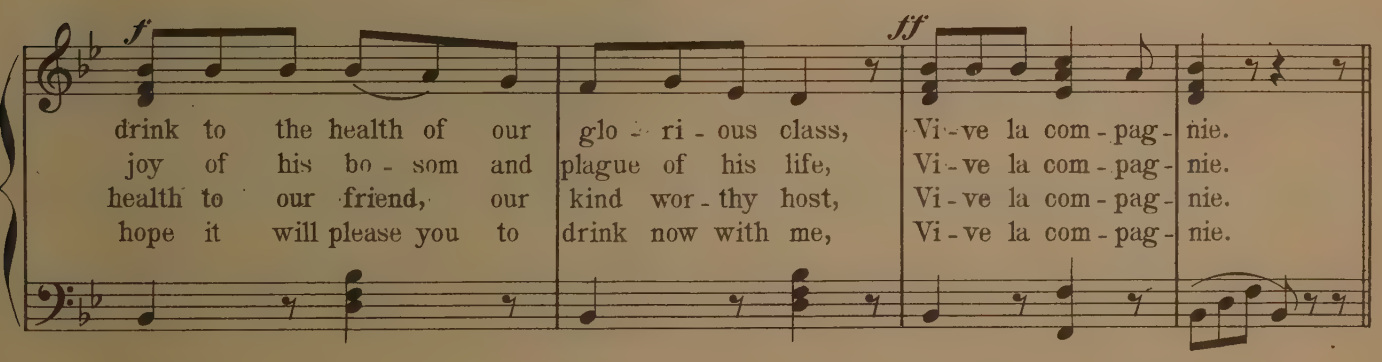
Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

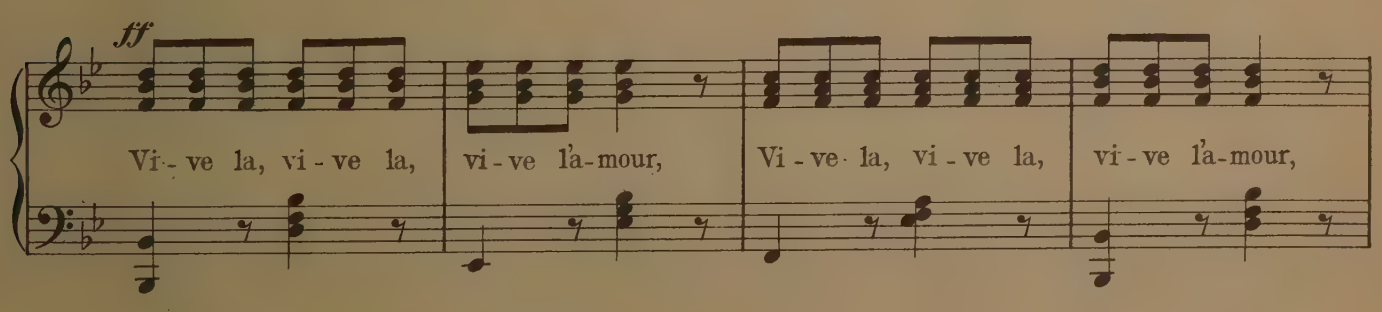

Waltz Time
mf
1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good -
2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good -
3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good -
cresc.
bye! We may not meet for ma - ny a day, Good - bye, my lov - er good -
bye! What can I do but ev - er weep? Good - bye, my lov - er good -
bye! I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good - bye, my lov - er good -
more slowly
mf
bye! My heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly
bye! My heart is bro - ken with re - gret! But nev - er dream that
bye! Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of
cresc.
cresc.
f
f
say a - dieu; Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
I'll for - get; I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye! The
you shall be, Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
f
cresc.
dim.
ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye! 'Tis

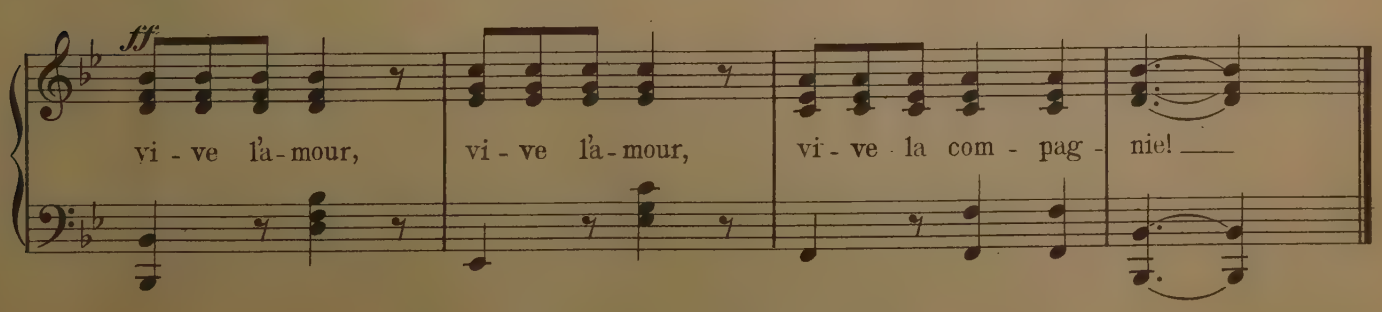

cresc.
rit.
sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

Vive l'Amour

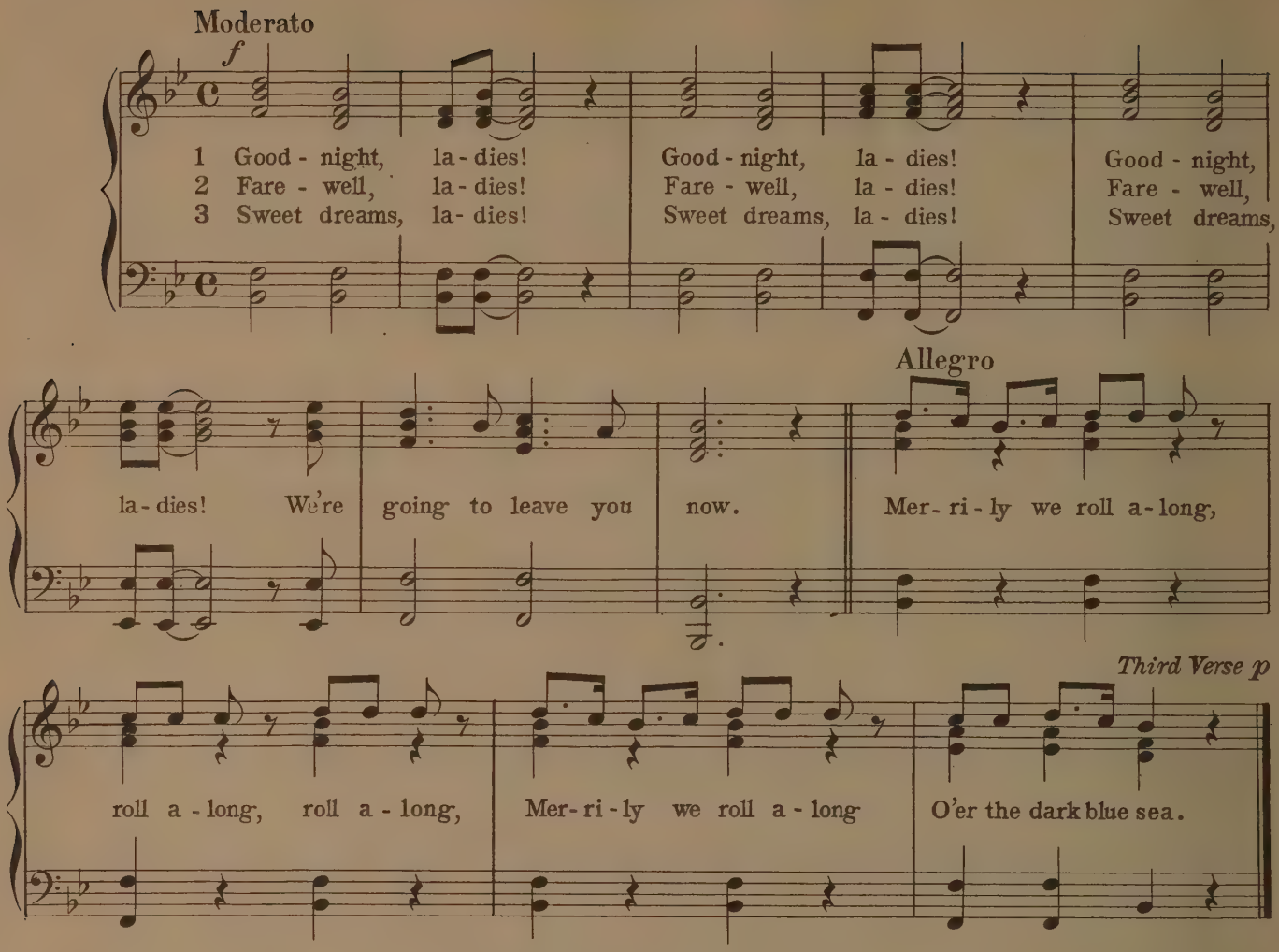

Lively
f
ff
1. Let ev-'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pag - nie, And
2. Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pag - nie, The
3. Come fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi-ve la com-pag - nie, Here's a
4. I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi-ve la com-pag - nie, I


f
ff
drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi-ve la com - pag - nie.
joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi-ve la com - pag - nie.
health to our friend, our kind wor - thy host, Vi-ve la com - pag - nie.
hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi-ve la com - pag - nie.

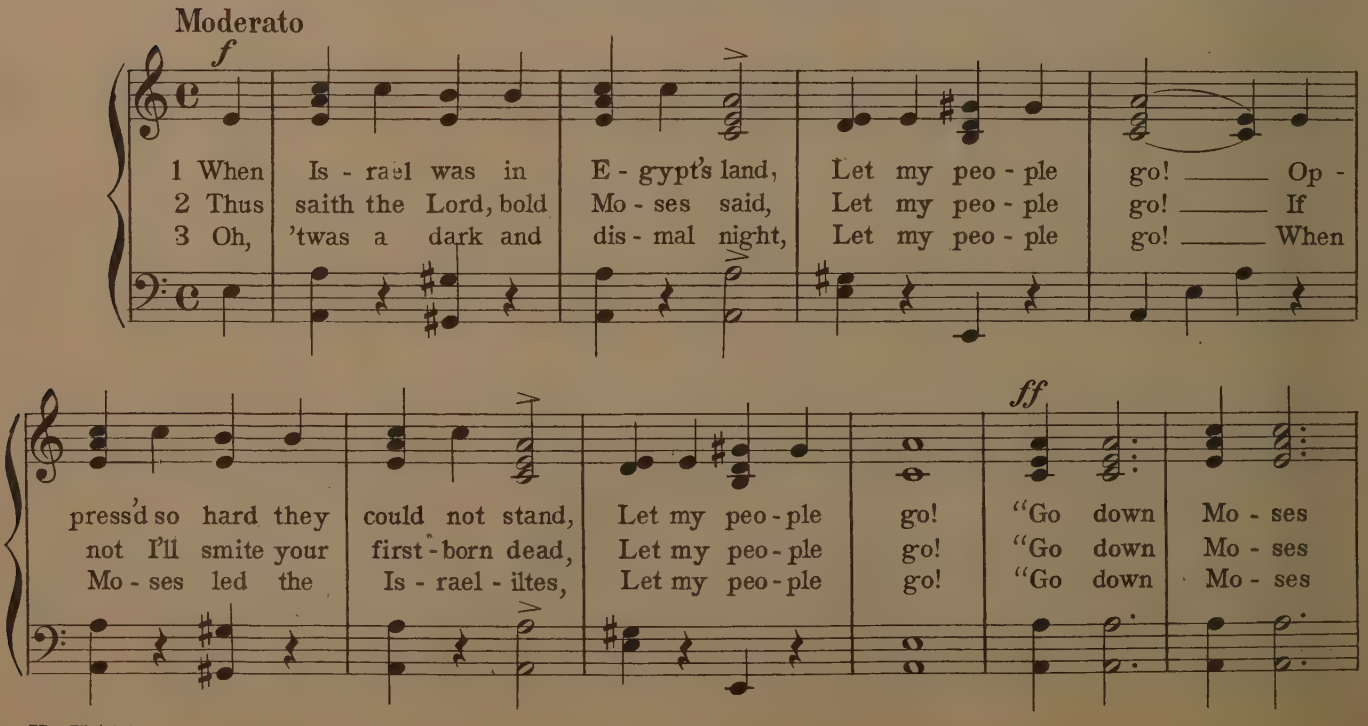

ff
Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a-mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a-mour,

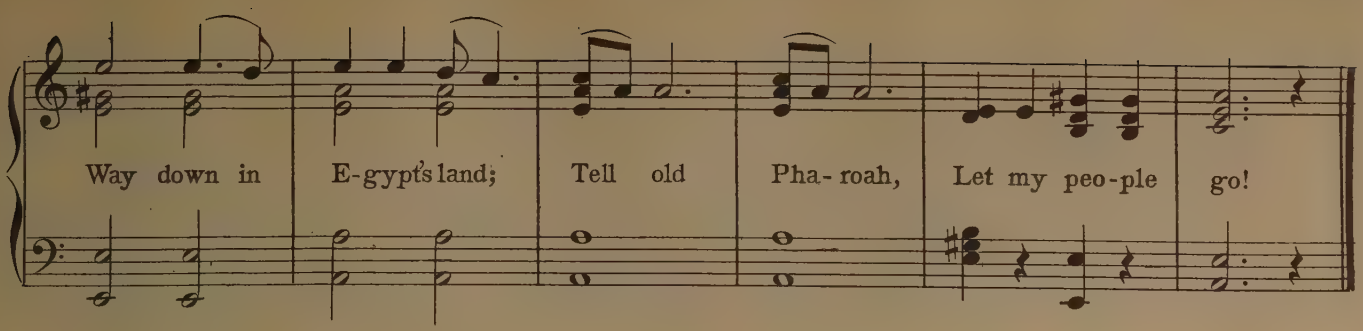

ff
vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

Good-Night, Ladies


Moderato
f
1 Good - night, la - dies! Good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
2 Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
3 Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,
Allegro
la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
Third Verse p
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the dark blue sea.

Go Down Moses


Moderato
f
1 When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land, Let my peo - ple go! Op -
2 Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo - ses said, Let my peo - ple go! If
3 Oh, 'twas a dark and dis - mal night, Let my peo - ple go! When
ff
press'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go! "Go down Mo - ses
not I'll smite your first - born dead, Let my peo - ple go! "Go down Mo - ses
Mo - ses led the Is - rael - ites, Let my peo - ple go! "Go down Mo - ses



Happy Are We To-Night

Cheerfully

f

1 Hap-py are we to - night, boys, Hap-py, hap-py are we; ___ The
2 Man-y will be the mile, boys, Man-y, man-y the mile ___ That
3 Wear-y we may re - turn, boys, Wear-y, wear-y at last, ___ But

hearts that we de - light, boys, With us may hap - py be. ___
we shall rove and smile, boys, With those we ne'er be - guile. ___ The
mem-o - ry will learn, boys, To love the hap - py past. ___

Fine

mf

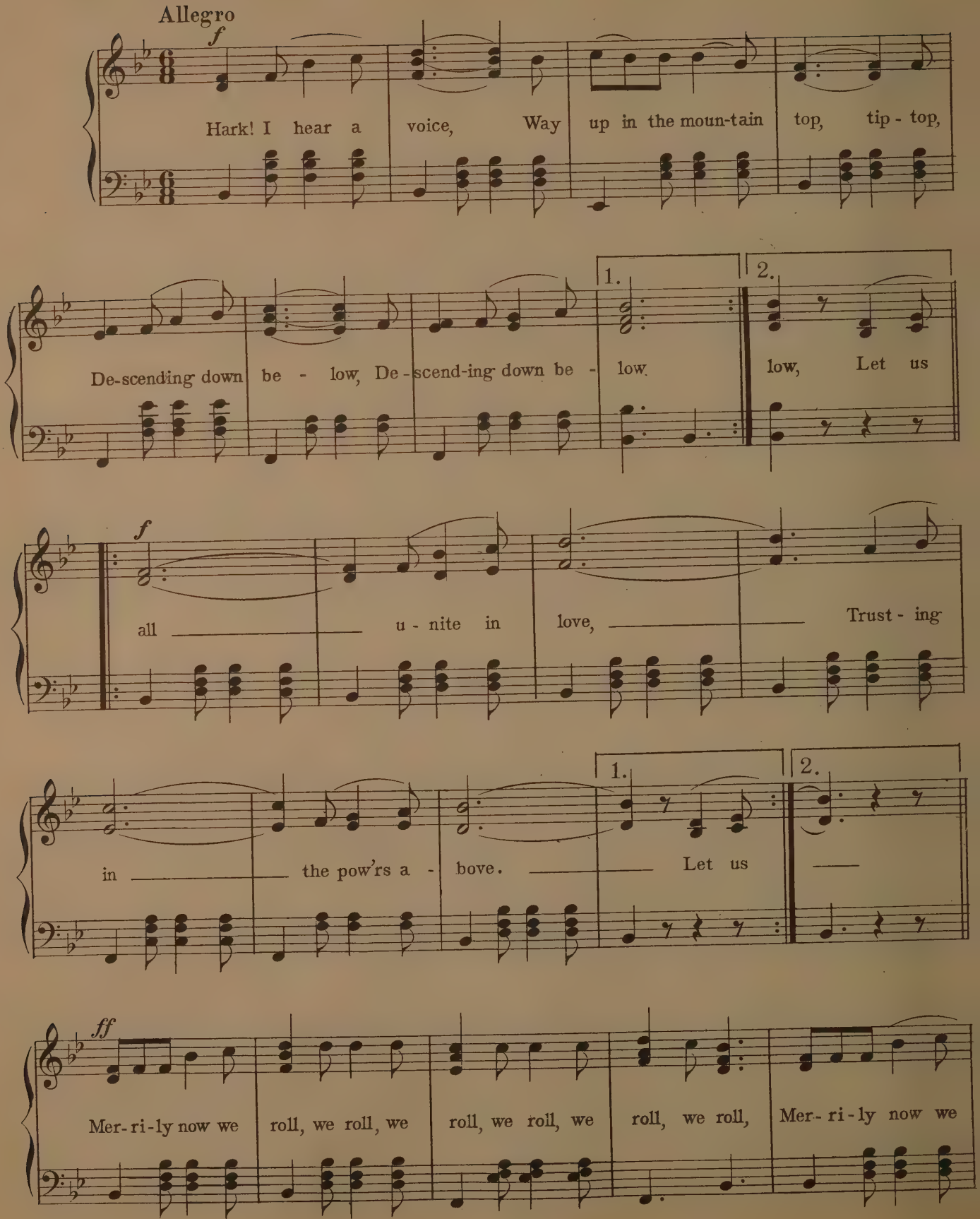
Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And sigh for those in pain, ___ The
voi - ces we have oft - en heard, And fa - ces we have met, ___ Like
Age may brings us gloom - y hours, And time may make us sad, ___ But

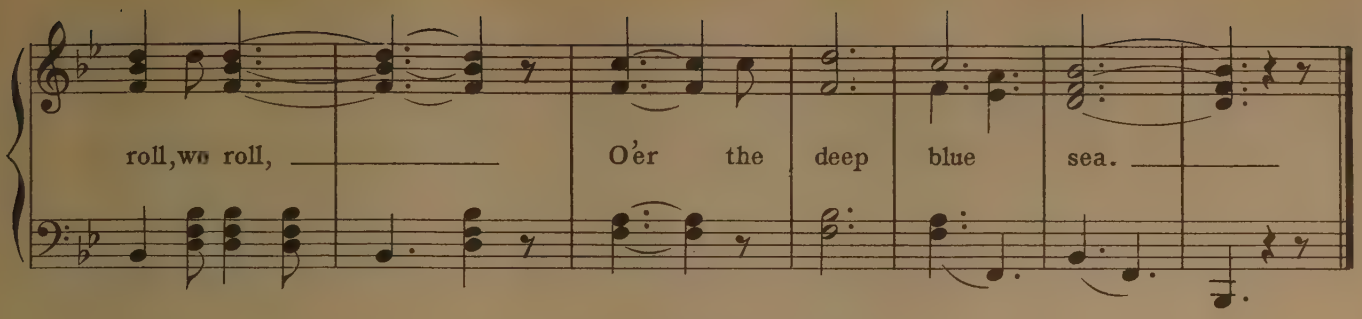
f

most of us have met be - fore, And now we meet a - gain. ___
tones of sweet-est mel - o - dy, We nev - er can for - get. ___
we to - night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad. ___

D.C. al Fine

Hark! I Hear a Voice


Allegro
f
Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun-tain top, tip - top,
De-scending down be - low, De - scend-ing down be - low.
1.
2.
low, Let us
f
all u - nite in love, Trust - ing
in the pow'rs a - bove.
1.
2.
Let us
ff
Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we



In Cellar Cool

L. FISCHER (Adapted)

Slowly

mf

1 In cel - lar cool I sit me here, Up - on a pipe at leisure, And
2 Poor me a thirst - y de - mon plagues But I shall sure - ly fright him, And

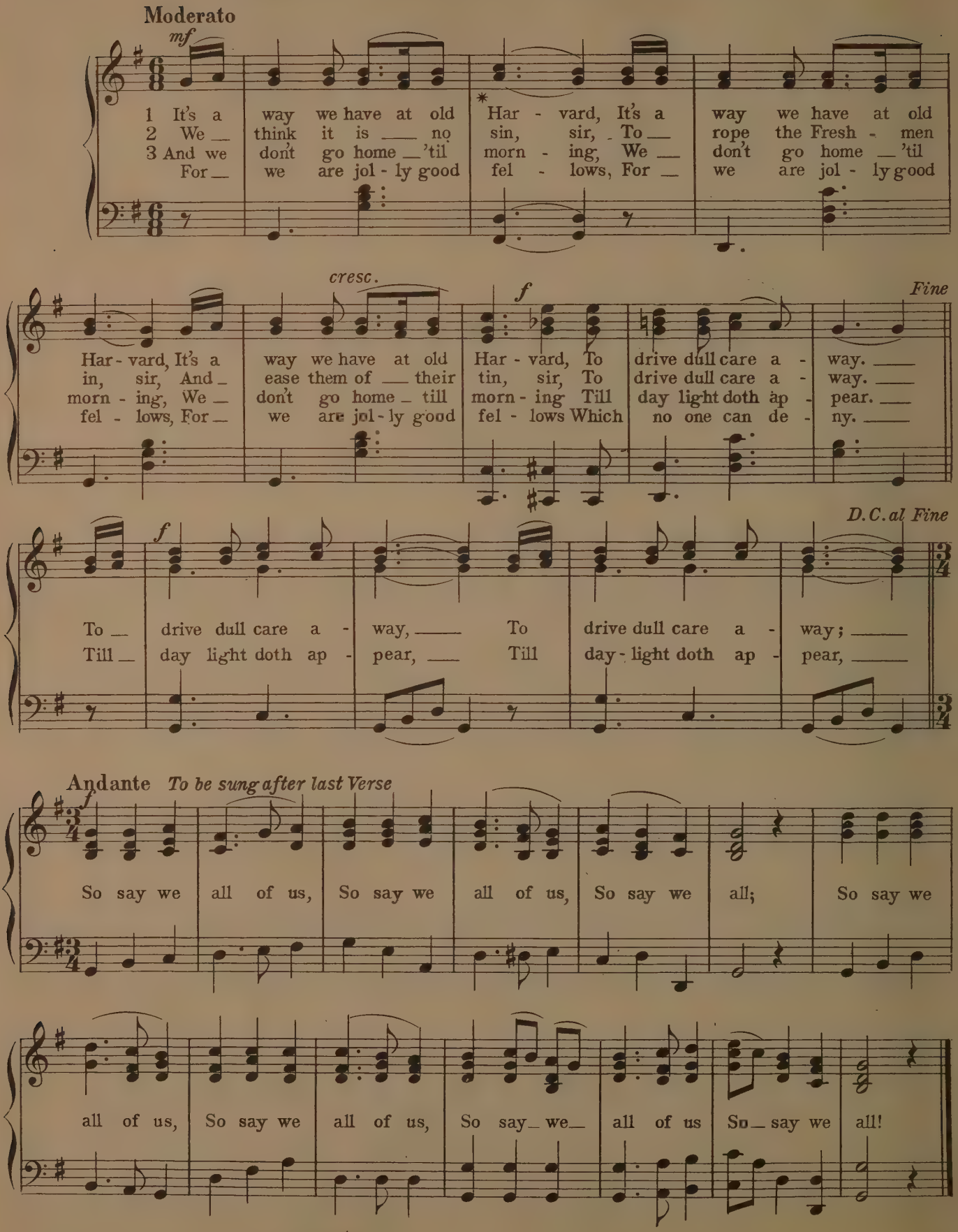
with a cheer - ful mind I or - der Wine in right good measure; The
with my wine - glass in my hand, I'll up and brave - ly fight him; The

tap - ter draws a migh - ty glass When he be - holds me wink - ing I
whole world seems ro - sy red and ev - er to my think - ing I'd

hold my cup high in the air, When I'm drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.
do no harm to an - y man When I'm drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.

rit.

It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard


Moderato
mf
1 It's a way we have at old * Har - vard, It's a way we have at old
2 We _ think it is _ no sin, sir, _ To _ rope the Fresh - men
3 And we don't go home _ 'til morn - ing, We _ don't go home _ 'til
For _ we are jol - ly good fel - lows, For _ we are jol - ly good
cresc.
f
Fine
Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way.
in, sir, And _ ease them of _ their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
morn - ing, We _ don't go home _ till morn - ing Till day light doth ap - pear.
fel - lows, For _ we are jol - ly good fel - lows Which no one can de - ny.
D.C. al Fine
f
To _ drive dull care a - way, _ To drive dull care a - way;
Till _ day light doth ap - pear, _ Till day - light doth ap - pear,
Andante
To be sung after last Verse
f
So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all; So say we
all of us, So say we all of us, So say _ we _ all of us So _ say we all!

* *The name of any other college may be substituted.*

Integer Vitae

HORATIUS

Slowly

mf

1 In - te-ger vi-tae scel-e-ris-que pu - rus Non-e -get Mau - ris jac-u - lis, nec
2 Si - ve per Syr-tes i - ter aes-tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in-hos-pi -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus-ce pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quae lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam-bit Hy - das - pes.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

Lively

f

1 Come, land-lord fill the flow-ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
2 The man who drinds good whis - key punch And goes to bed quite mel-low,
3 The man who drinds cold wa - ter pure And goes to bed quite so - ber,

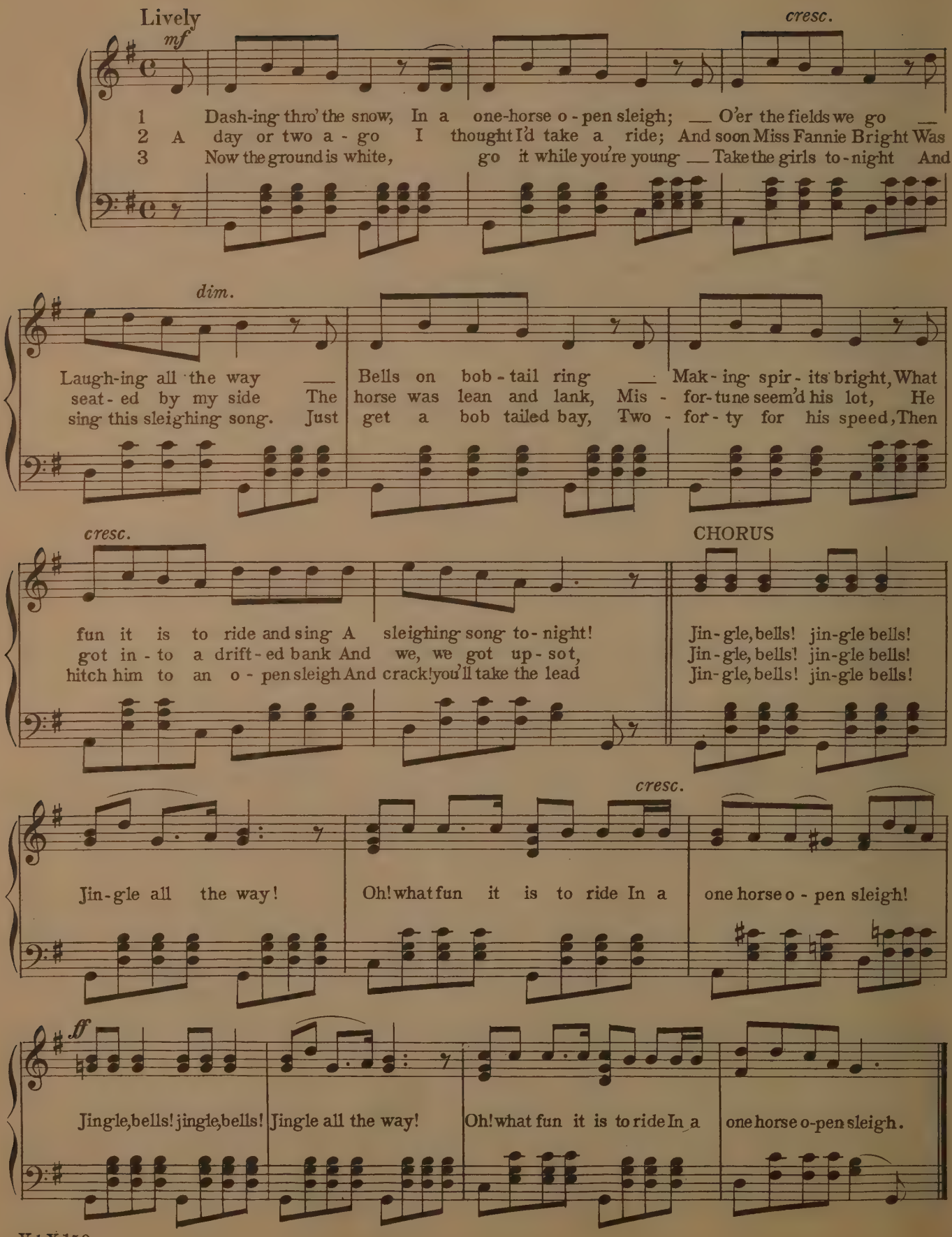
f

He lives just as he ought to live, He lives just as he ought to live, He
He falls just as the leaves do fall, He falls just as the leaves do fall, He

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer ry be,

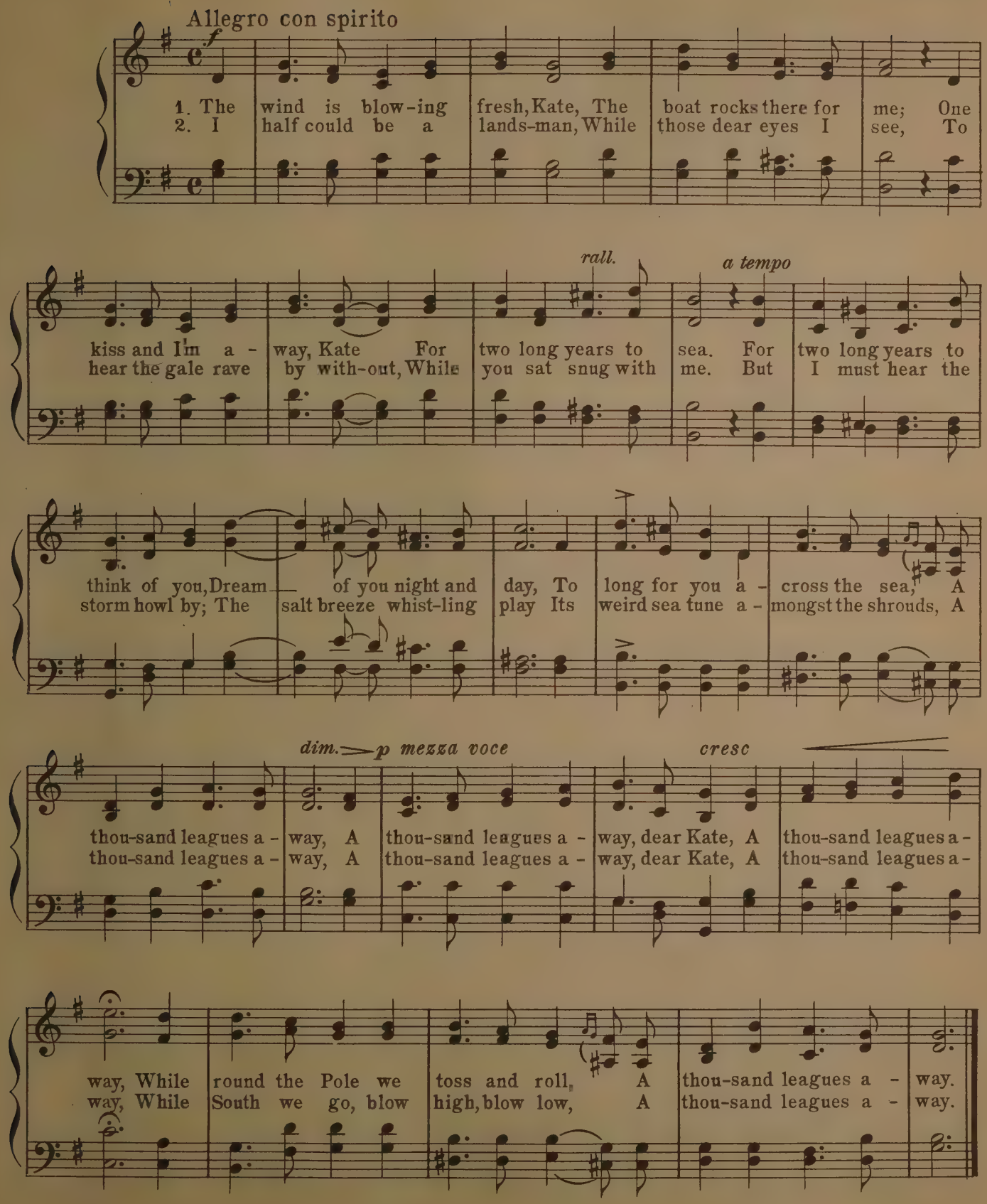
For to night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.
lives just as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
falls just as the leaves do fall So ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.

Jingle Bells


Lively
mf
cresc.
1 Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go
2 A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was
3 Now the ground is white, go it while you're young Take the girls to-night And
dim.
Laugh-ing all the way Bells on bob - tail ring Mak - ing spir - its bright, What
seat - ed by my side The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for-tune seem'd his lot, He
sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob tailed bay, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then
cresc.
CHORUS
fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank And we, we got up - sot,
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh And crack! you'll take the lead
Jin - gle, bells! jin-gle bells!
Jin - gle, bells! jin-gle bells!
Jin - gle, bells! jin-gle bells!
cresc.
Jin - gle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!
ff
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o-pen sleigh.

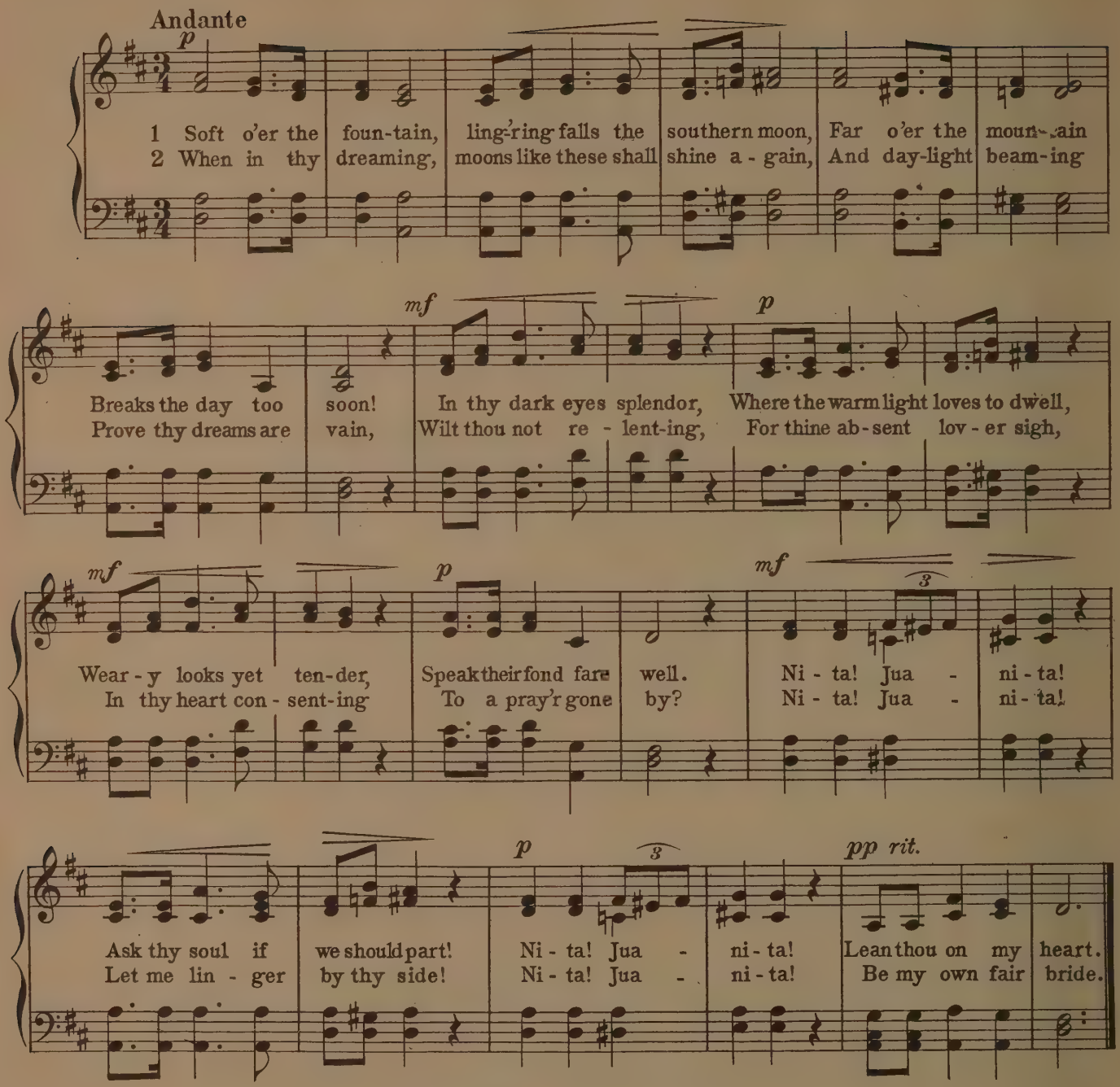
A Thousand Leagues Away

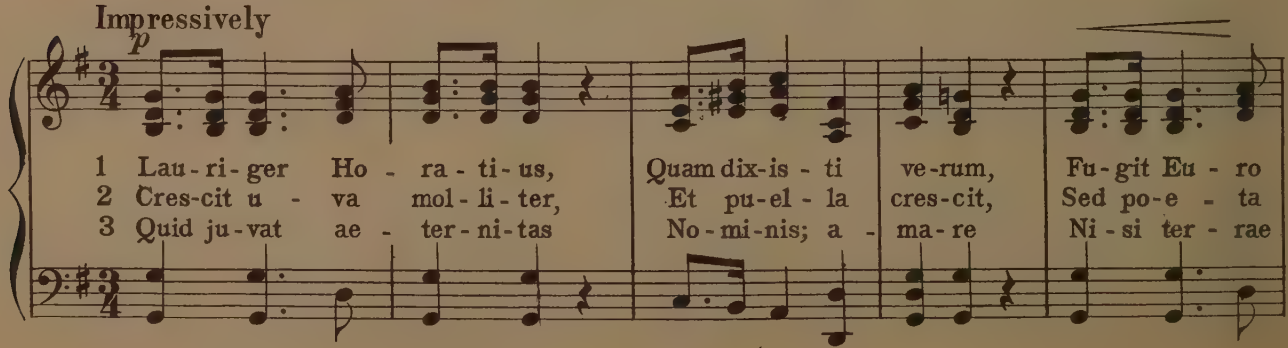
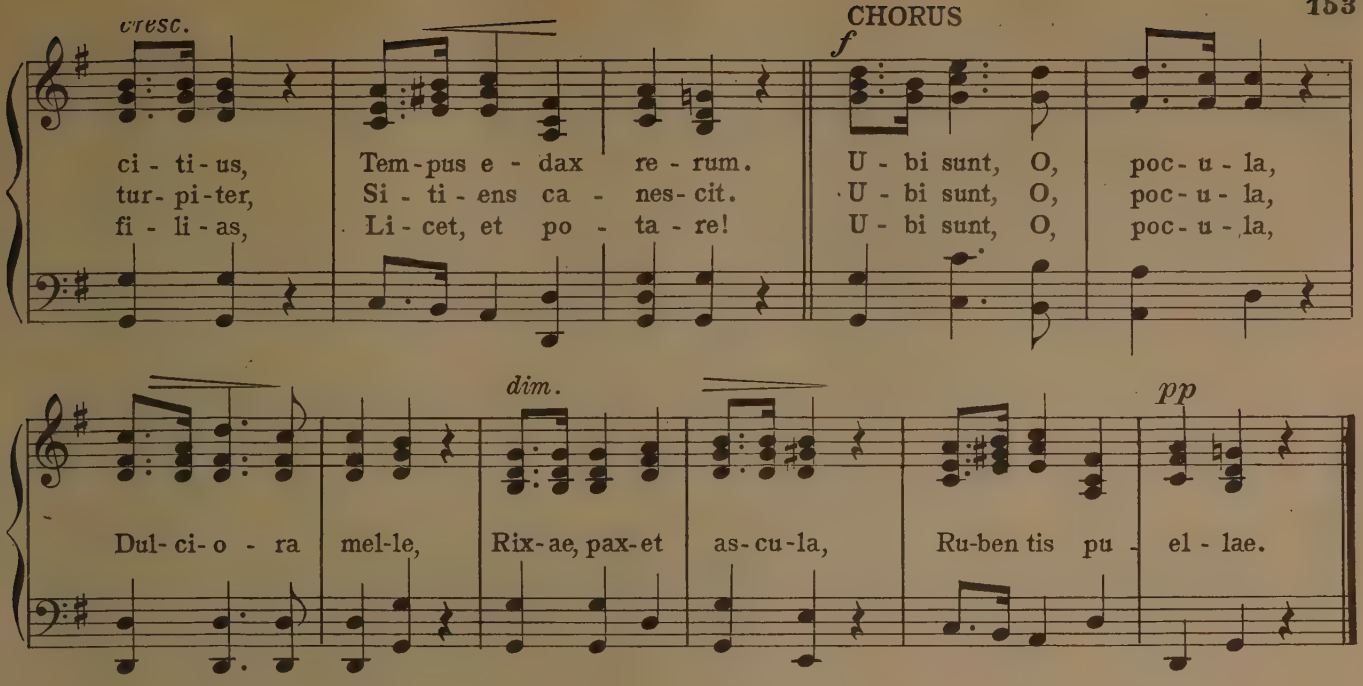
J. BARNBY


Allegro con spirito
f
1. The wind is blow-ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One
2. I half could be a lands-man, While those dear eyes I see, To
kiss and I'm a - way, Kate For two long years to sea. For two long years to
hear the gale rave by with-out, While you sat snug with me. But I must hear the
rall.
a tempo
think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a - cross the sea, A
storm howl by; The salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea tune a - mongst the shrouds, A
dim.
p mezza voce
cresc
thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a -
thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a -
way, While round the Pole we toss and roll, A thou-sand leagues a - way.
way, While South we go, blow high, blow low, A thou-sand leagues a - way.

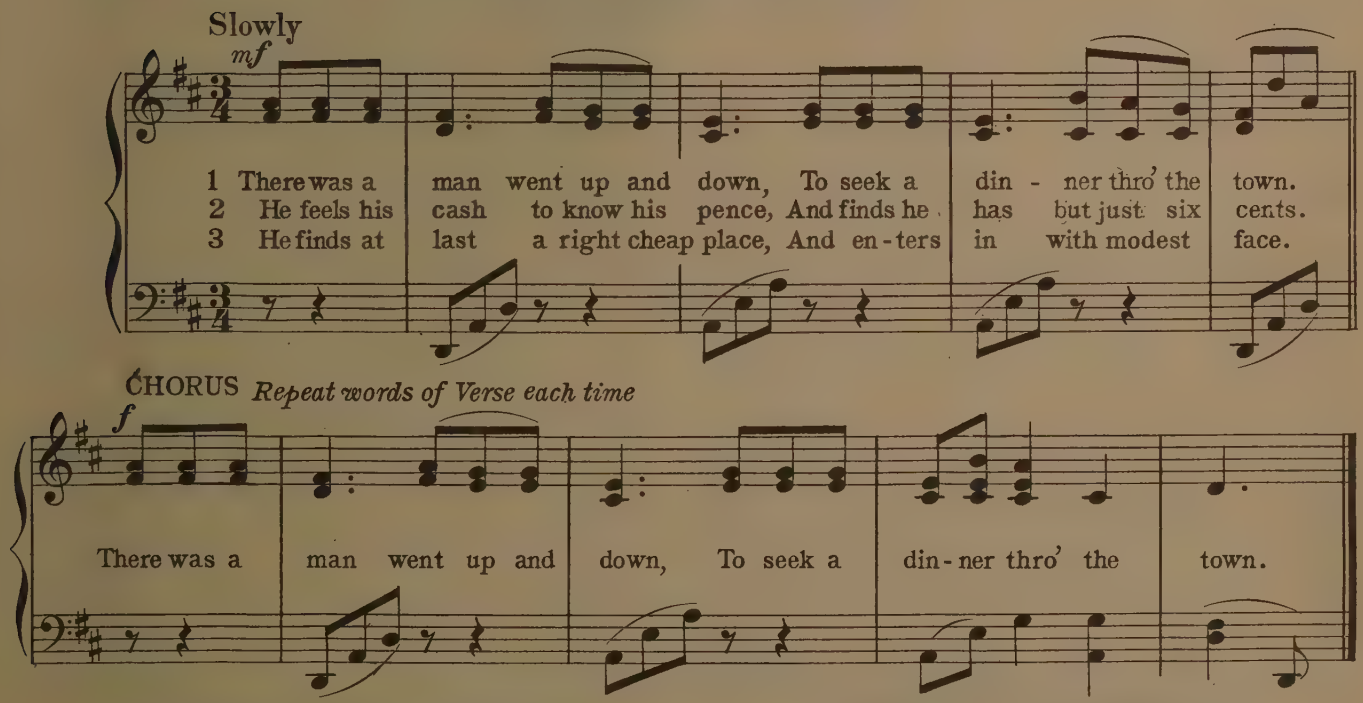
Juanita

Mrs. NORTON


Andante
p
1 Soft o'er the foun-tain, ling'ring falls the southern moon, Far o'er the moun-tain
2 When in thy dreaming, moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing
mf
p
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,
mf
p
mf
3
Wear-y looks yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare well. Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
p
3
pp rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

Lauriger Horatius

Impressively
p
1 Lau-ri-ger Ho-ra-ti-us, Quam dix-is-ti ve-rum, Fu-git Eu-ro
2 Cres-cit u-va mol-li-ter, Et pu-el-la cres-cit, Sed po-e-ta
3 Quid ju-vat ae-ter-ni-tas No-mi-nis; a-ma-re Ni-si ter-rae

cresc.
CHORUS
f
ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum. U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit. U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
fi - li - as, Li - cet, et po - ta - re! U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
dim.
pp
Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - ae, pax - et as - cu - la, Ru - ben tis pu - el - lae.

The Lone Fish Ball


Slowly
mf
1 There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
2 He feels his cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents.
3 He finds at last a right cheap place, And en - ters in with modest face.
CHORUS Repeat words of Verse each time
f
There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.

4 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

5 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."

6 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "one Fish-ball."

7 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!"

8 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

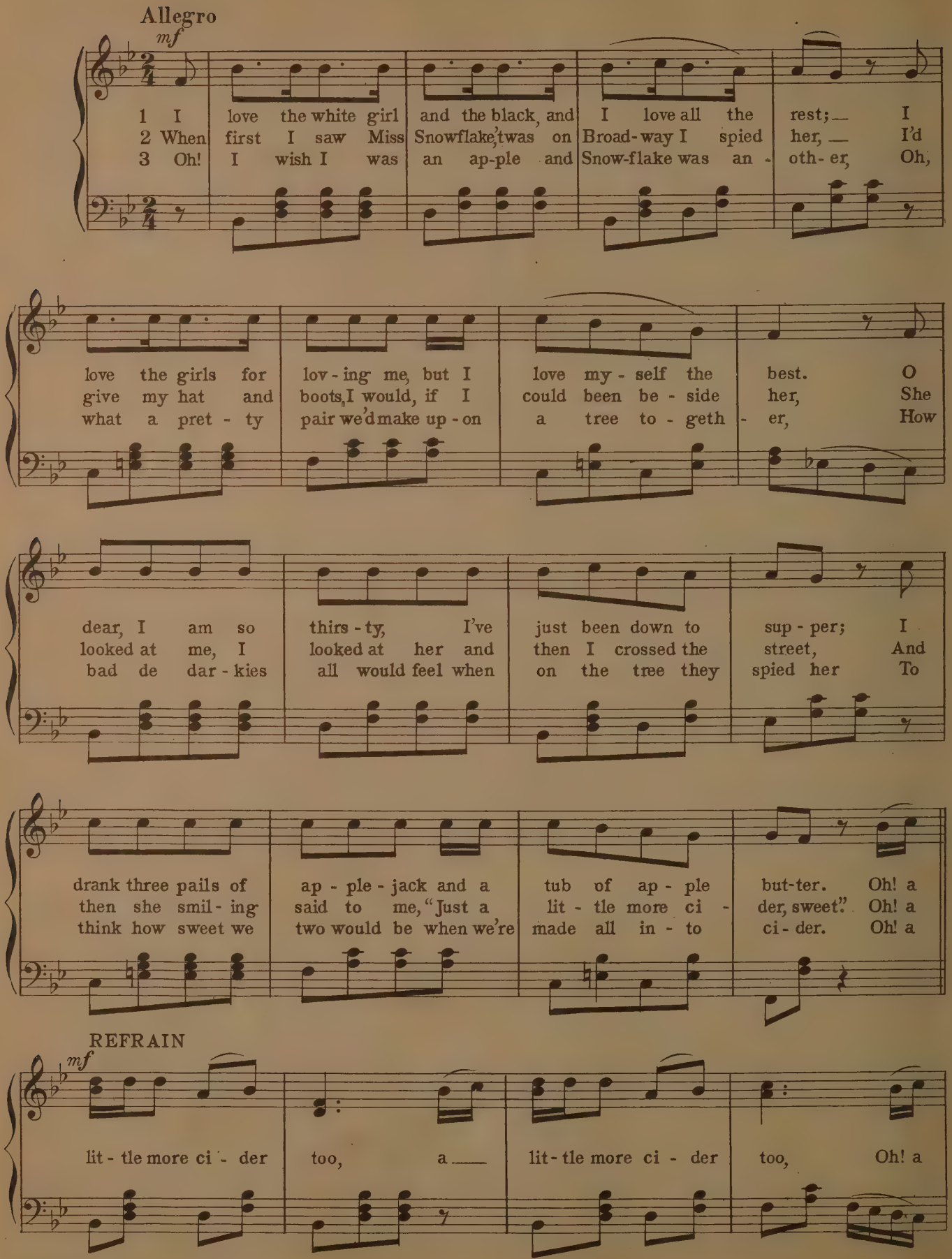
9 The waiter roars it through the hall
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

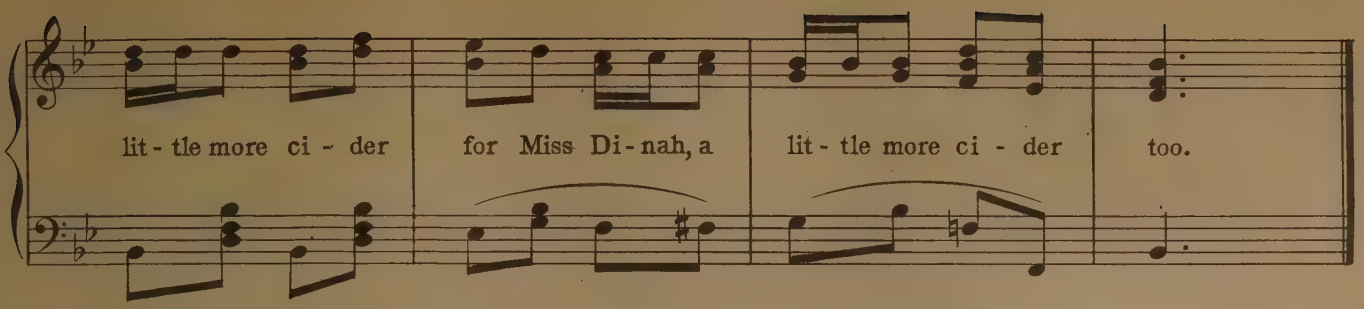
MORAL

10 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

11 Who would Fish-ball with fixin's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

A Little More Cider


Allegro
mf
1 I love the white girl and the black, and I love all the rest; I
2 When first I saw Miss Snowflake, 'twas on Broad-way I spied her, I'd
3 Oh! I wish I was an ap-ple and Snow-flake was an - oth- er, Oh,
love the girls for lov - ing me, but I love my - self the best. O
give my hat and boots, I would, if I could been be - side her, She
what a pret - ty pair we'd make up - on a tree to - geth - er, How
dear, I am so thirs - ty, I've just been down to sup - per; I
looked at me, I looked at her and then I crossed the street, And
bad de dar - kies all would feel when on the tree they spied her To
drank three pails of ap - ple - jack and a tub of ap - ple but-ter. Oh! a
then she smil - ing said to me, "Just a lit - tle more ci - der, sweet." Oh! a
think how sweet we two would be when we're made all in - to ci - der. Oh! a
REFRAIN
mf
lit - tle more ci - der too, a lit - tle more ci - der too, Oh! a



Little Brown Jug

EASTBURN

Lively

mf

1 My wife and I lived all a - lone In a lit-tle log hut we call'd our own;
2 'Tis you who makes my friends and foes, 'Tis— you who makes me wear old clothes.
3 The rose is red, my nose is too, The— vi - o - let's blue and so are you.

She loved gin and I loved rum I tell you what we'd lots of fun.
Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up and down she goes.
Yet I guess be - fore I stop, I'd bet - ter take an - oth - er drop.

REFRAIN

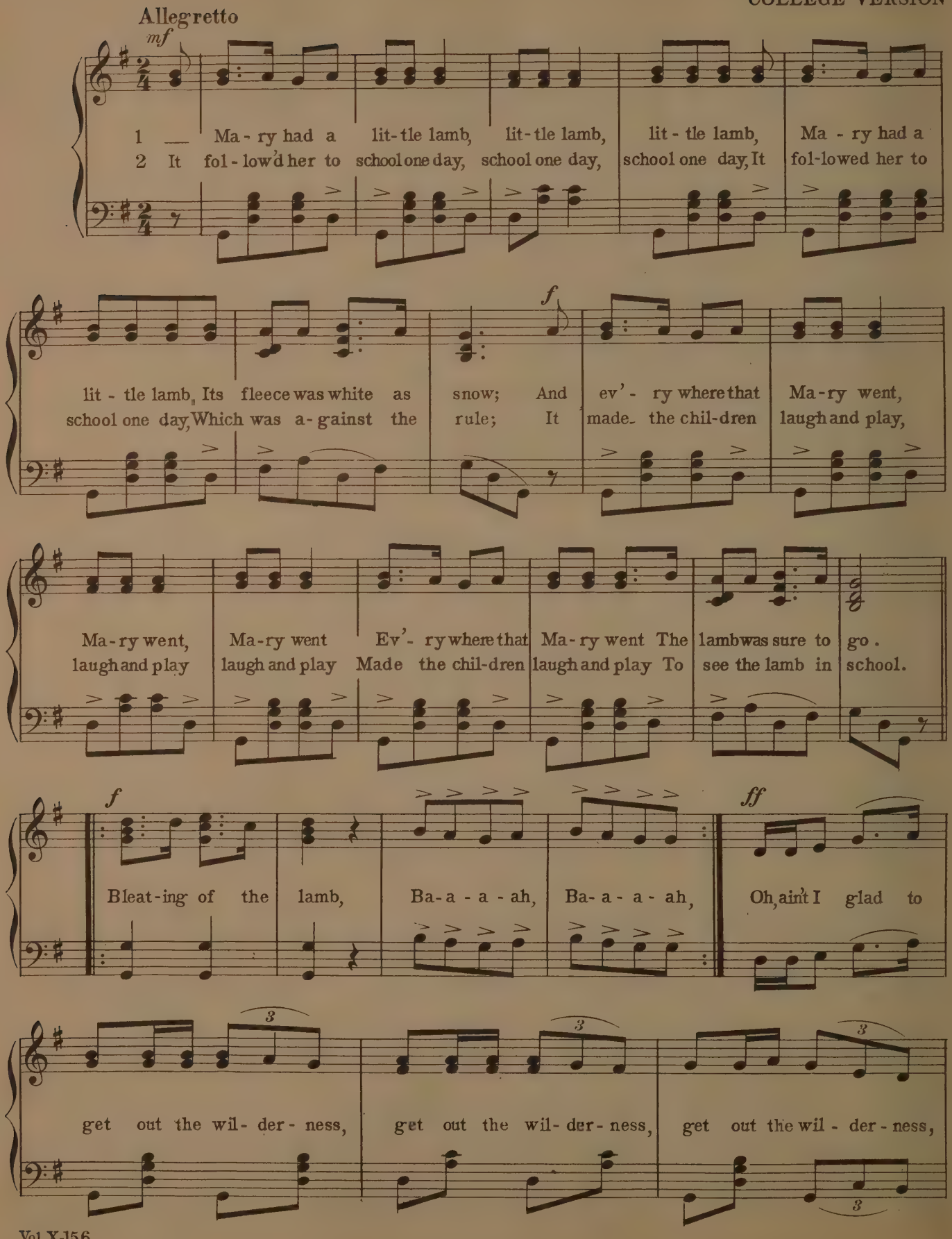
f

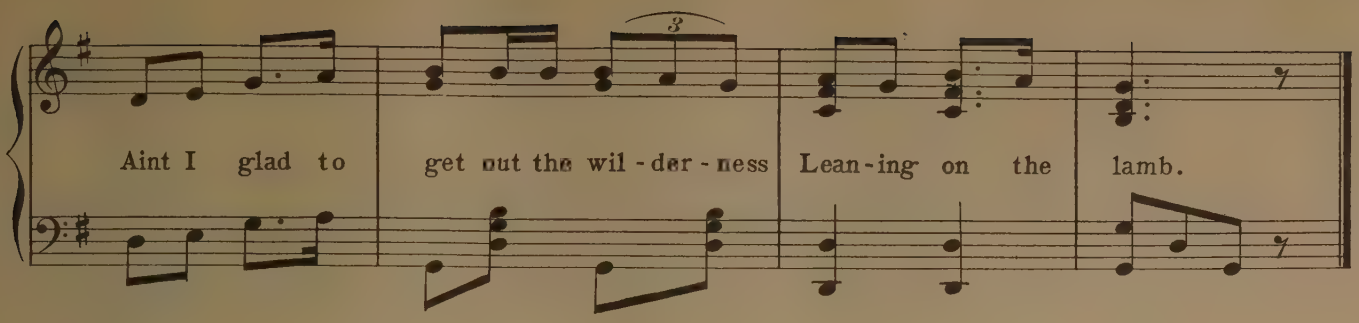
Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

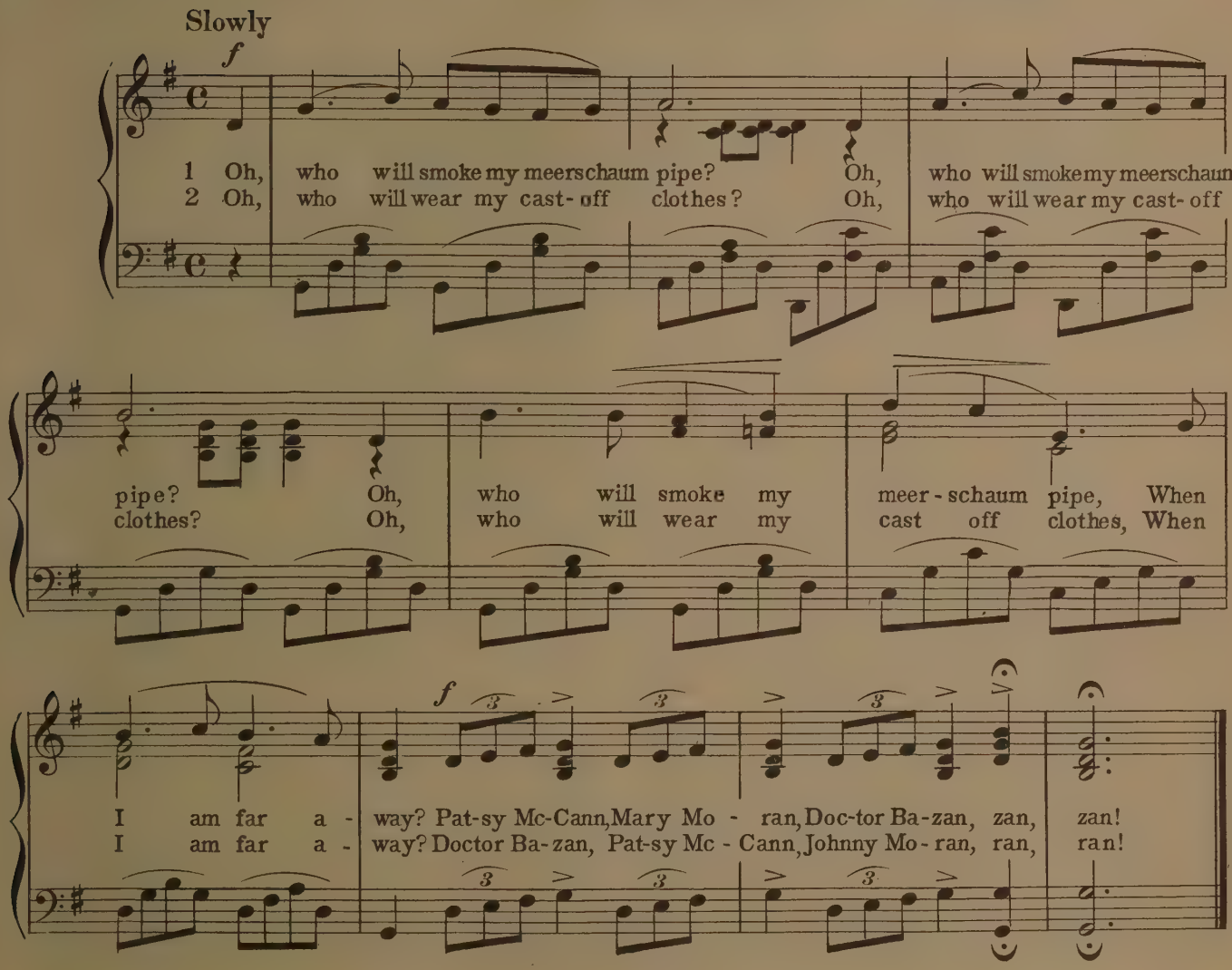
Mary Had a Little Lamb

COLLEGE VERSION


Allegretto
mf
1 Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a
2 It fol - low'd her to school one day, school one day, school one day, It fol - lowed her to
f
lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow; And ev' - ry where that Ma - ry went,
school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule; It made the chil - dren laugh and play,
Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went Ev' - ry where that Ma - ry went The lamb was sure to go.
laugh and play laugh and play Made the chil - dren laugh and play To see the lamb in school.
f
Bleat - ing of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah, Ba - a - a - ah,
ff
Oh, ain't I glad to
3
get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness,



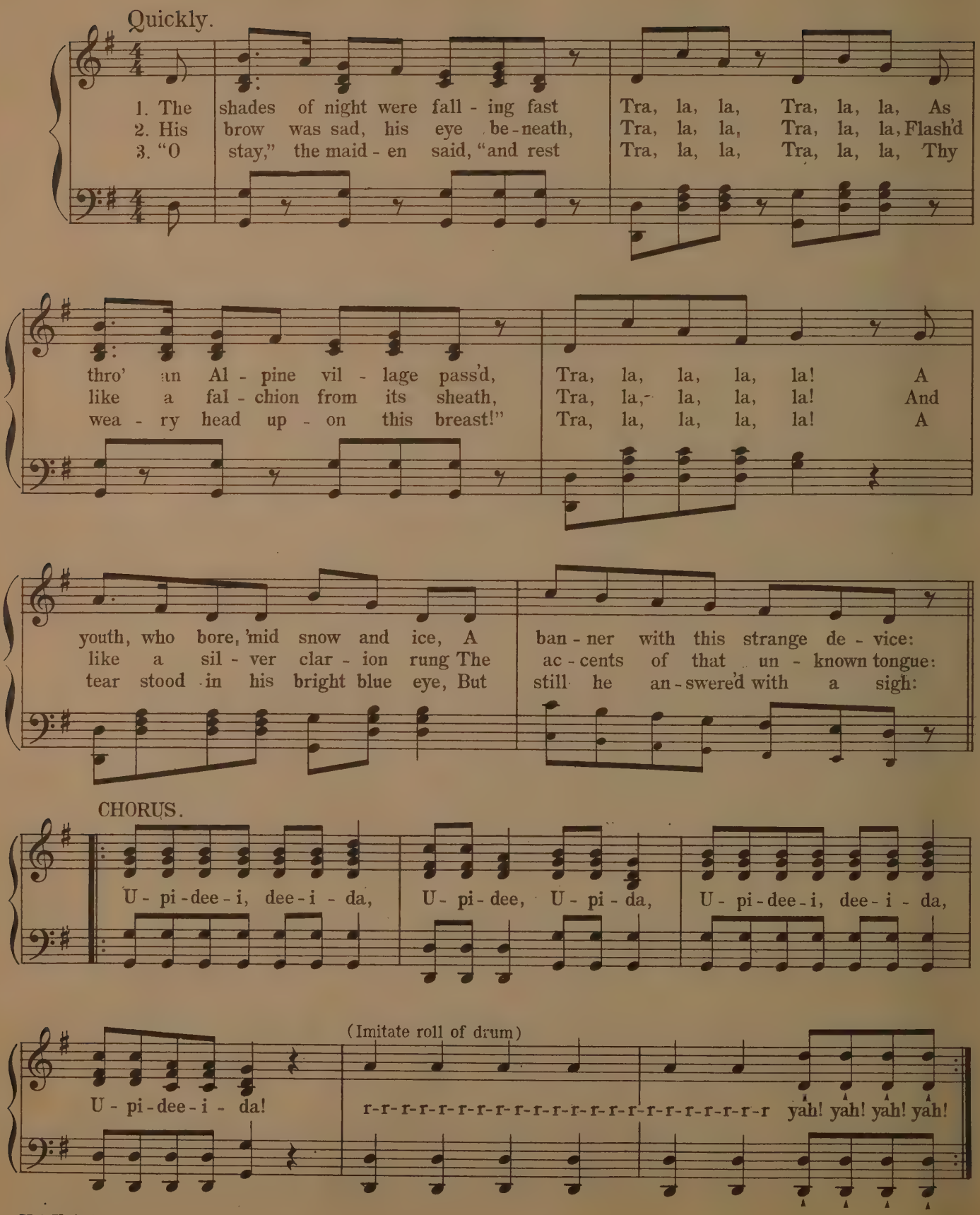
Meerschaum Pipe

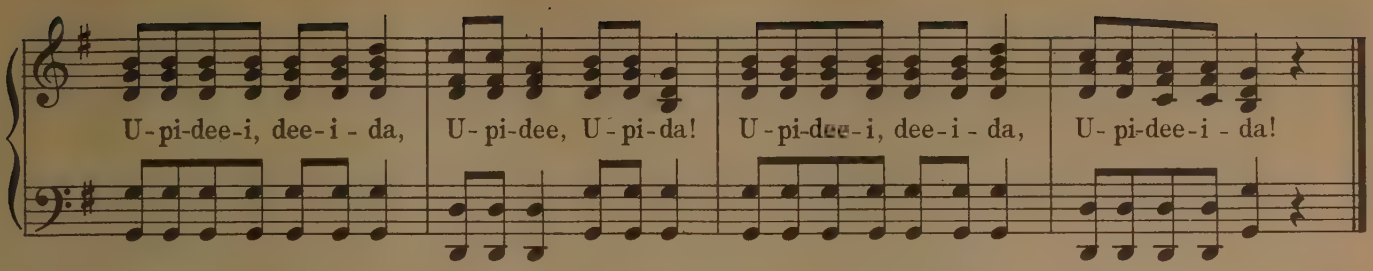

Slowly
f
1 Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum
2 Oh, who will wear my cast- off clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast- off
pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meer - schaum pipe, When
clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast off clothes, When
f
I am far a - way? Pat-sy Mc-Cann, Mary Mo - ran, Doc-tor Ba-zan, zan, zan!
I am far a - way? Doctor Ba-zan, Pat-sy Mc - Cann, Johnny Mo - ran, ran, ran!

3 Oh who will squeeze
Her snow-white hand?
Etc, etc, etc.

4 Oh who will kiss
Her ruby lips?
Etc, etc, etc.
BAD MAN!

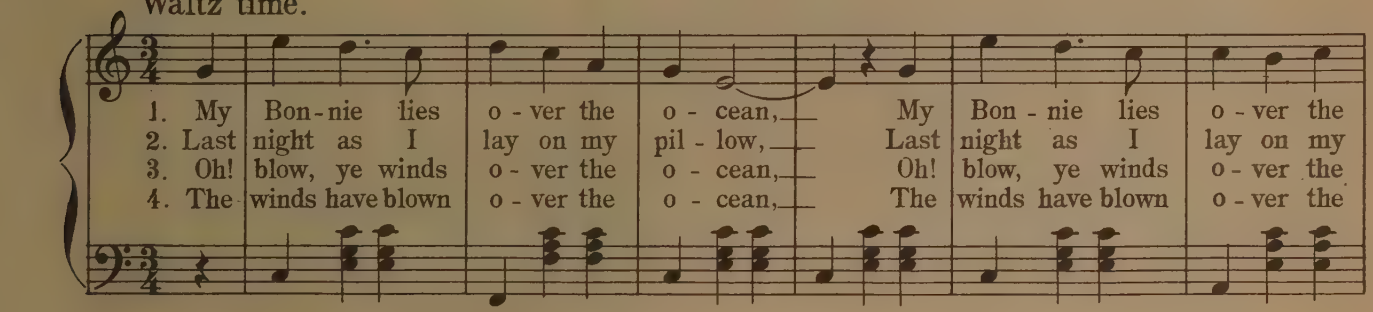
Upidee.

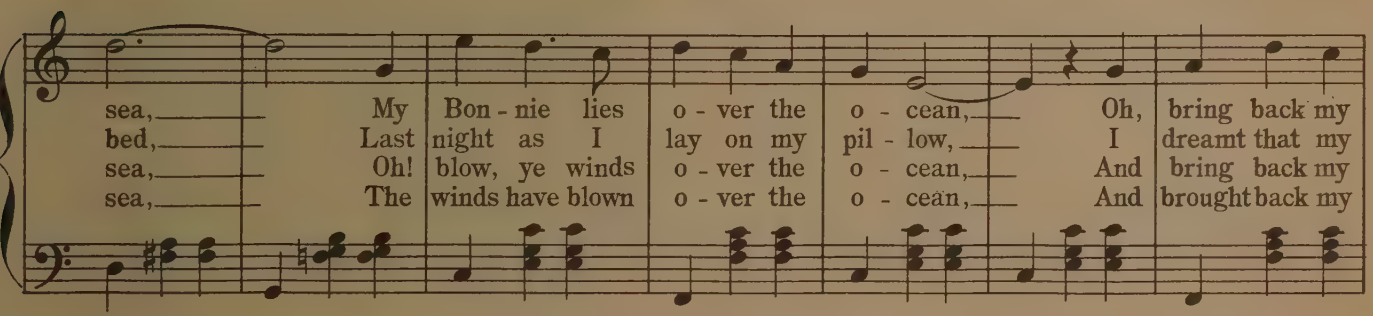

Quickly.
1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, As
2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Flash'd
3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Thy
thro' an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd, Tra, la, la, la, la! A
like a fal - chion from its sheath, Tra, la, la, la, la! And
wea - ry head up - on this breast!" Tra, la, la, la, la! A
youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with this strange de - vice:
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue:
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swered with a sigh:
CHORUS.
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da,
(Imitate roll of drum)
U - pi - dee - i - da! r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!



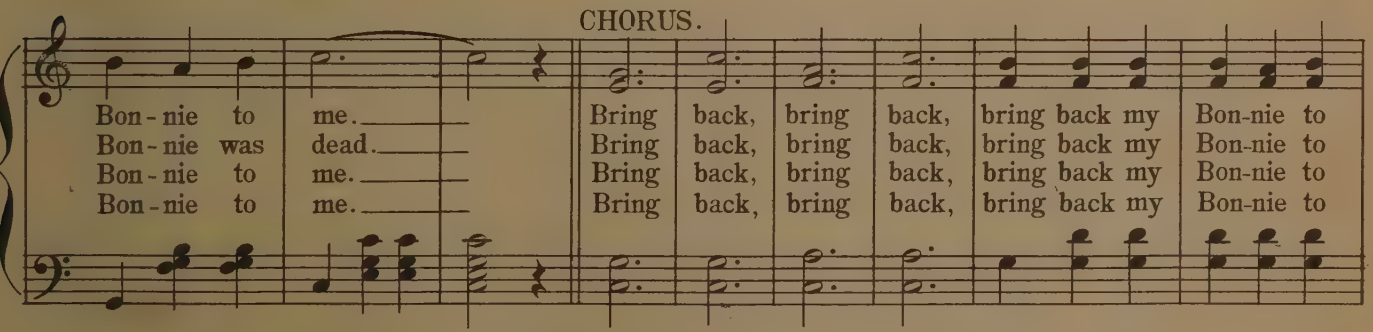
My Bonnie.

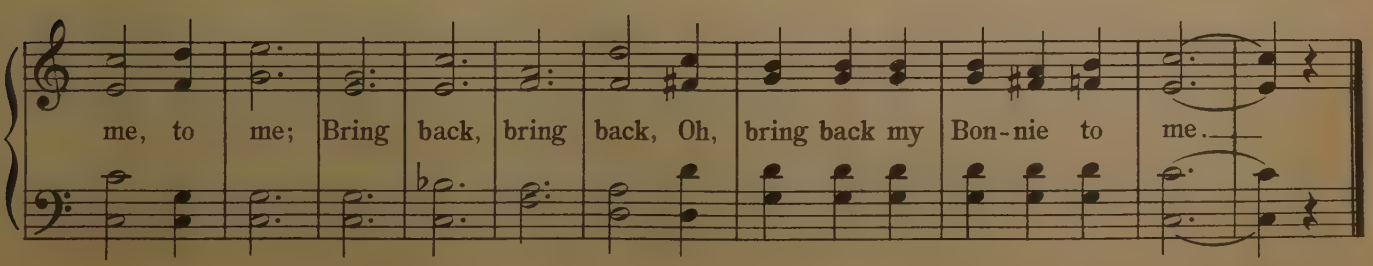
Waltz time.


1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh! blow, ye winds o-ver the o-cean, Oh! blow, ye winds o-ver the
4. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, The winds have blown o-ver the


sea, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, Oh, bring back my
bed, Last night as I lay on my pil-low, I dreamt that my
sea, Oh! blow, ye winds o-ver the o-cean, And bring back my
sea, The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, And brought back my

CHORUS.


Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to



The Midshipmite

F. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

f

cresc.

ff

mf

1 'Twas in
2 We —
3 "I'm —

fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You

f

mf

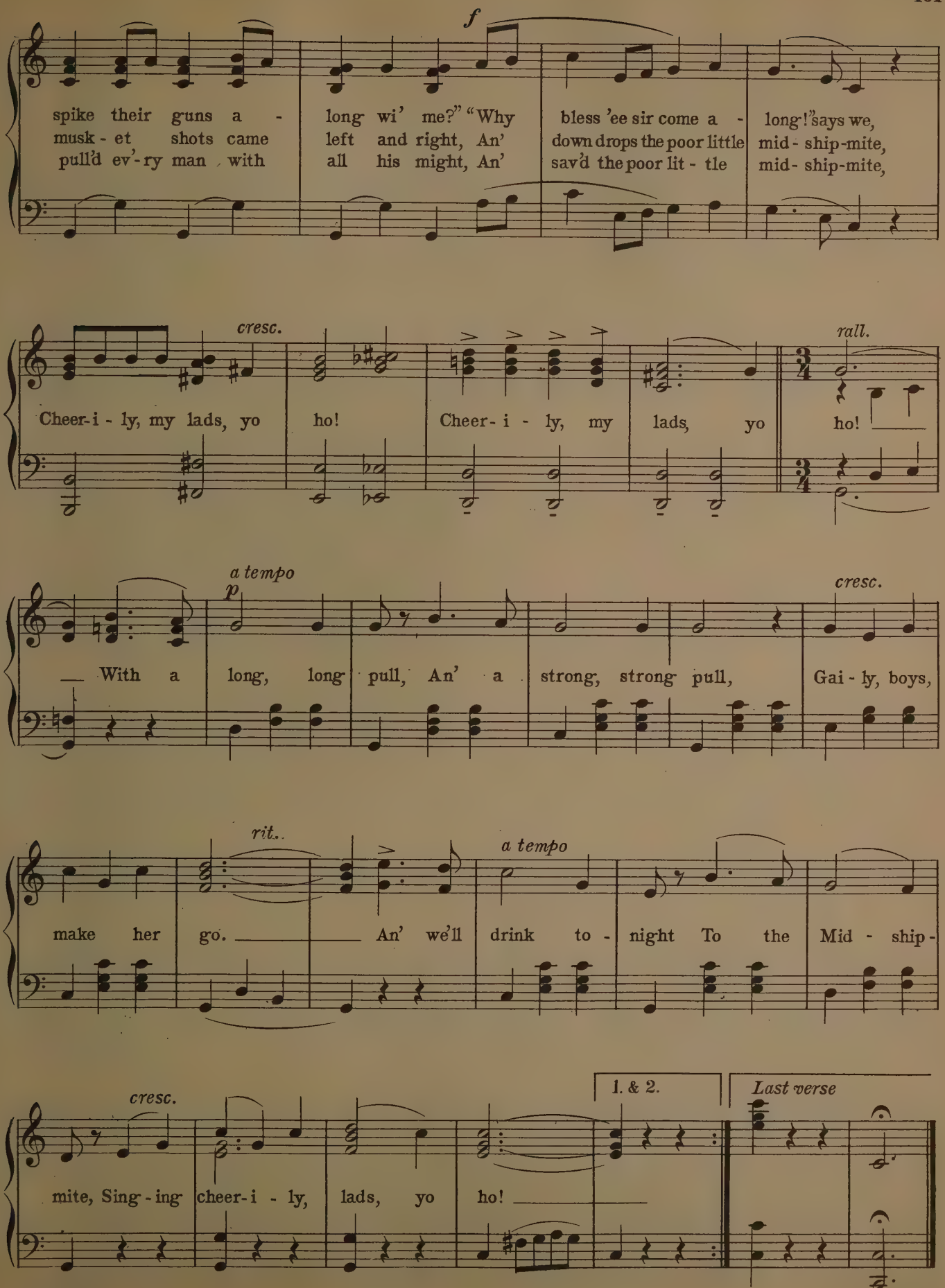
got the Roosh - an — lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle — Mid - ship - mite,
lub - bers might ha' — heard us shout, As — the Mid-dy cried, "Now my lads, put a-bout,"
make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we!

f

cresc.

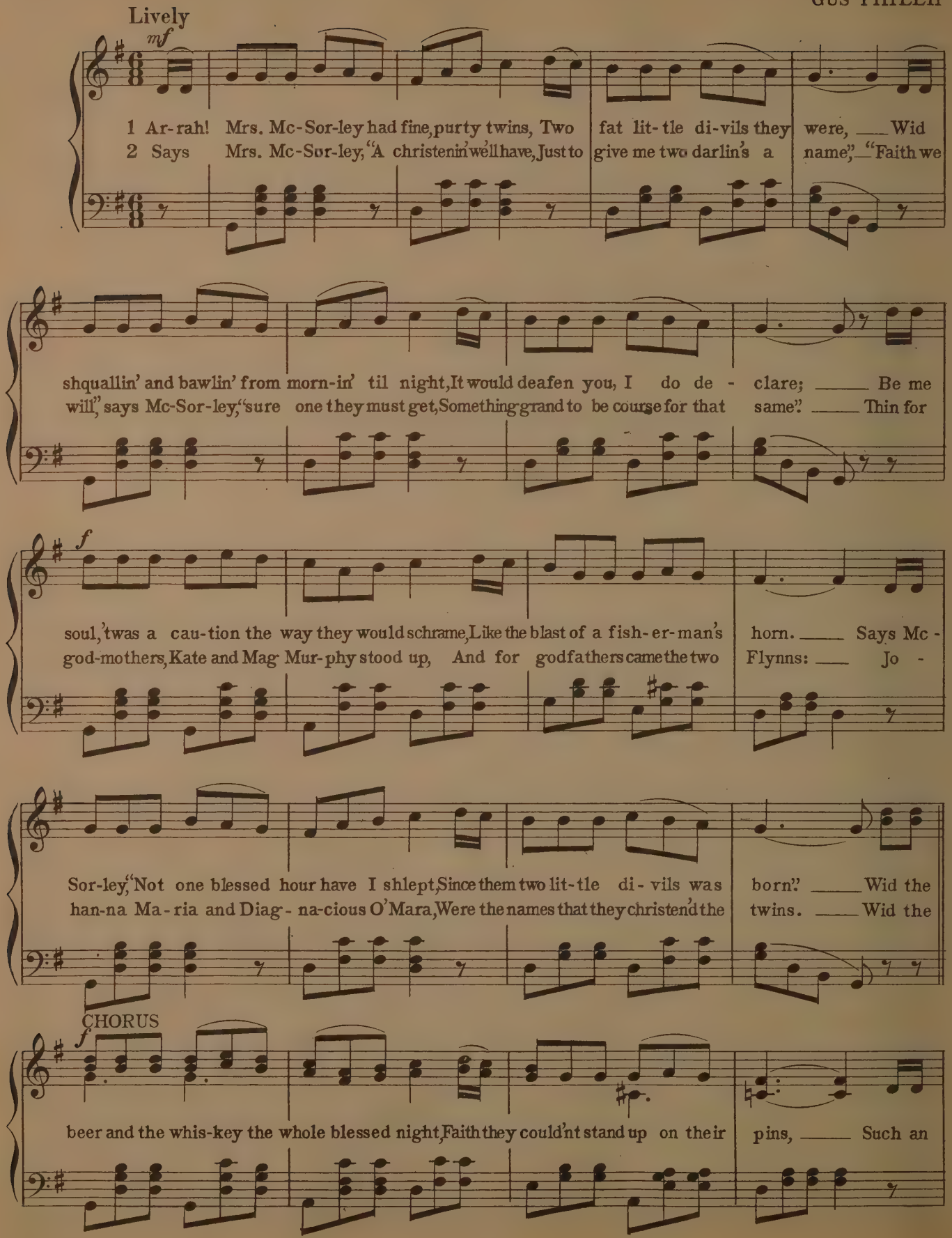
mf

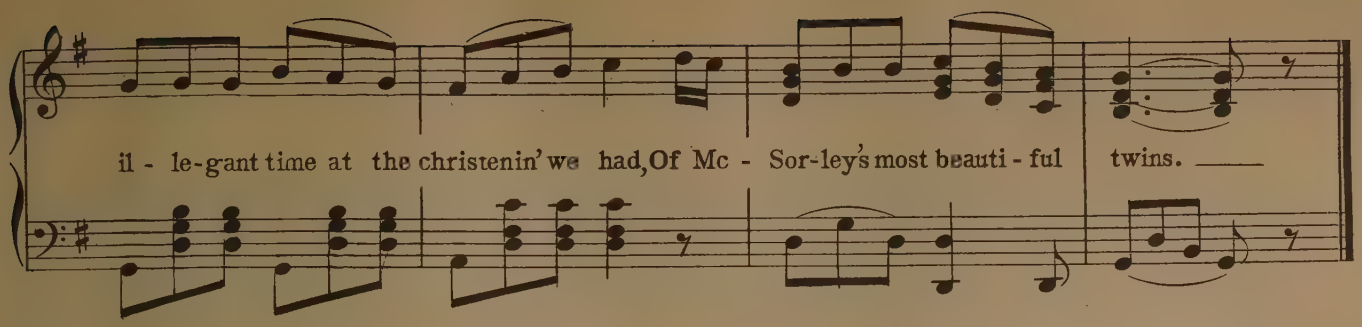
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a-shore to - night" says he "An'
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them tight, But the
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter - rible plight, An' we


f
spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless 'ee sir come a - long!" says we,
musk - et shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little mid - ship-mite,
pull'd ev'-ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle mid - ship-mite,
cresc.
rall.
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho!
a tempo
p
cresc.
With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys,
rit..
a tempo
make her go. An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -
cresc.
1. & 2.
Last verse
mite, Sing - ing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho!

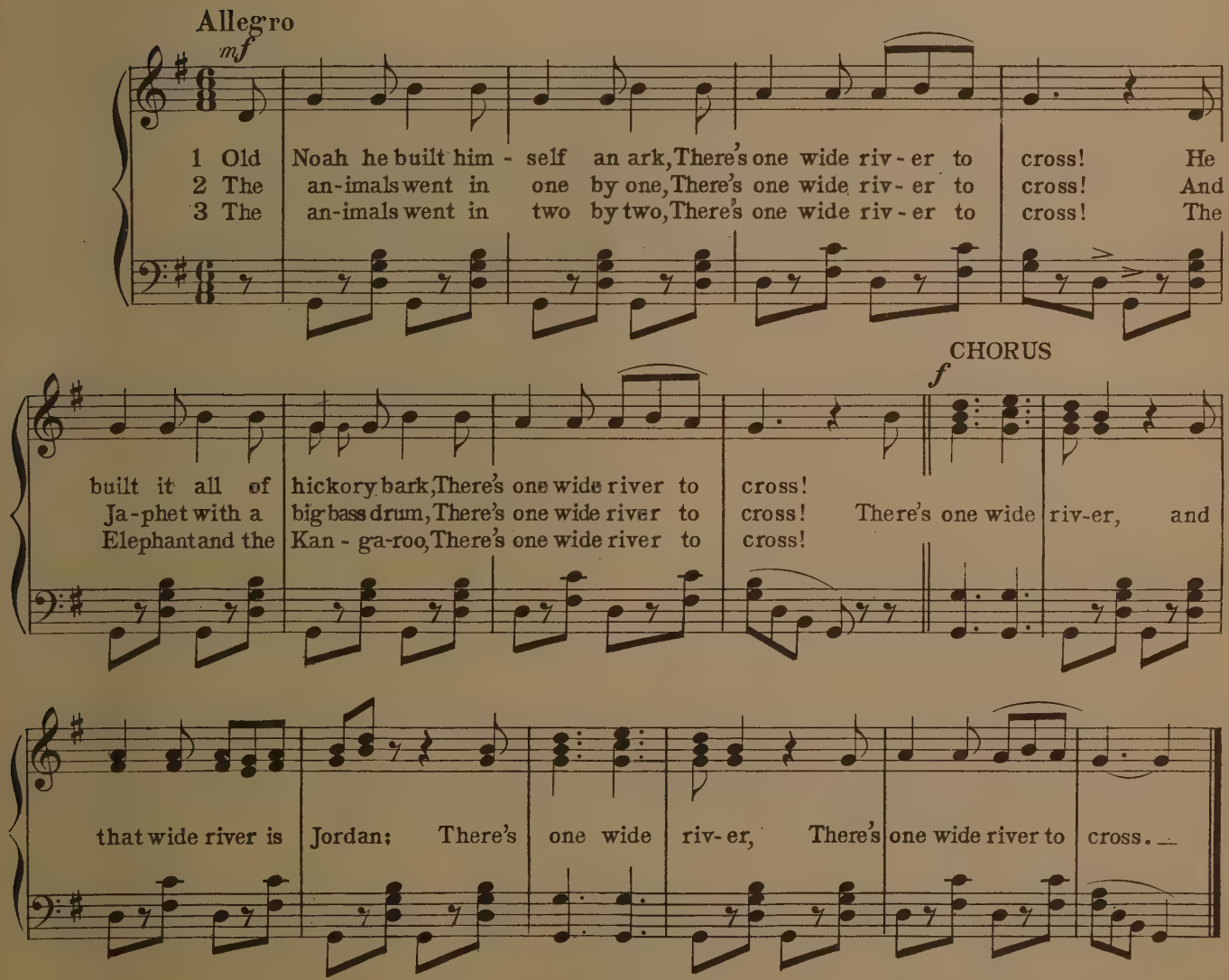
McSorley's Twins

GUS PHILLIP


Lively
mf
1 Ar-rah! Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley had fine, purty twins, Two fat lit-tle di-vils they were, ___ Wid
2 Says Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley, "A christenin' we'll have, Just to give me two darlin's a name", ___ "Faith we
shquallin' and bawlin' from morn-in' til night, It would deafen you, I do de - clare; ___ Be me
will", says Mc-Sor-ley, "sure one they must get, Something grand to be course for that same". ___ Thin for
f
soul, 'twas a cau-tion the way they would schrame, Like the blast of a fish-er-man's horn. ___ Says Mc -
god-mothers, Kate and Mag Mur-phy stood up, And for godfathers came the two Flynns: ___ Jo -
Sor-ley, "Not one blessed hour have I shlept, Since them two lit-tle di-vils was born". ___ Wid the
han-na Ma-ria and Diag-na-cious O'Mara, Were the names that they christen'd the twins. ___ Wid the
CHORUS
f
beer and the whis-key the whole blessed night, Faith they could'nt stand up on their pins, ___ Such an



Noah's Ark


Allegro
mf
1 Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross! He
2 The an-imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross! And
3 The an-imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The
CHORUS
f
built it all of hickory bark, There's one wide river to cross!
Ja-phet with a big bass drum, There's one wide river to cross! There's one wide riv-er, and
Elephant and the Kan - ga-roo, There's one wide river to cross!
that wide river is Jordan; There's one wide riv-er, There's one wide river to cross.

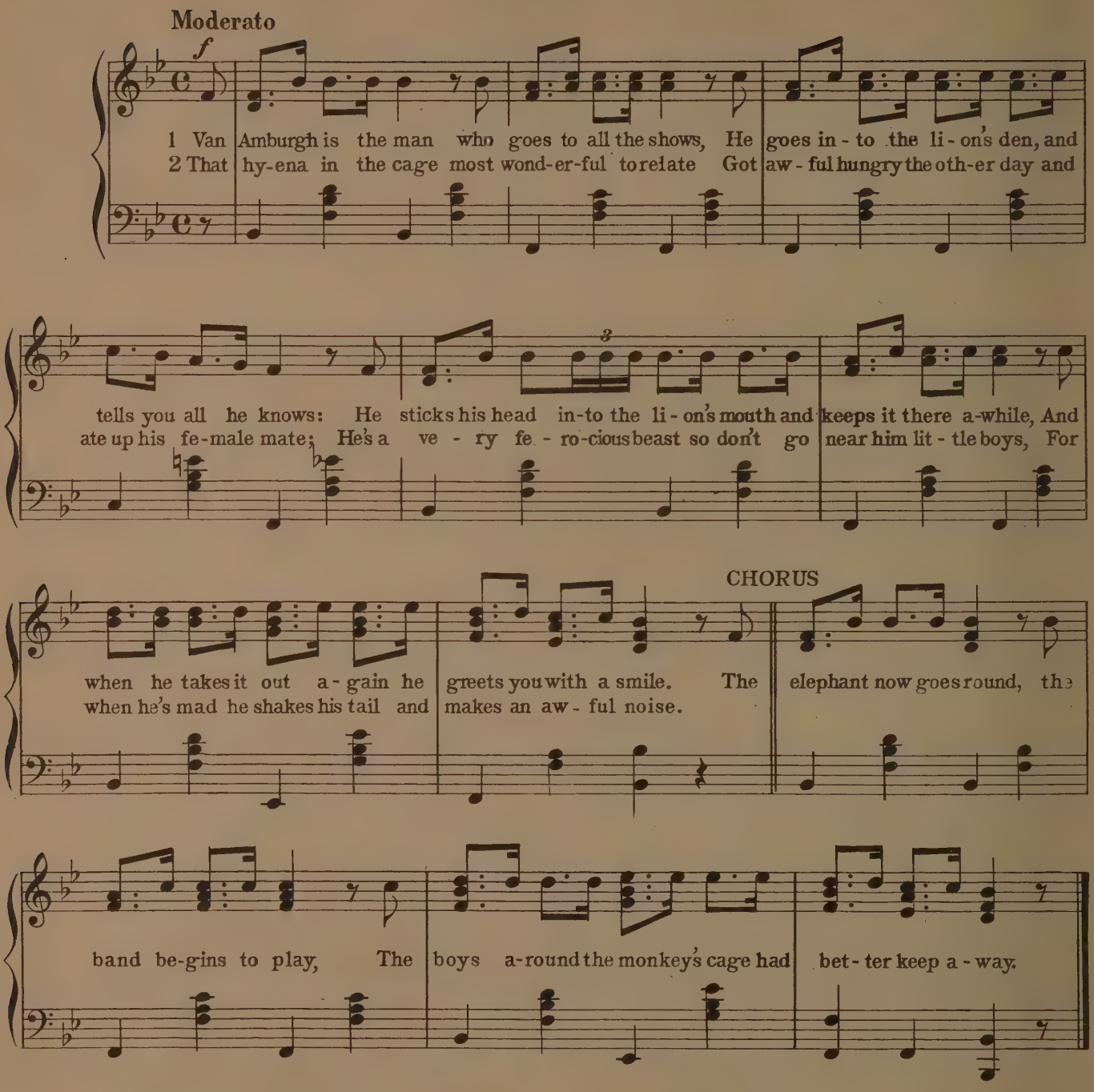
4 And when he found he had no sail,
He just run up his old coat tail,

5 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk;

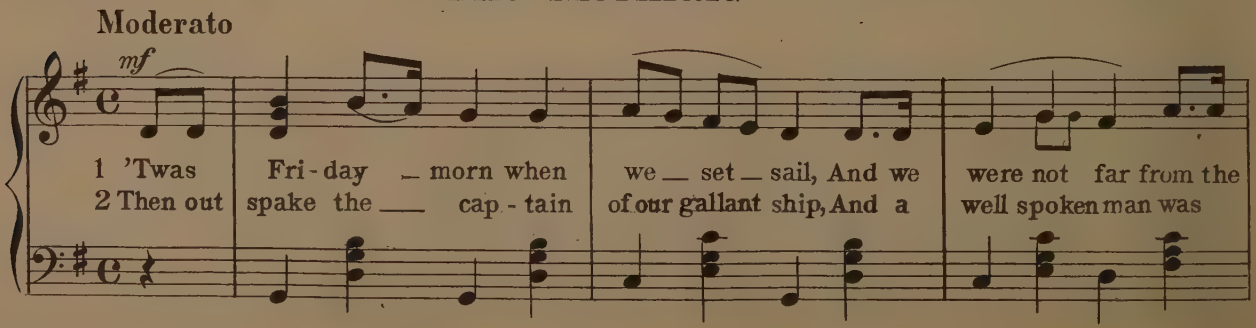
6 Oh, Noah, he went out on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee;

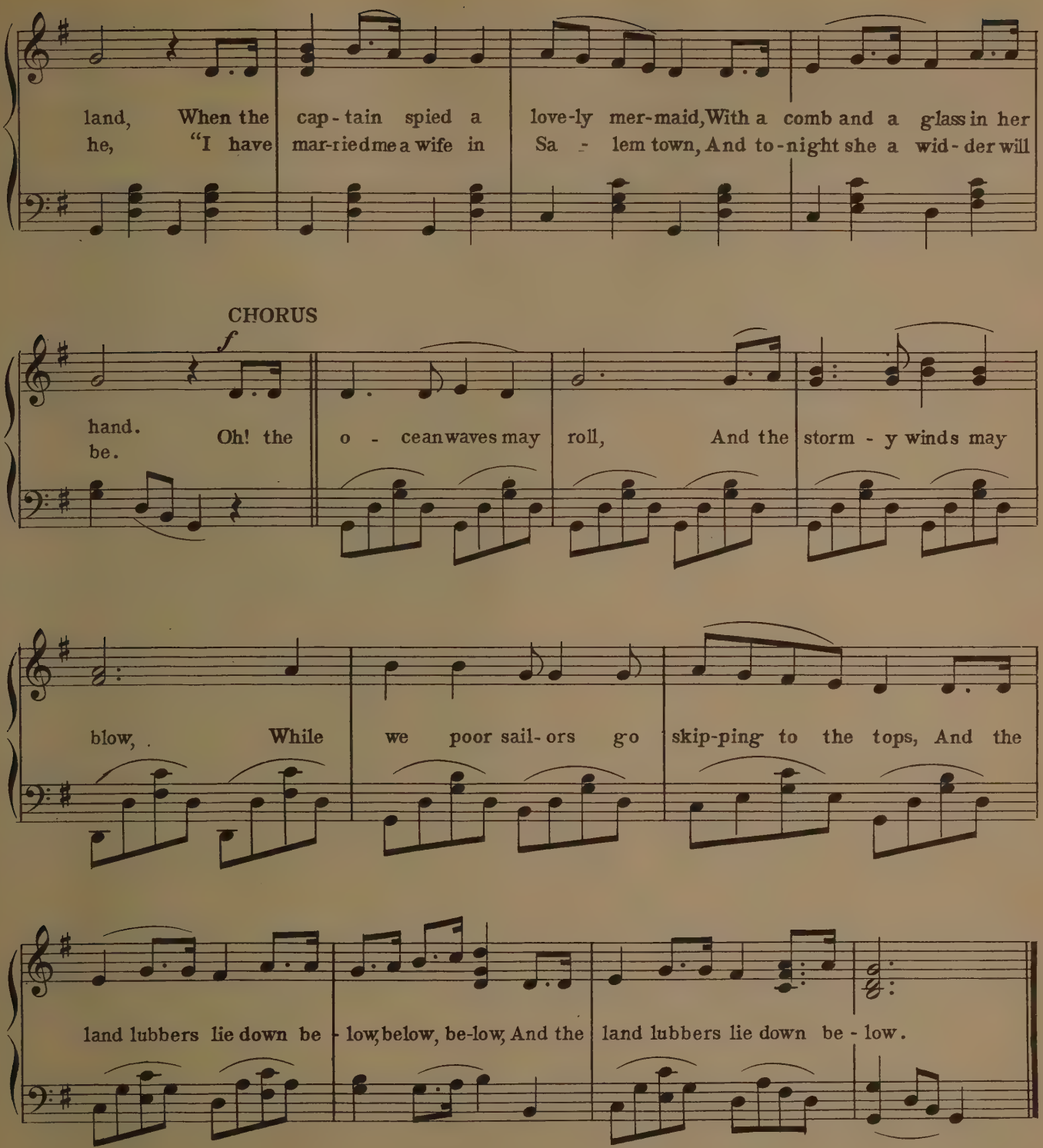
7 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there aint!

Menagerie


Moderato
f
1 Van Amburgh is the man who goes to all the shows, He goes in - to the li - on's den, and
2 That hy-ena in the cage most wond-er-ful to relate Got aw - ful hungry the oth-er day and
tells you all he knows: He sticks his head in-to the li - on's mouth and keeps it there a-while, And
ate up his fe-male mate; He's a ve - ry fe - ro-cious beast so don't go near him lit - tle boys, For
CHORUS
when he takes it out a - gain he greets you with a smile. The elephant now goes round, the
when he's mad he shakes his tail and makes an aw - ful noise.
band be-gins to play, The boys a-round the monkey's cage had bet - ter keep a - way.

The Mermaid


Moderato
mf
1 'Twas Fri - day _ morn when we _ set _ sail, And we were not far from the
2 Then out spake the _ cap - tain of our gallant ship, And a well spoken man was


land, When the cap - tain spied a love-ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her
he, "I have mar-ried me a wife in Sa - lem town, And to-night she a wid - der will
CHORUS
f
hand.
be.
Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may
blow, While we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the
land lubbers lie down be - low, below, be-low, And the land lubbers lie down be - low.

3

Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cookie was he:
"I care much more for my pottles and my kets,
Than I do for the depths of the sea." *CHO.*

4

Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken laddie was he:
"I've a father and a mother in Boston city,
But to-night they childless will be." *CHO.*

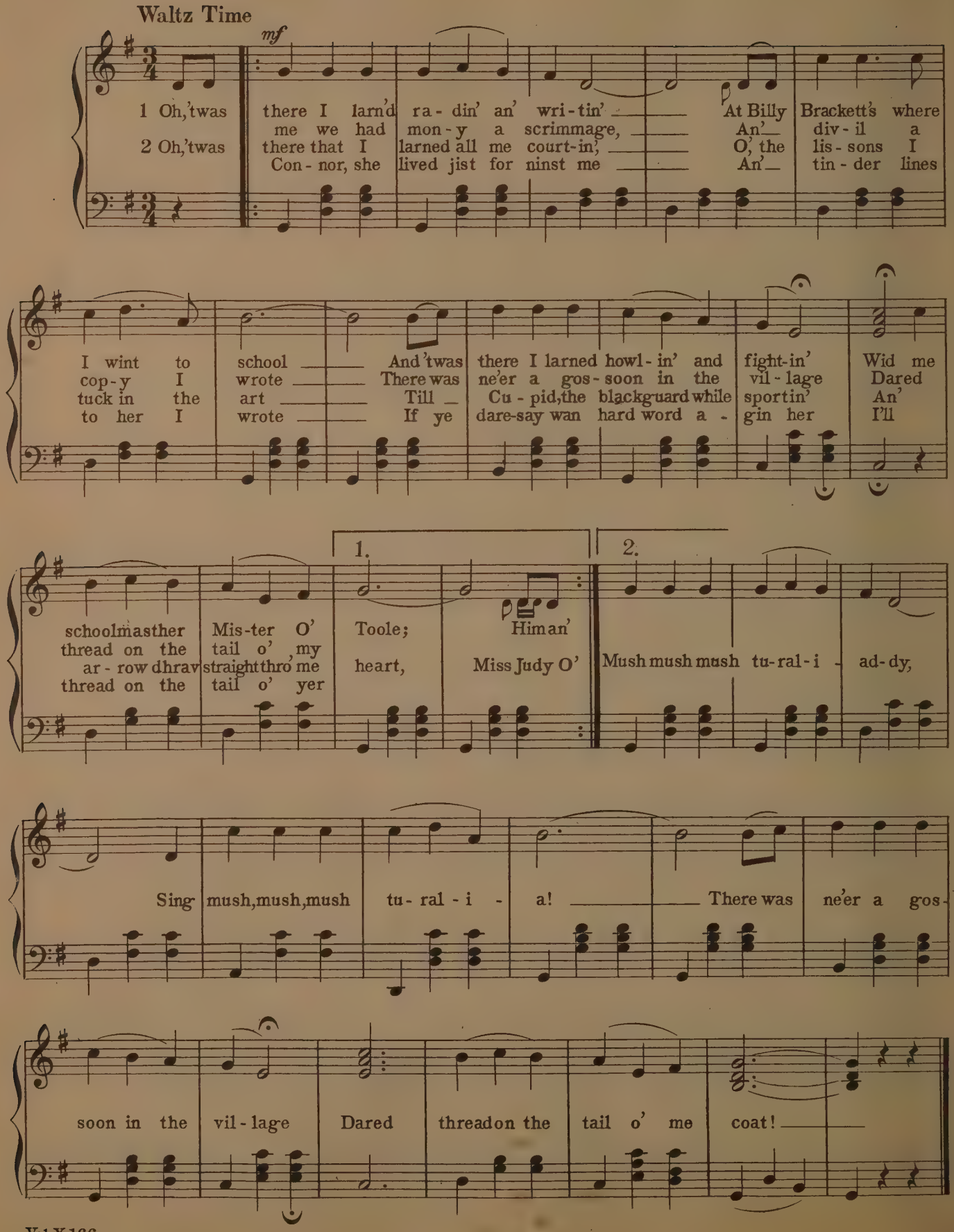
5

"Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
Oh! my mammy'll be looking for me:
She may look she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea. *CHO.*

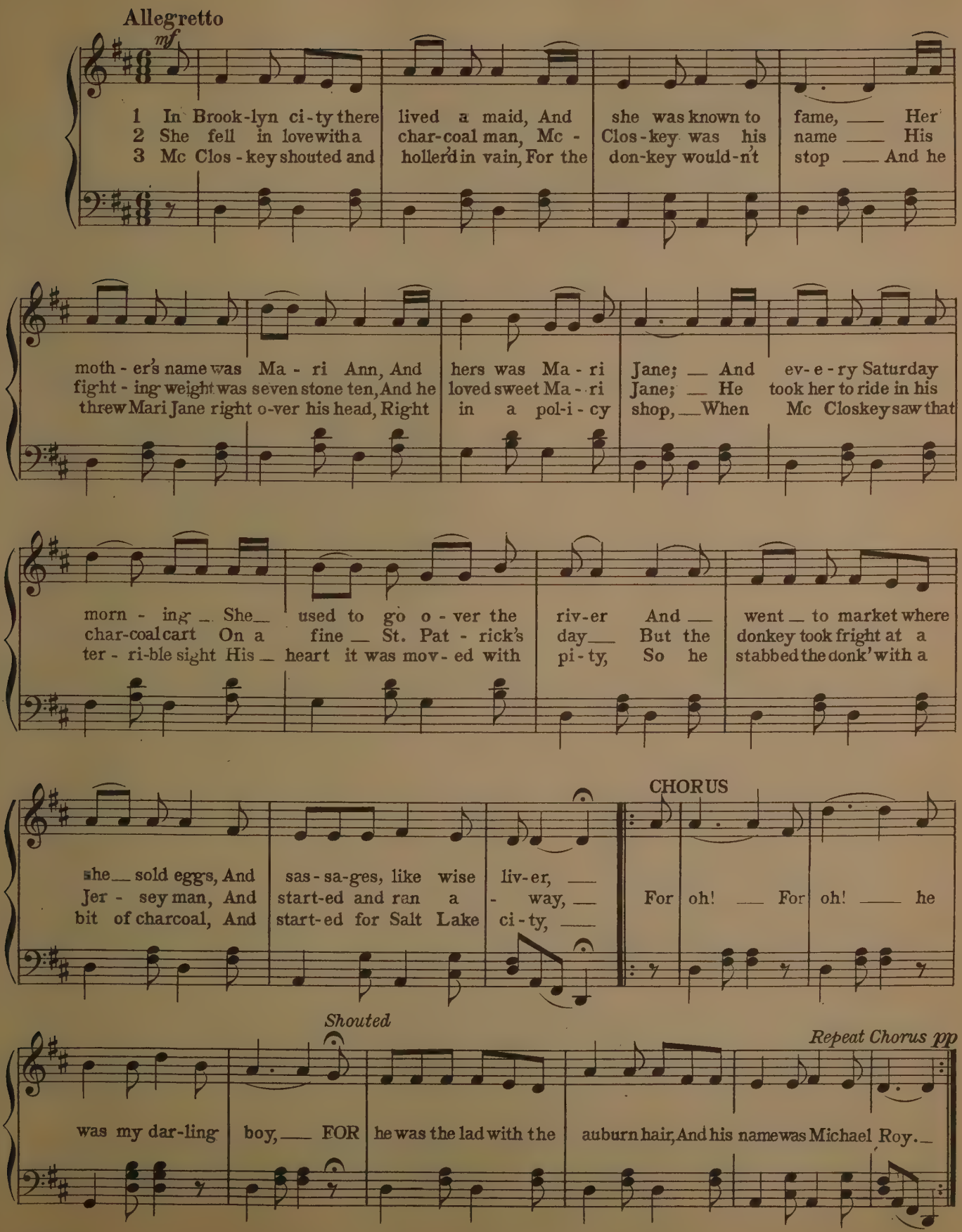
6

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea. *CHO.*

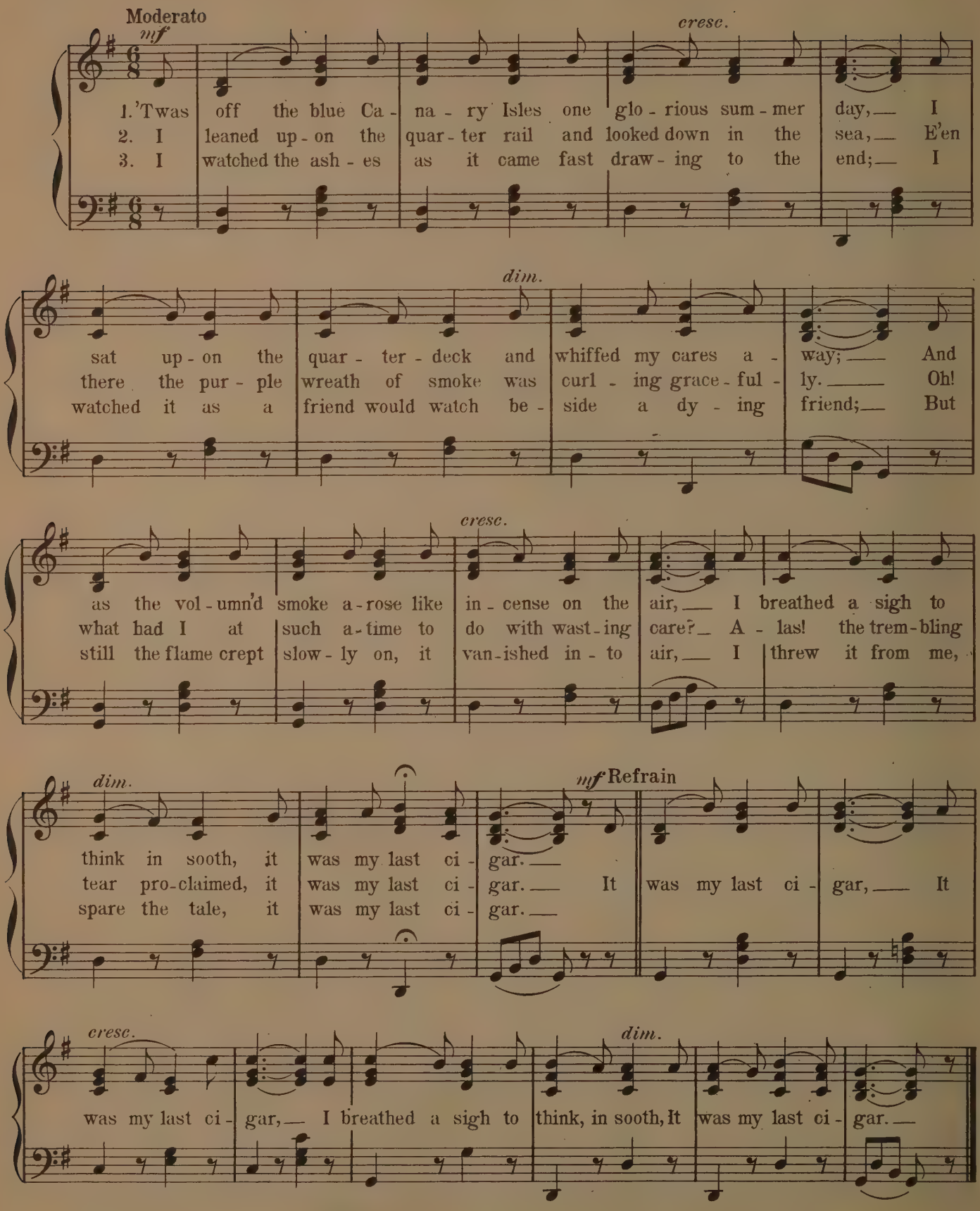
Mush, Mush


Waltz Time
mf
1 Oh, 'twas there I larn'd ra - din' an' wri - tin' At Billy Brackett's where
me we had mon - y a scrimmage, An' div - il a
2 Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in', O', the lis - sons I
Con - nor, she lived jist for ninst me An' tin - der lines
I wint to school And 'twas there I larned howl - in' and fight - in' Wid me
cop - y I wrote There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared
tuck in the art Till Cu - pid, the blackguard while sportin' An'
to her I wrote If ye dare-say wan hard word a - gin her I'll
1.
2.
schoolmasther Mis - ter O' Toole; Him an'
thread on the tail o' my
ar - row dhrav straight thro' me heart, Miss Judy O'
thread on the tail o' yer
Mush mush mush tu - ral - i - ad - dy,
Sing mush, mush, mush tu - ral - i - a! There was ne'er a gos -
soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

Michael Roy


Allegretto
mf
1 In Brook-lyn ci-ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame, Her
2 She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc - Clos-key was his name His
3 Mc Clos - key shouted and holler'd in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop And he
moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane; And ev-e-ry Saturday
fight - ing weight was seven stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
threw Mari Jane right o-ver his head, Right in a pol-i - cy shop, When Mc Closkey saw that
morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv-er And went to market where
char-coal cart On a fine St. Pat - rick's day But the donkey took fright at a
ter - ri-ble sight His heart it was mov-ed with pi-ty, So he stabbed the donk' with a
CHORUS
she sold eggs, And sas-sa-ges, like wise liv-er,
Jer - sey man, And start-ed and ran a - way,
bit of charcoal, And start-ed for Salt Lake ci-ty,
For oh! For oh! he
Shouted
Repeat Chorus pp
was my dar-ling boy, FOR he was the lad with the auburn hair, And his name was Michael Roy.

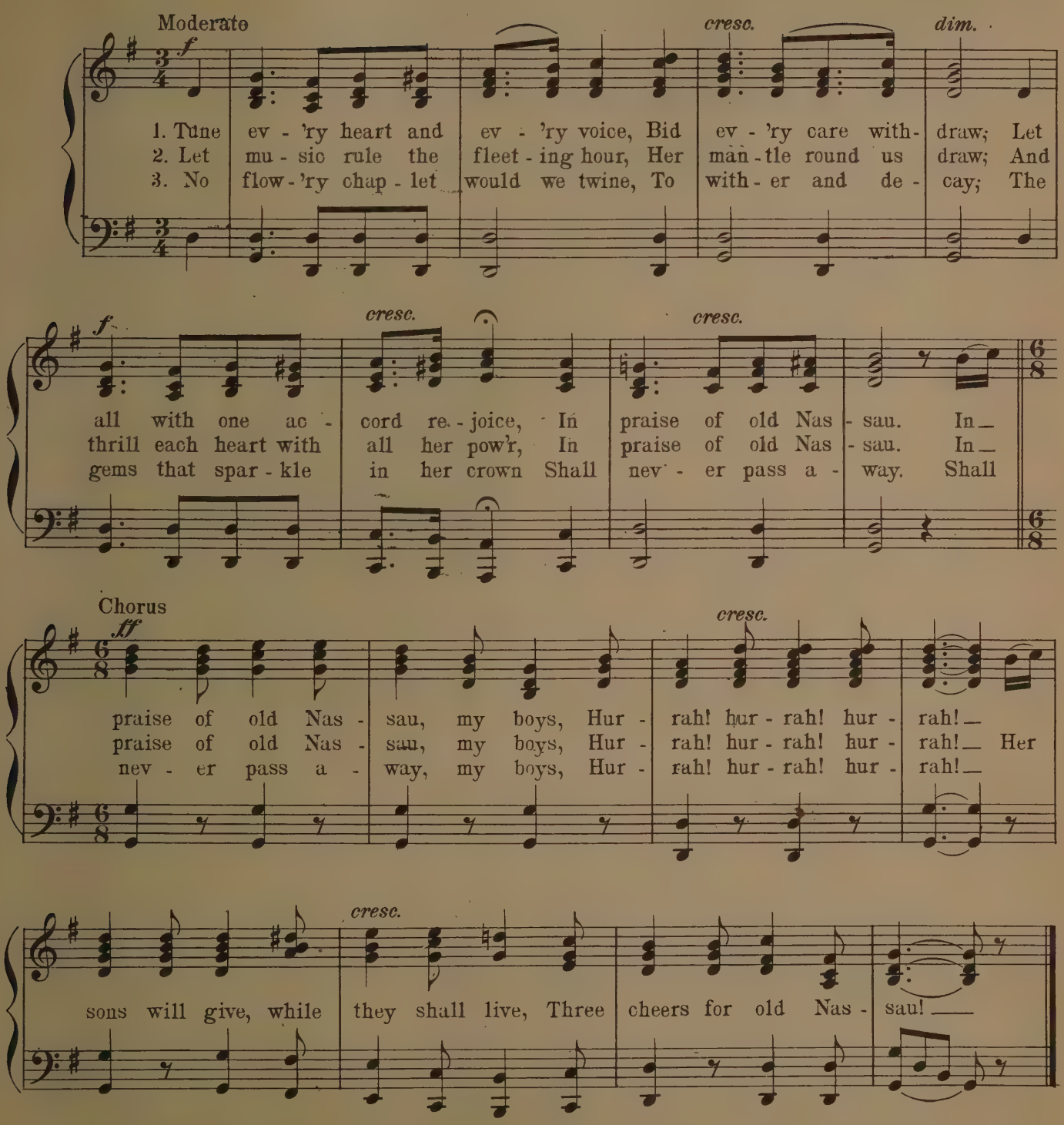
My Last Cigar


Moderato
mf
cresc.
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles one glo - rious sum - mer day, I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail and looked down in the sea, E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came fast draw - ing to the end; I
dim.
sat up - on the quar - ter - deck and whiffed my cares a - way; And
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh!
watched it as a friend would watch be - side a dy - ing friend; But
cresc.
as the vol - umn'd smoke a - rose like in - cense on the air, I breathed a sigh to
what had I at such a - time to do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling
still the flame crept slow - ly on, it van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
dim.
mf Refrain
think in sooth, it was my last ci - gar.
tear pro - claimed, it was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It
spare the tale, it was my last ci - gar.
cresc.
dim.
was my last ci - gar, I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

Old Nassau

Princeton Song

H. P. PECK — CARL LANGLOTZ

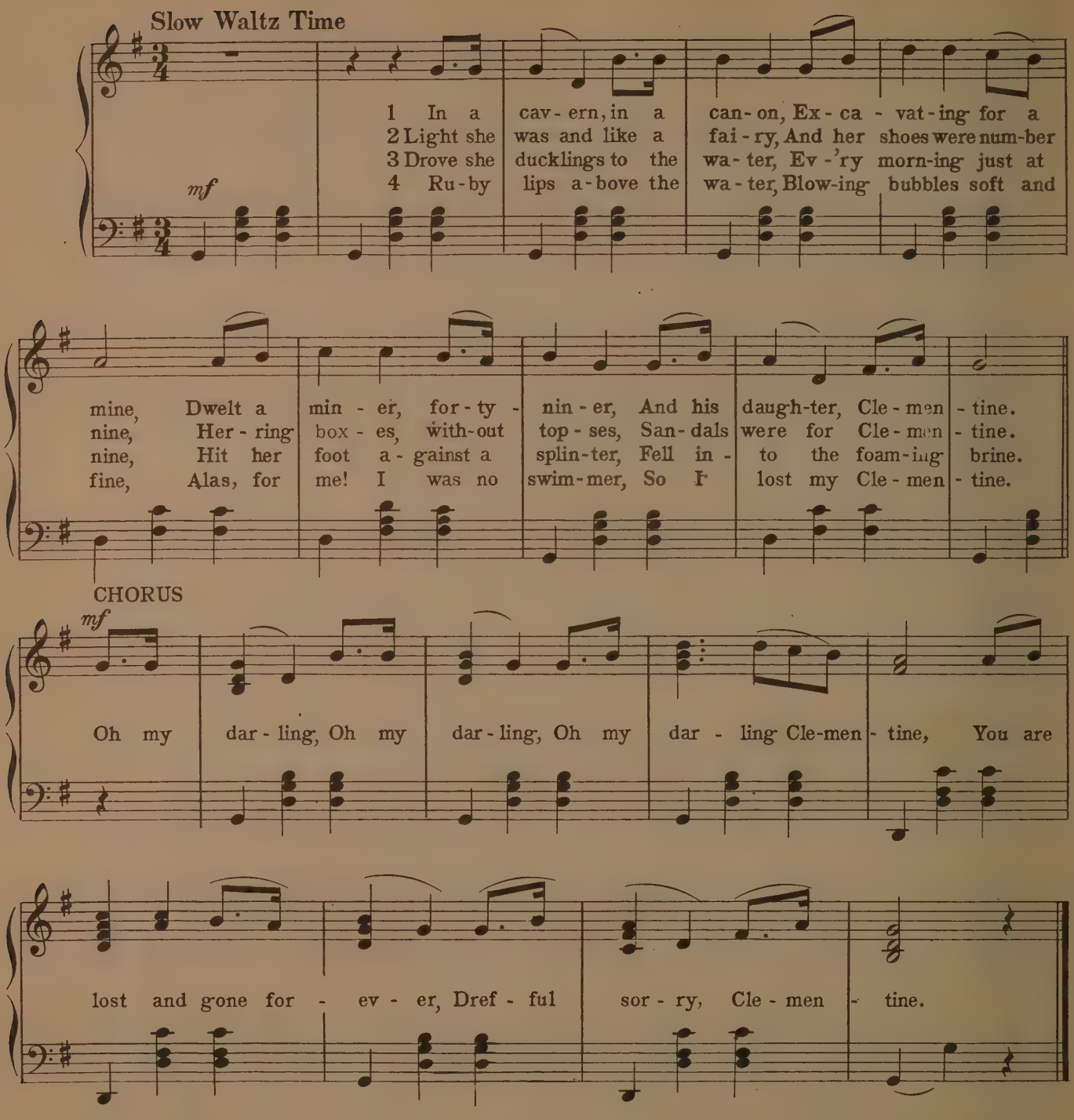

Moderato
f
cresc.
dim.
1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with- draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her man - tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The
cresc.
cresc.
all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau. In_
thrill each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of old Nas - sau. In_
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way. Shall
Chorus
ff
cresc.
praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!_
praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!_ Her
nev - er pass a - way, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!_
cresc.
sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!___

4. And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song
In praise of old Nassau.

5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau.

Oh My Darling Clementine

PERCY MONTROSE


Slow Waltz Time
mf
1 In a cav-ern, in a can-on, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a
2 Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were num-ber
3 Drove she ducklings to the wa-ter, Ev-'ry morn-ing just at
4 Ru-by lips a-bove the wa-ter, Blow-ing bubbles soft and
mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Cle-men-tine.
nine, Her-ring box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Cle-men-tine.
nine, Hit her foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.
fine, Alas, for me! I was no swim-mer, So I lost my Cle-men-tine.
CHORUS
mf
Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-tine, You are
lost and gone for-ev-er, Dref-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

5

In a churchyard near the canon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

6

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

7

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Over the Banister

Valse Moderato

mf

1 O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be -
2 No-bo - by on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full ___ of
3 Holds her fin-gers and draws her down, Sud-den-ly grow - ing

guil - ing, While ___ be - low her with ten - der grace, He ___
mean - ing; Gaze on the love-li - est face in town, ___
bold - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a

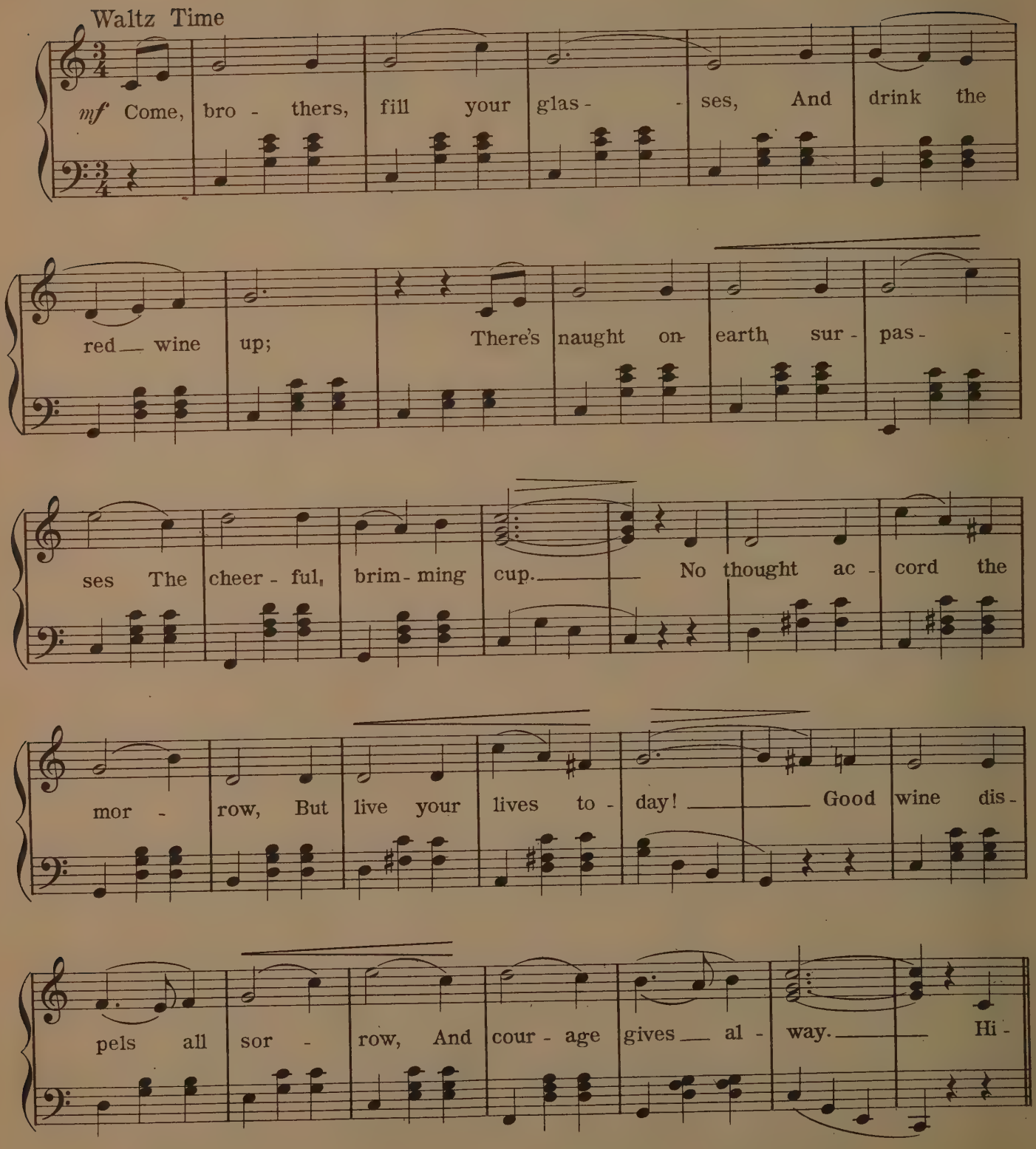
watches the pic - ture smil - ing. The light ___ burns dim in the
O - ver the ban-is - ter lean - ing, ___ Tim - id and tired ___ with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - der A ques - tion asked, ___ a

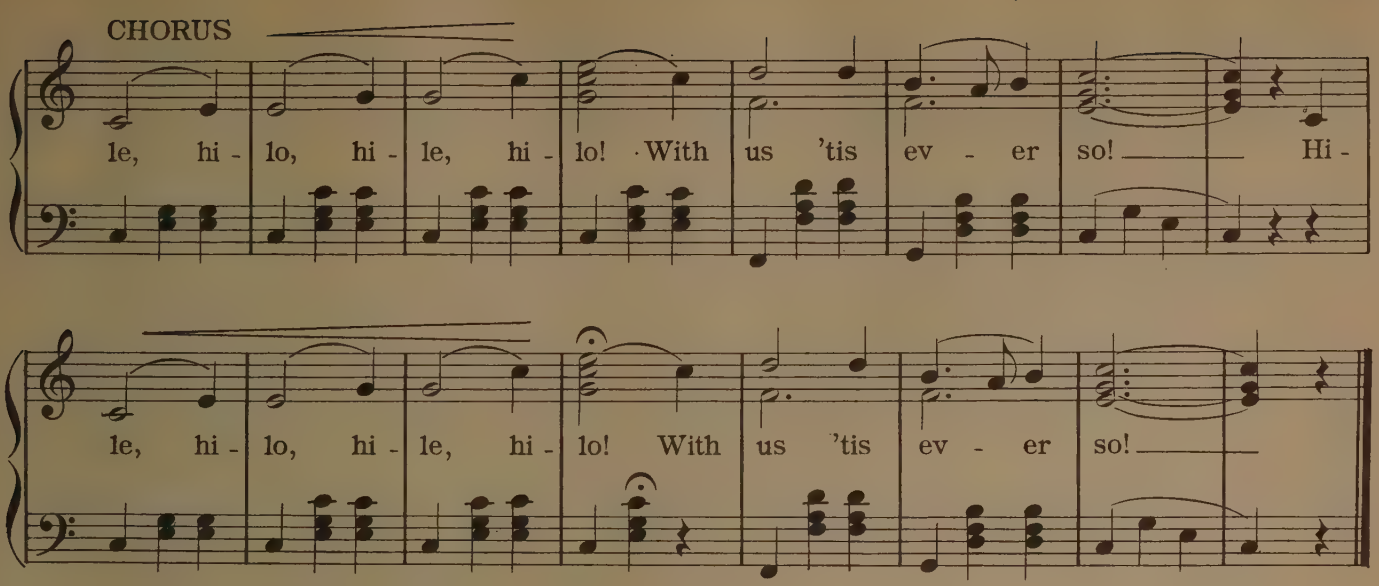
hall be - low, No - bo - by sees them ___ stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she ___ lin - gers
swift ca - ress, She had fled like a bird from the stair - way But

Say - ing good-night a-gain soft and low, ___ Half way up to the land - ing,
Aft - er all the good-nights are said? ___ Some-bo-by holds her fin - gers
o - ver the ban - is-ter comes a yes, That brightens the world for him al - way.

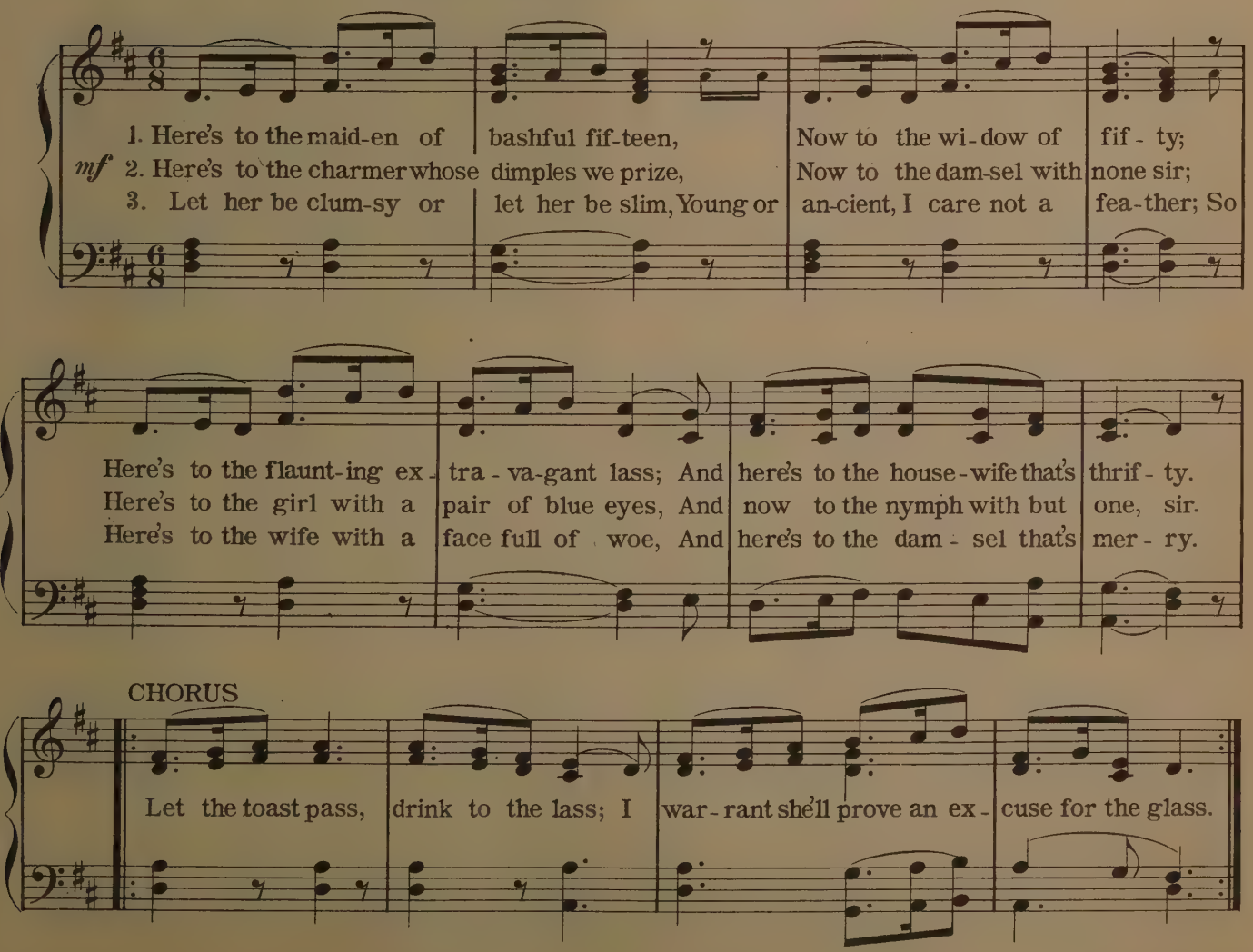
Hi-le, Hi-lo

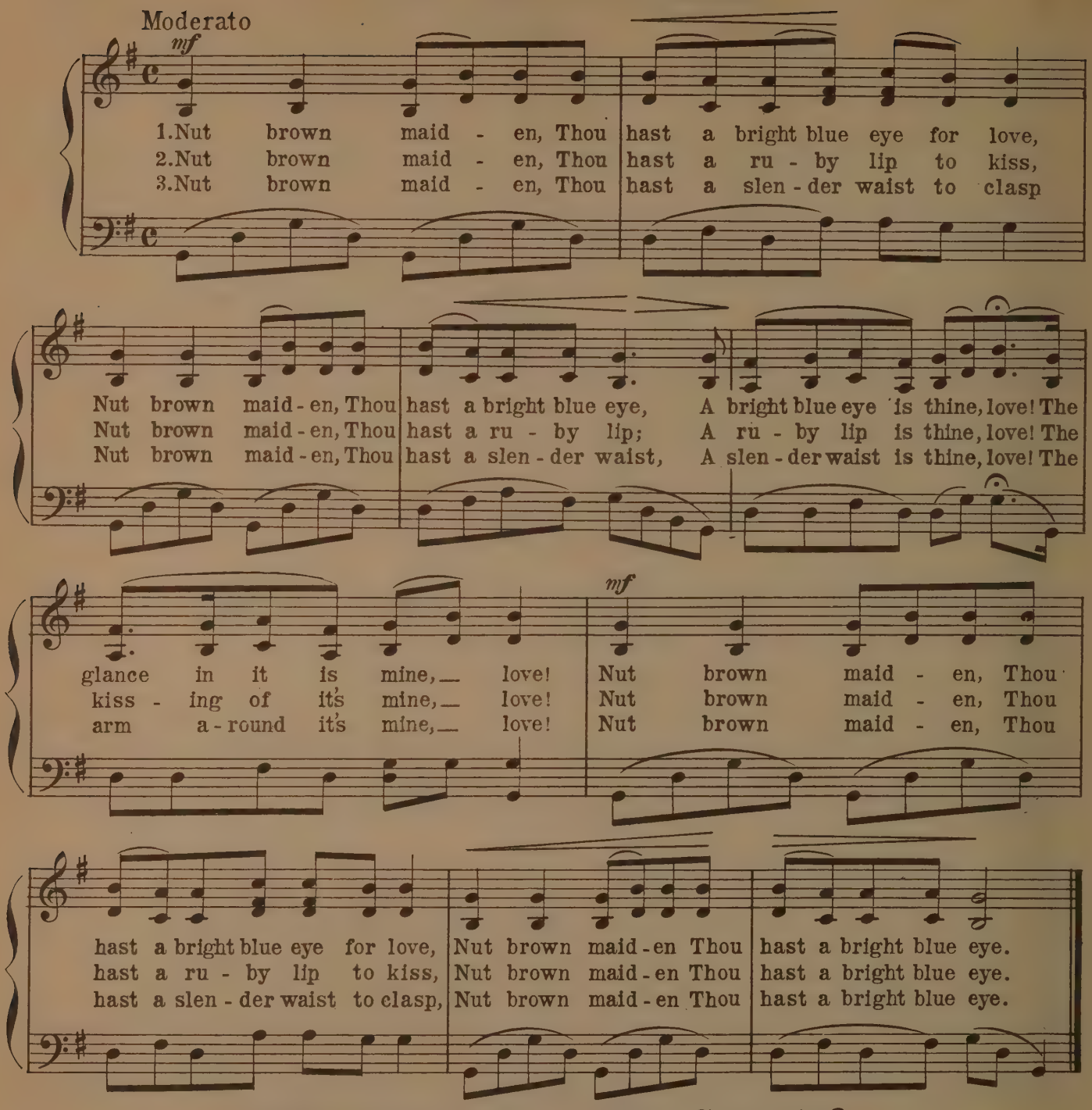
(Come, Brothers, Fill Your Glasses)


Waltz Time
mf Come, bro - thers, fill your glas - ses, And drink the
red wine up; There's naught on earth sur - pas -
ses The cheer - ful, brim - ming cup. No thought ac - cord the
mor - row, But live your lives to - day! Good wine dis -
pels all sor - row, And cour - age gives al - way. Hi -

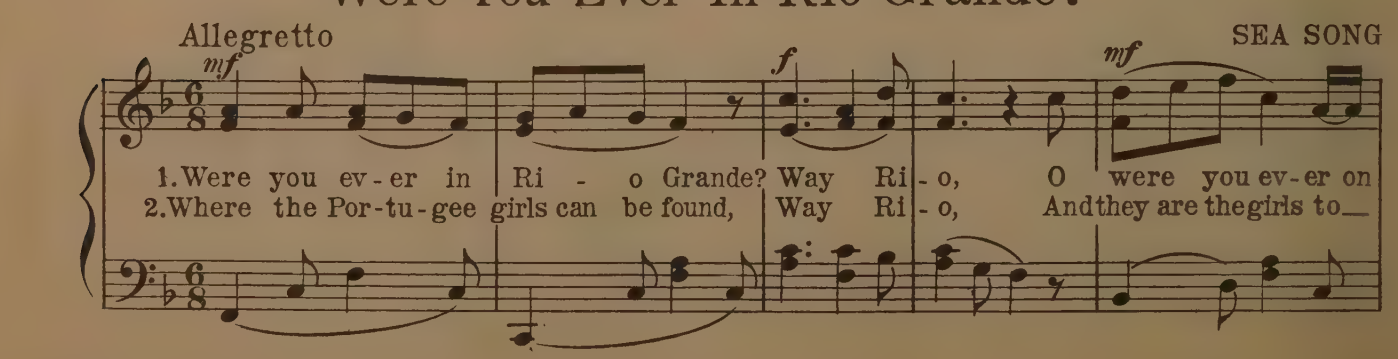


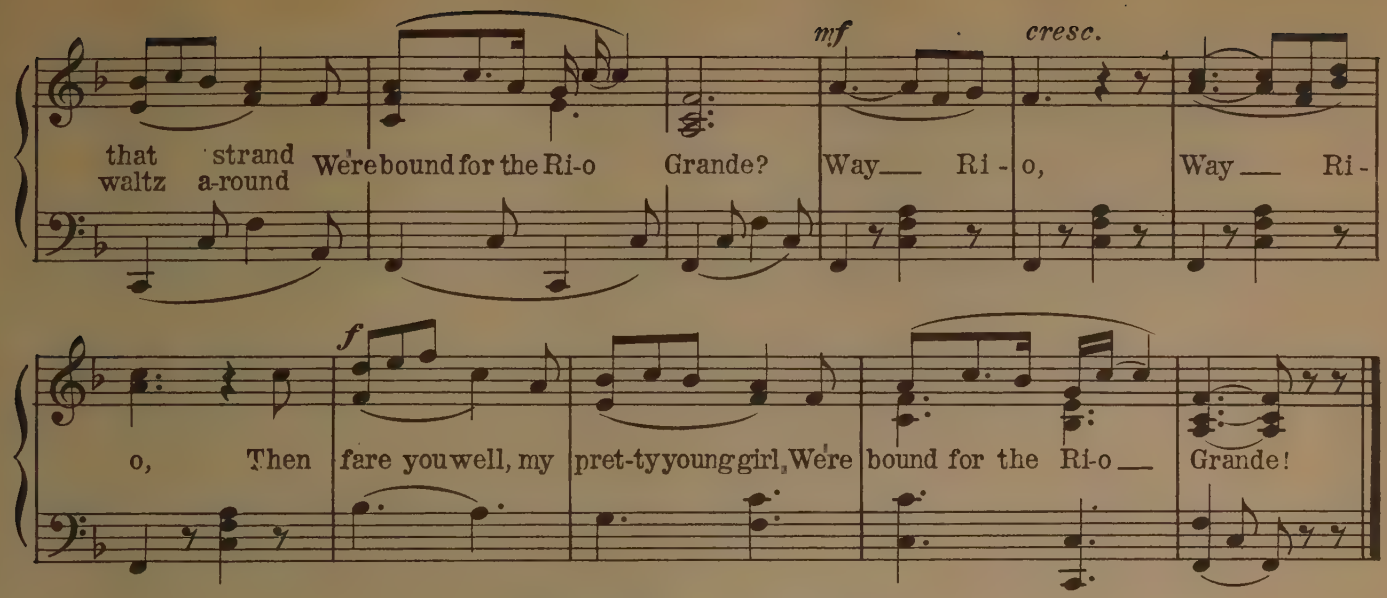
Here's To The Maiden


1. Here's to the maid-en of bashful fif-teen, Now to the wi-dow of fif - ty;
mf 2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the dam-sel with none sir;
3. Let her be clum-sy or let her be slim, Young or an-cient, I care not a fea-ther; So
Here's to the flaunt-ing ex - tra - va-gant lass; And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty.
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam - sel that's mer - ry.
CHORUS
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

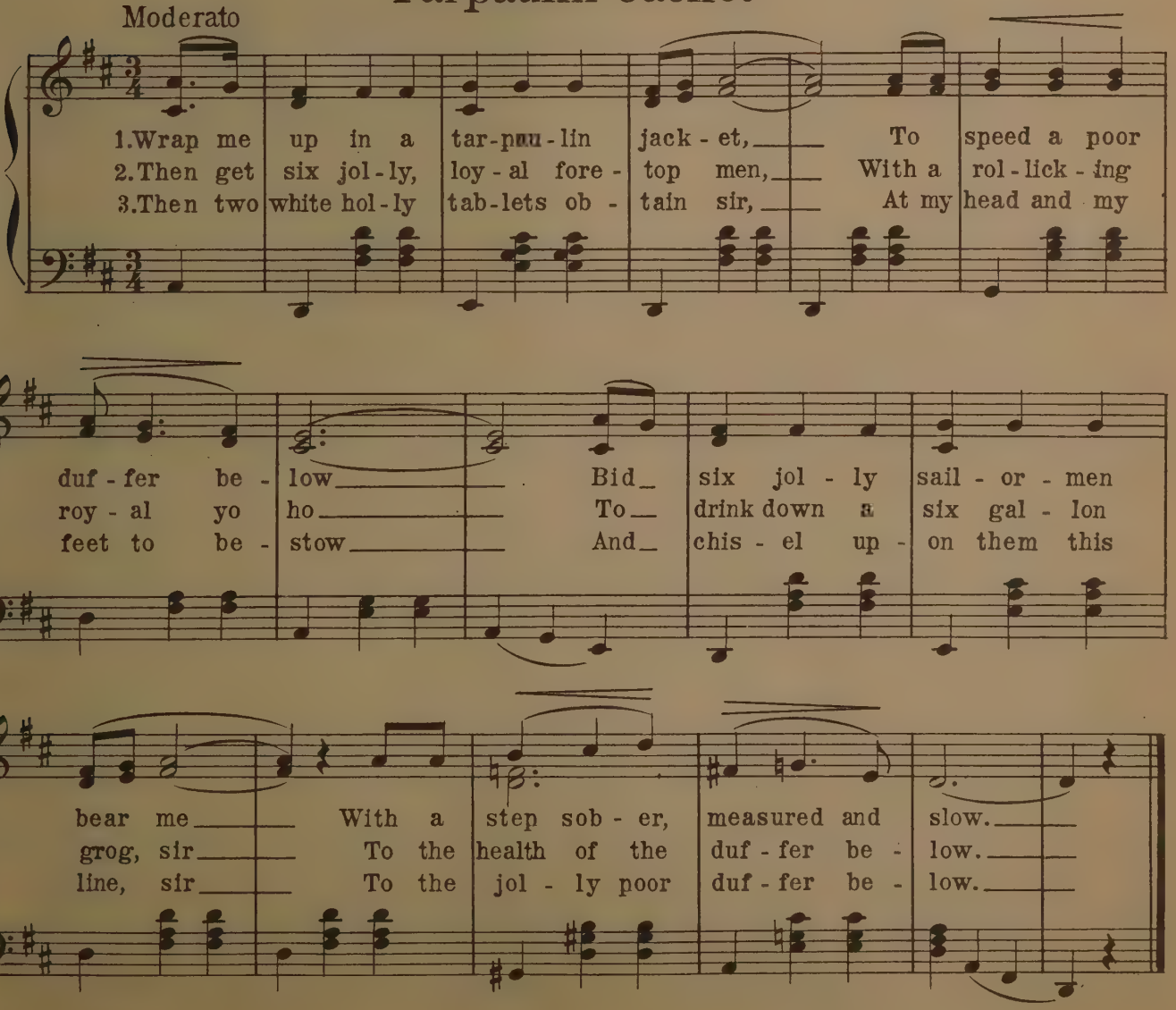
Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato
mf
1.Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love,
2.Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss,
3.Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp
Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye, A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist, A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
glance in it is mine, love!
kiss - ing of it's mine, love!
arm a - round it's mine, love!
mf
Nut brown maid - en, Thou
Nut brown maid - en, Thou
Nut brown maid - en, Thou
hast a bright blue eye for love,
hast a ru - by lip to kiss,
hast a slen - der waist to clasp,
Nut brown maid - en Thou hast a bright blue eye.
Nut brown maid - en Thou hast a bright blue eye.
Nut brown maid - en Thou hast a bright blue eye.

Were You Ever In Rio Grande?

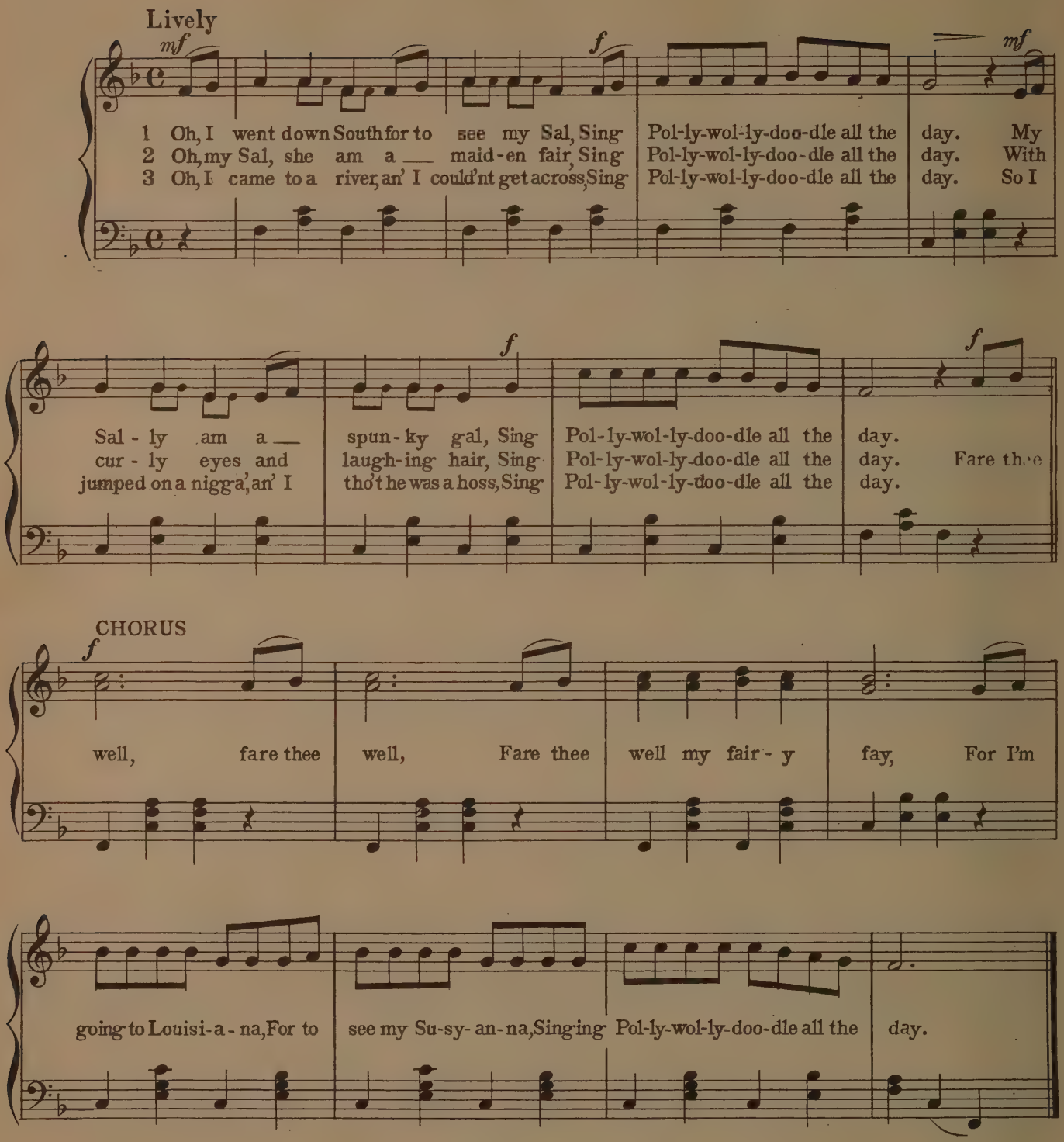

Allegretto
SEA SONG
mf
f
mf
1.Were you ev - er in Ri - o Grande? Way Ri - o, O were you ev - er on
2.Where the Por - tu - gee girls can be found, Way Ri - o, And they are the girls to



Tarpaulin Jacket


Moderato
1. Wrap me up in a tar-paw-lin jack - et, To speed a poor
2. Then get six jol - ly, loy - al fore - top men, With a rol - lick - ing
3. Then two white hol - ly tab-lets ob - tain sir, At my head and my
duf - fer be - low Bid six jol - ly sail - or - men
roy - al yo ho To drink down a six gal - lon
feet to be - stow And chis - el up - on them this
bear me With a step sob - er, measured and slow.
grog, sir To the health of the duf - fer be - low.
line, sir To the jol - ly poor duf - fer be - low.

Polly-Wolly-Doodle


Lively
mf
f
mf
1 Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day. My
2 Oh, my Sal, she am a — maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day. With
3 Oh, I came to a river, an' I could'nt get across, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day. So I
f
f
Sal-ly am a — spun-ky gal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day. Fare thee
jumped on a nigg-a', an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
CHORUS
f
well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fair-y fay, For I'm
going to Louisi-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Singing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

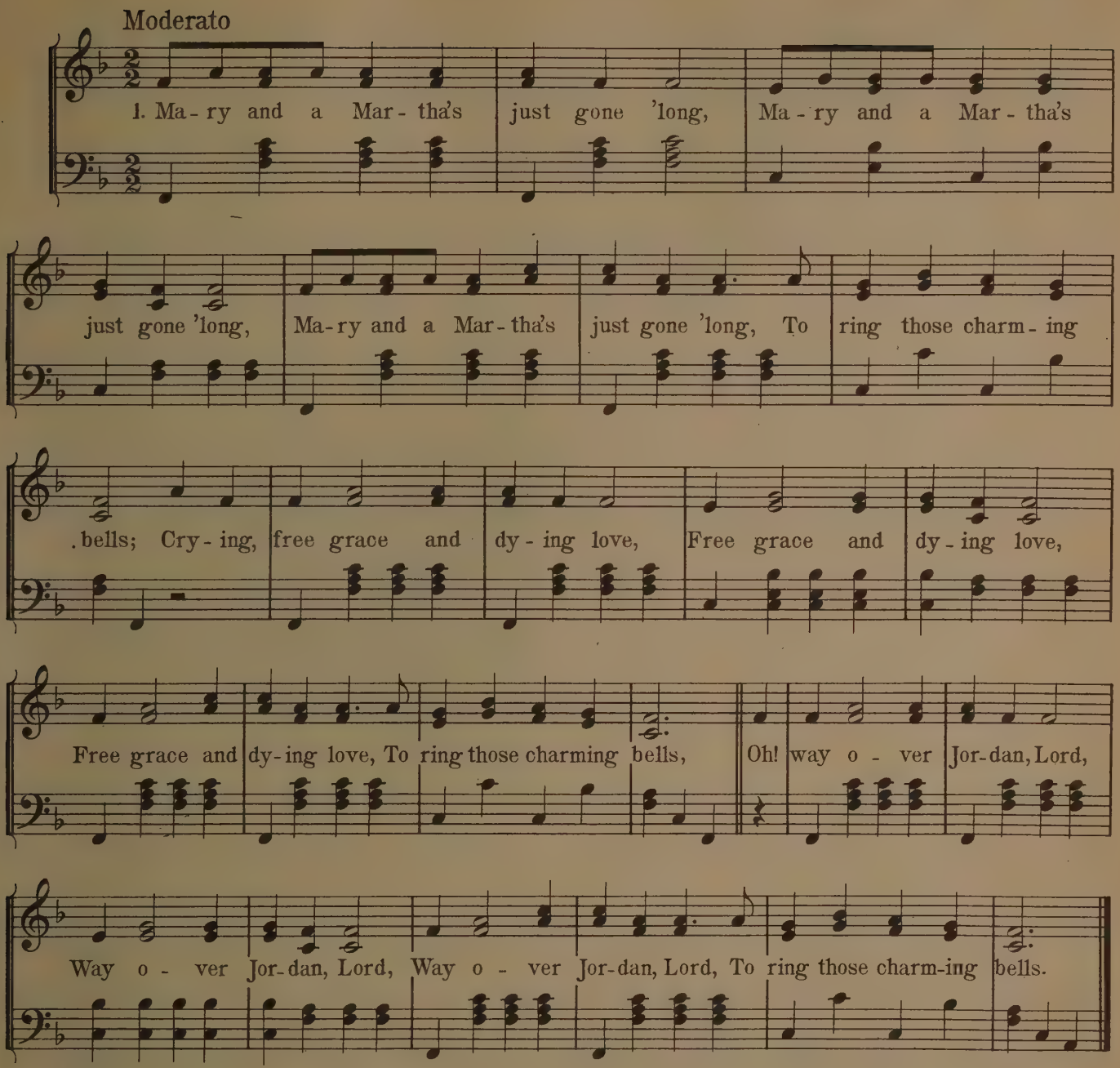
4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

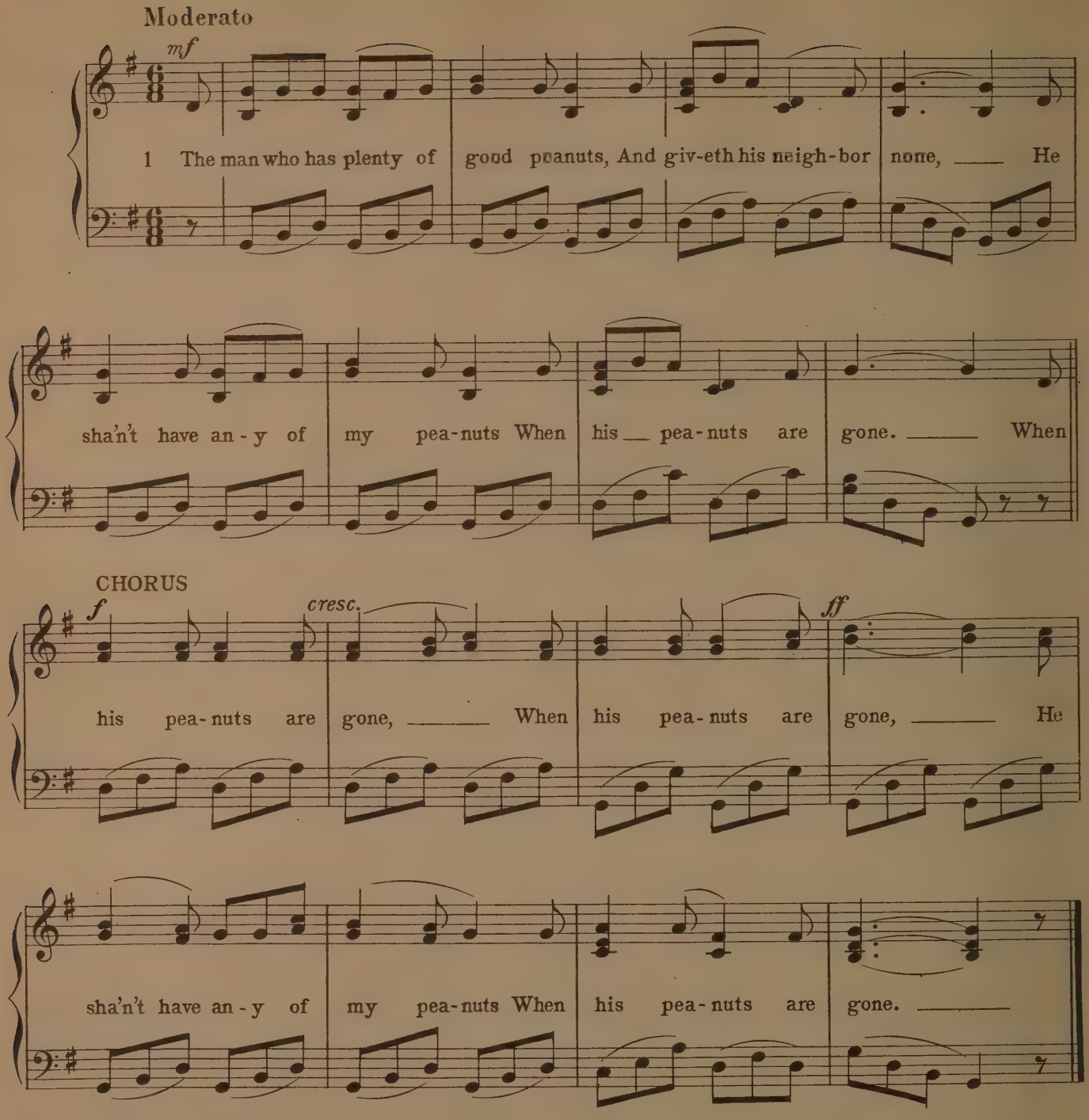
7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin cough,
He sneezed his head an' tail right off.

Mary and Martha


Moderato
1. Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's
just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long, To ring those charm - ing
. bells; Cry - ing, free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love,
Free grace and dy - ing love, To ring those charming bells, Oh! way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord,
Way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord, To ring those charm - ing bells.

2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, etc.
   To ring those charming bells;
   Cho.– Crying, free grace, etc.
3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, etc.
   To ring those charming bells;
   Cho.– Crying, free grace, etc.
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, etc.
   To ring those charming bells;
   Cho.– Crying, free grace, etc.

Peanut Song


Moderato
mf
1 The man who has plenty of good peanuts, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He
sha'n't have an-y of my pea-nuts When his pea-nuts are gone. When
CHORUS
f
cresc.
ff
his pea-nuts are gone, When his pea-nuts are gone, He
sha'n't have an-y of my pea-nuts When his pea-nuts are gone.

2

The man who has plenty of good oranges,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

3

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

4

The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry
short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

5

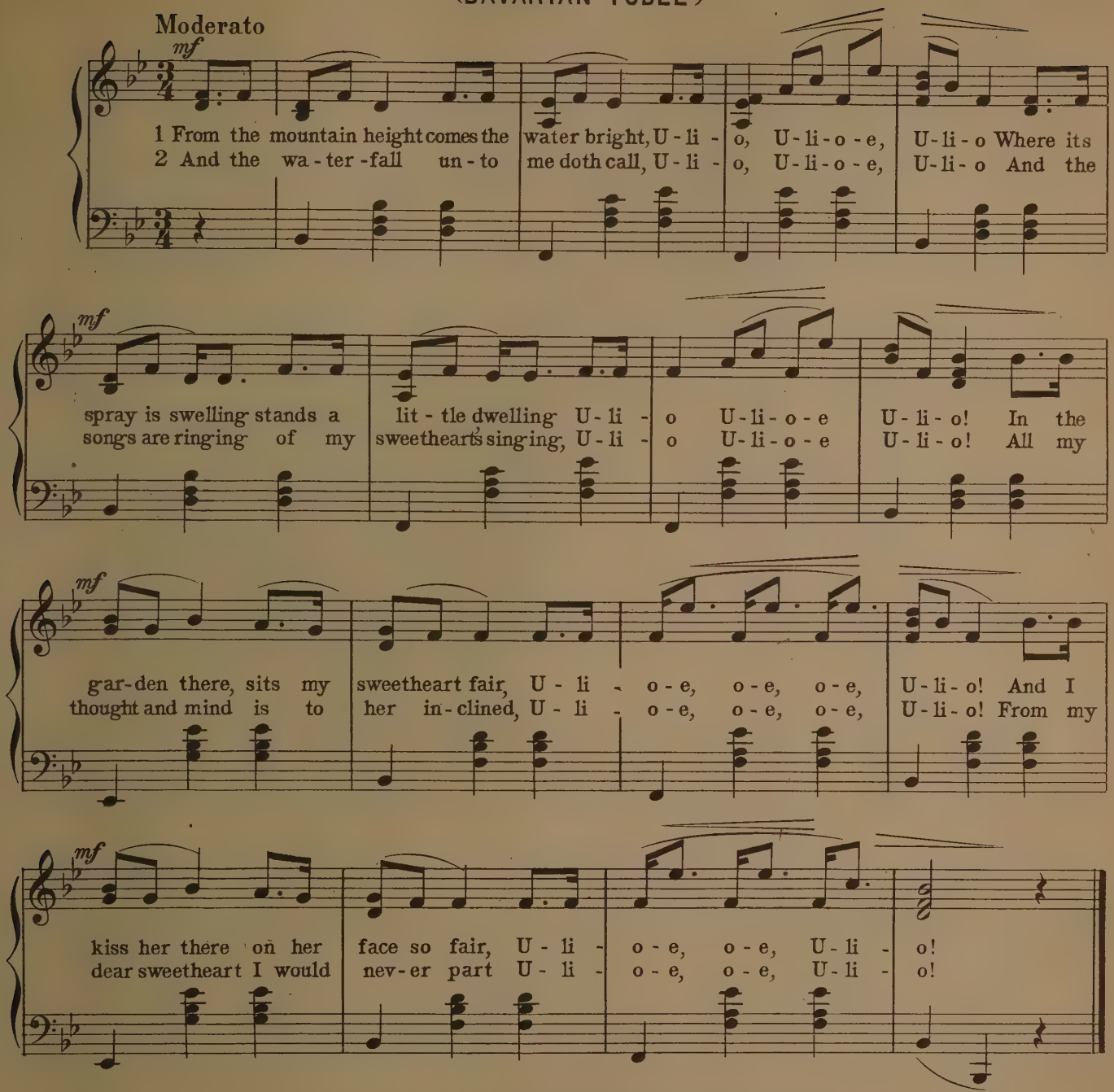
That man who has plenty of good salt-junk,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my salt-junk,
When his salt-junk is gone.

6

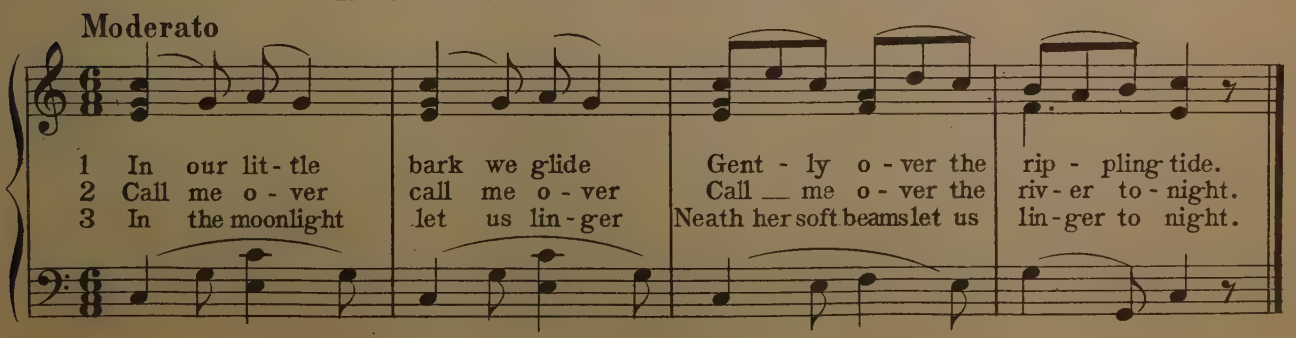
That man who has plenty of spondulacs,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my spondulacs,
When his spondulacs are gone, &c.

The Waterfall

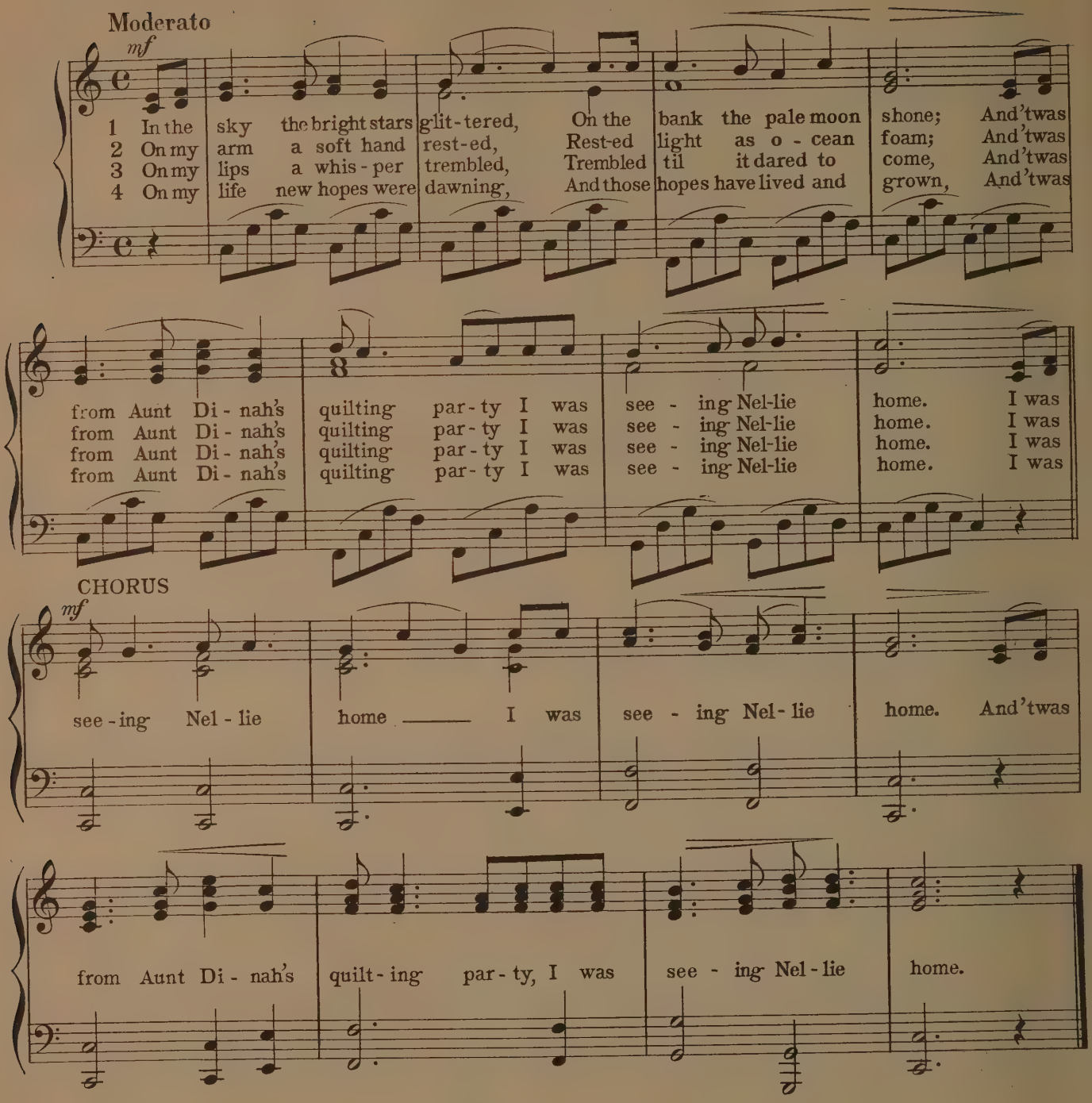
(BAVARIAN YODEL)


Moderato
mf
1 From the mountain height comes the water bright, U - li - o, U - li - o - e, U - li - o Where its
2 And the wa - ter - fall un - to me doth call, U - li - o, U - li - o - e, U - li - o And the
spray is swelling stands a lit - tle dwelling U - li - o U - li - o - e U - li - o! In the
songs are ringing of my sweetheart's singing, U - li - o U - li - o - e U - li - o! All my
gar-den there, sits my sweetheart fair, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, U - li - o! And I
thought and mind is to her in - clined, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, U - li - o! From my
kiss her there on her face so fair, U - li - o - e, o - e, U - li - o!
dear sweetheart I would nev-er part U - li - o - e, o - e, U - li - o!

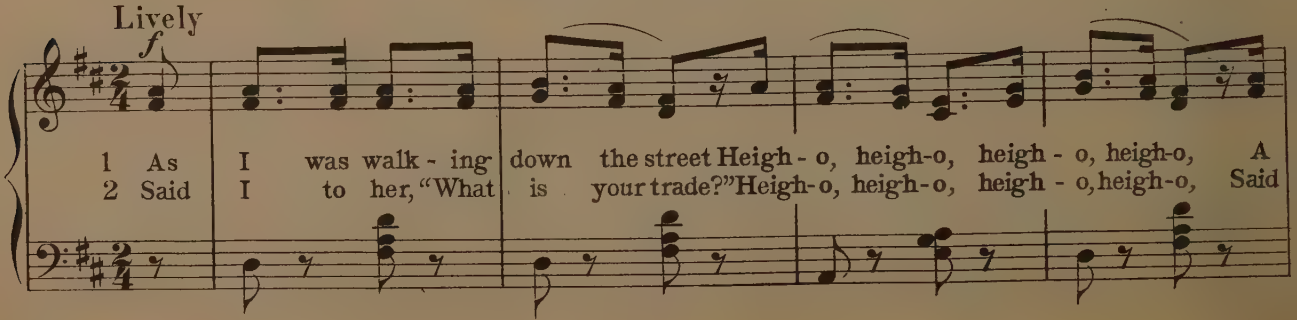
In Our Little Bark We Glide

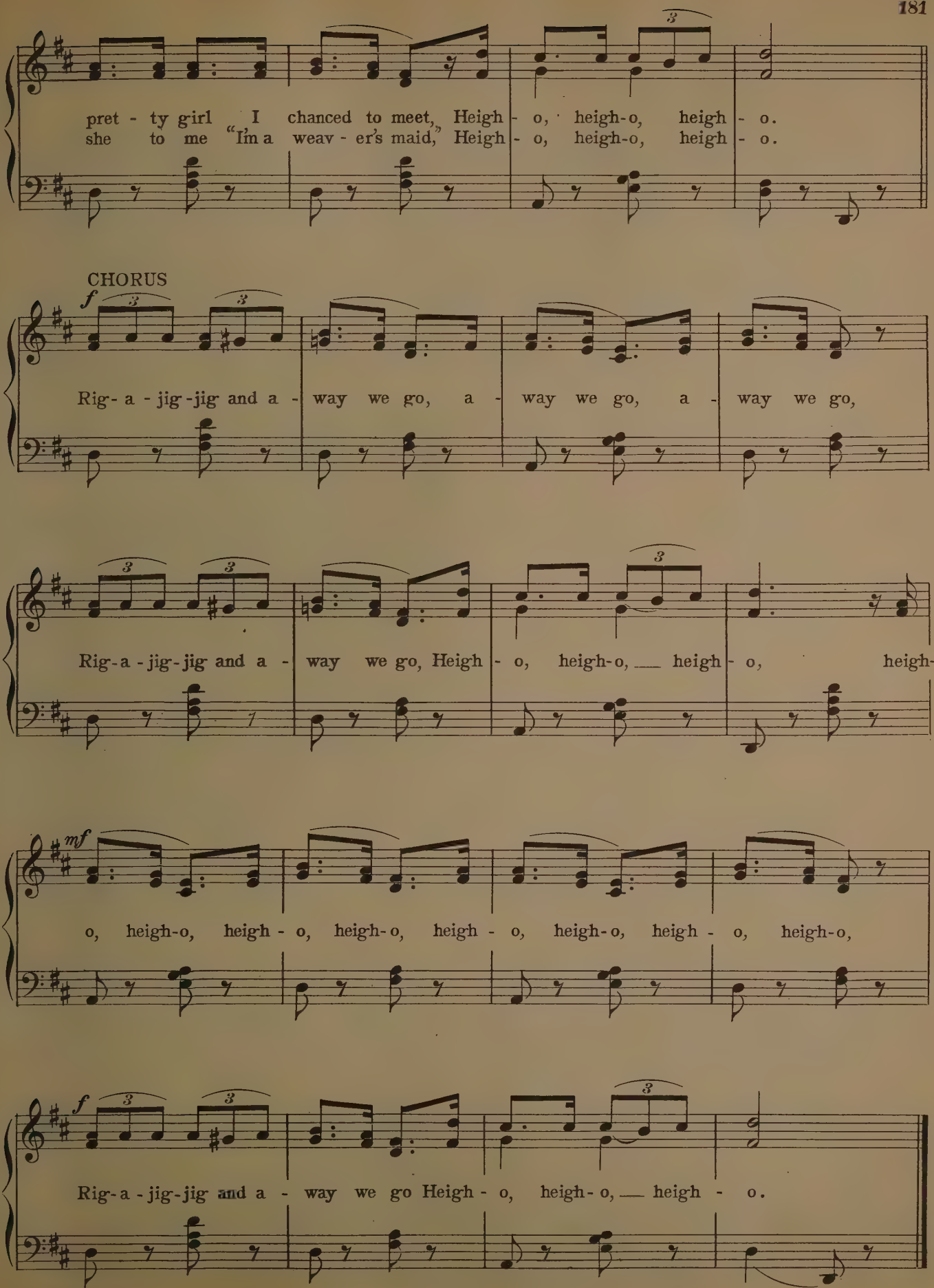

Moderato
1 In our lit - tle bark we glide Gent - ly o - ver the rip - pling tide.
2 Call me o - ver call me o - ver Call me o - ver the riv - er to - night.
3 In the moonlight let us lin - ger Neath her soft beams let us lin - ger to night.

The Quilting Party

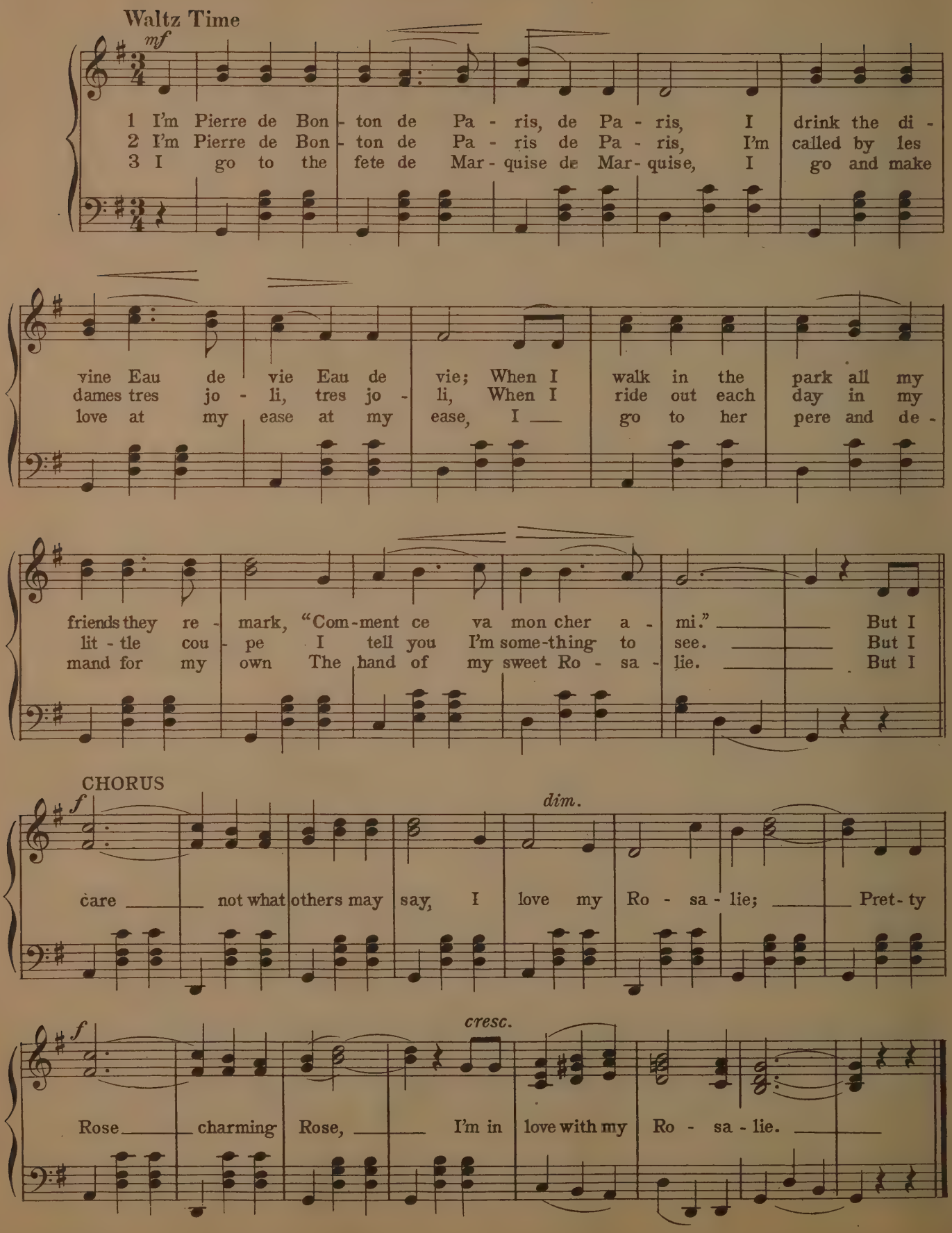

Moderato
mf
1 In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And'twas
2 On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And'twas
3 On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled til it dared to come, And'twas
4 On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown, And'twas
from Aunt Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
CHORUS
mf
see-ing Nel-lie home I was see - ing Nel-lie home. And'twas
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

Rig-a-Jig


Lively
f
1 As I was walk-ing down the street Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
2 Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said

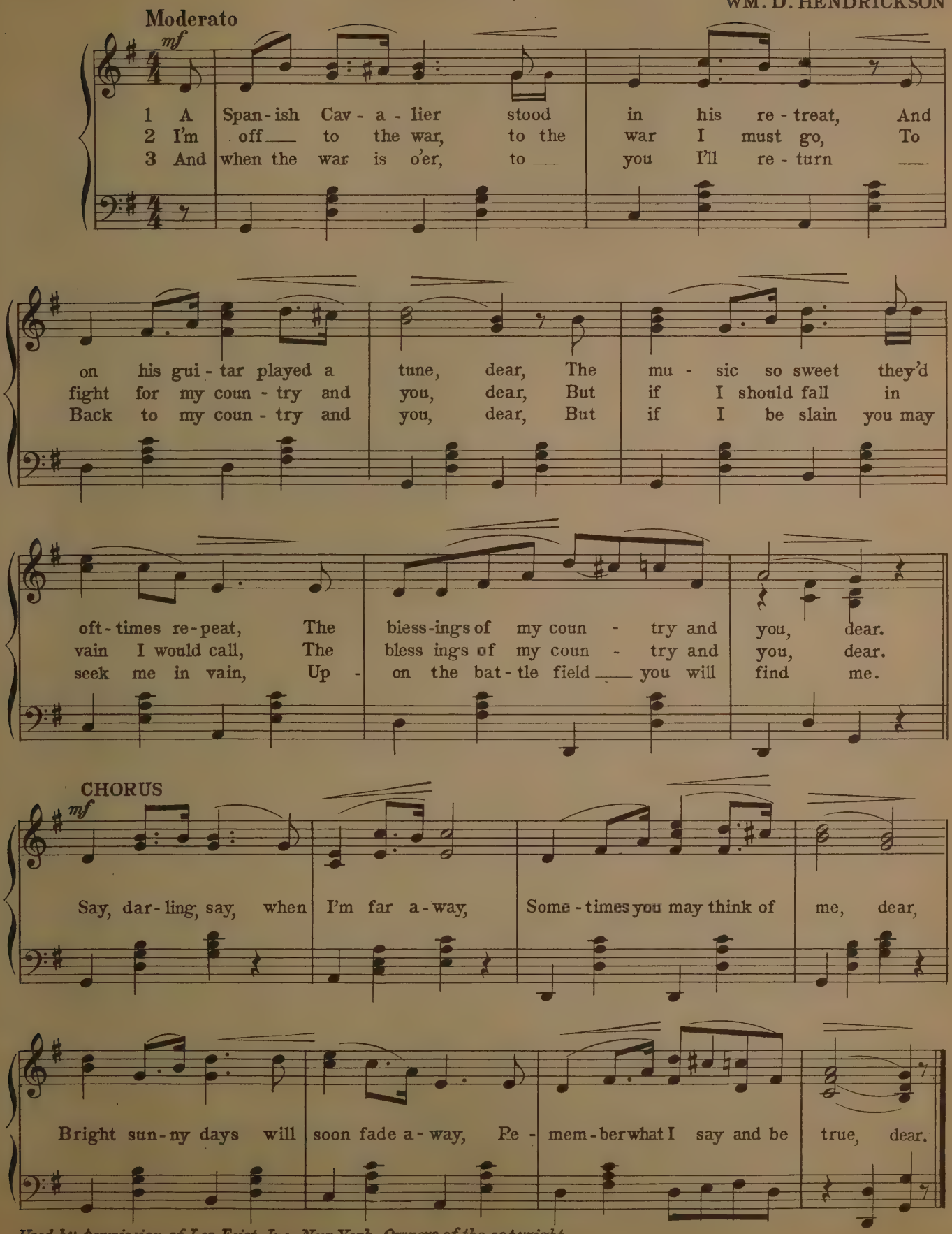

pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
she to me "I'm a weav - er's maid," Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
CHORUS
f
Rig- a - jig -jig and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,
Rig-a - jig-jig and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-
mf
o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o,
f
Rig-a - jig-jig and a - way we go Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

Rosalie


Waltz Time
mf
1 I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di -
2 I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris de Pa - ris, I'm called by les
3 I go to the fete de Mar - quise de Mar - quise, I go and make
vine Eau de vie Eau de vie; When I walk in the park all my
dames tres jo - li, tres jo - li, When I ride out each day in my
love at my ease at my ease, I go to her pere and de -
friends they re - mark, "Com - ment ce va mon cher a - mi." But I
lit - tle cou - pe I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I
mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. But I
CHORUS
f
dim.
care not what others may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie; Pret - ty
f
cresc.
Rose charming Rose, I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

The Spanish Cavalier

WM. D. HENDRICKSON


Moderato
mf
1 A Span-ish Cav-a-lier stood in his re-treat, And
2 I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To
3 And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn
on his gui-tar played a tune, dear, The mu-sic so sweet they'd
fight for my coun-try and you, dear, But if I should fall in
Back to my coun-try and you, dear, But if I be slain you may
oft-times re-peat, The bless-ings of my coun-try and you, dear.
vain I would call, The bless ings of my coun-try and you, dear.
seek me in vain, Up-on the bat-tle field you will find me.
CHORUS
mf
Say, dar-ling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,
Bright sun-ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem-ber what I say and be true, dear.

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There's Music in the Air

G. F. ROOT

Moderato

mf

1 There's mu - sic in the air ___ When the in-fant morn is nigh And
2 There's mu - sic in the air ___ When the moontide's sul - try beam Re -
3 There's mu sic in the air ___ When the twilight's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen ___ On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light ___ On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast ___ As its pen-sive beau - ties die.

mf

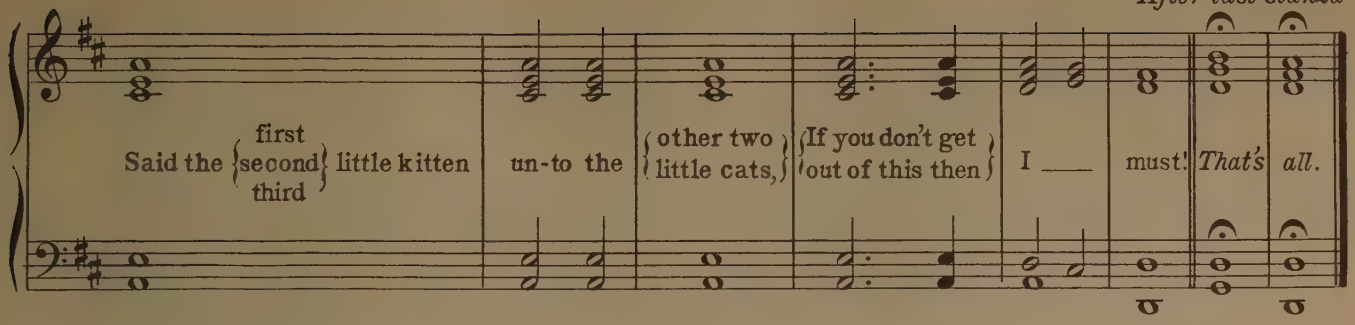
Many a harp's ex - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - rows ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet-ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu sic in the air.

Three Little Kittens

1.2.3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw-aw - dust;

After last stanza



Shool

Lively

mf

1 I wish I was in Bos-ton cit-y Where all the girls they are so pretty, If I
2 I wish I was on yon-der hill, For there I'd sit and cry my fill, And
3 I wish I was a mar-ried man And had a wife whose name was Fan, I'd

did-n't have a time 'twould be a pit-y, Dis-cum bibble lol-la-boo, slow reel.
ev-'ry drop should turn a mill, Dis-cum bibble lol-la-boo, slow reel.
sing her a song on this same plan, Dis-cum bibble lol-la-boo slow reel.

CHORUS

f

Shool, shool, shool I rool Shool I shagarack shoo-la barbarcool, The

first time I saw psil-ly bal-ly eel, Dis-cum bibble lol-la-boo, slow reel.

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

With Spirit

f

1 Y'heave ho! ___ my lads, ___ the wind blows free, ___ A
2 The sail - or's life ___ is bold and free, ___ His
3 The tide ___ is flow - ing with the gale, ___ Y'heave

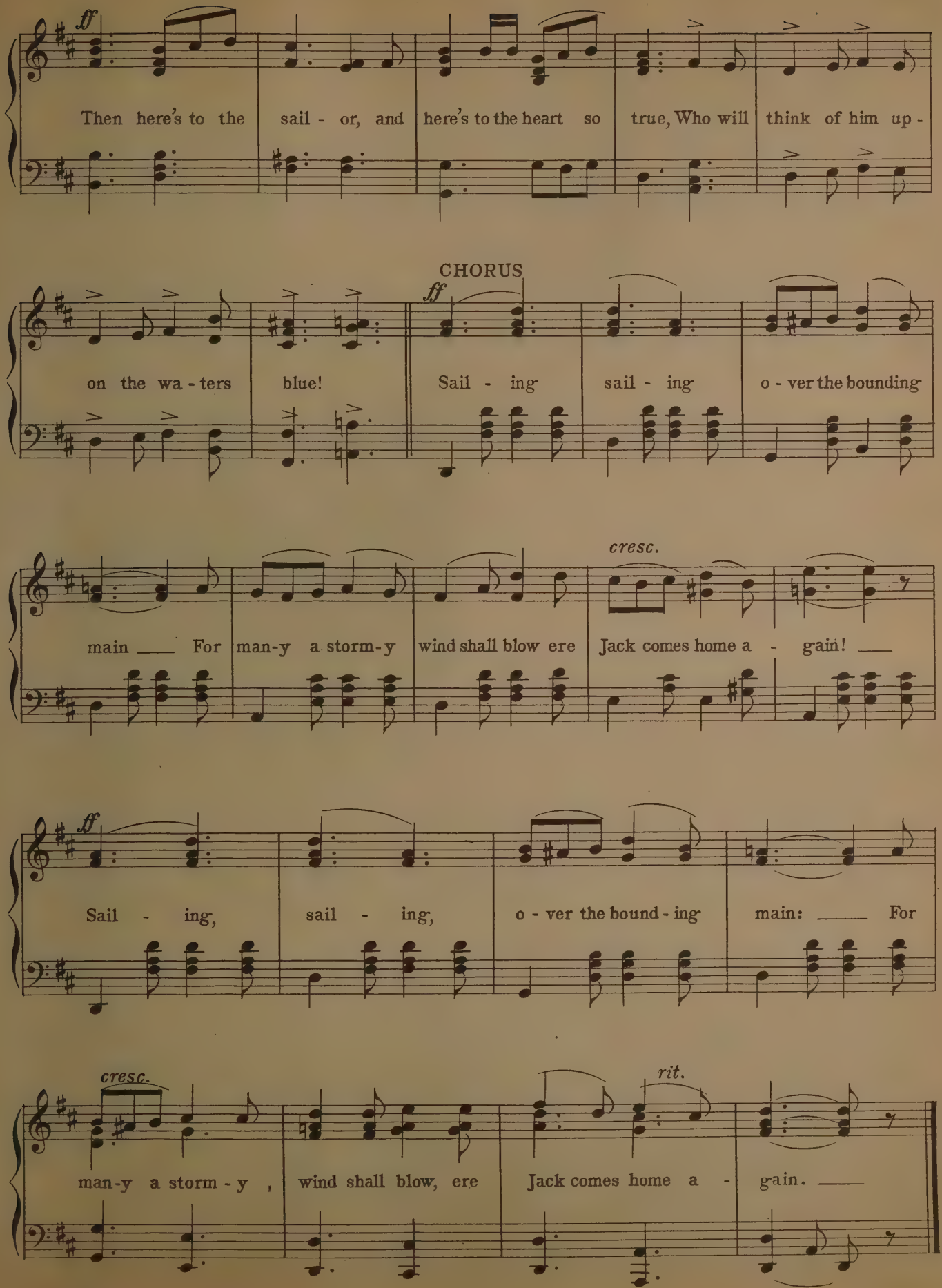
pleas - ant gale ___ is on our lee: ___ And soon ___ a -
home ___ is on ___ the roll - ing sea ___ And nev - er
ho! ___ my lads, ___ set ev - 'ry sail ___ The har - bor

cross ___ the o - cean clear ___ Our gal - lant bark ___ shall
heart ___ more true or brave ___ Than his ___ who launch - es
bar ___ we soon shall clear, ___ Fare - well ___ once more ___ to

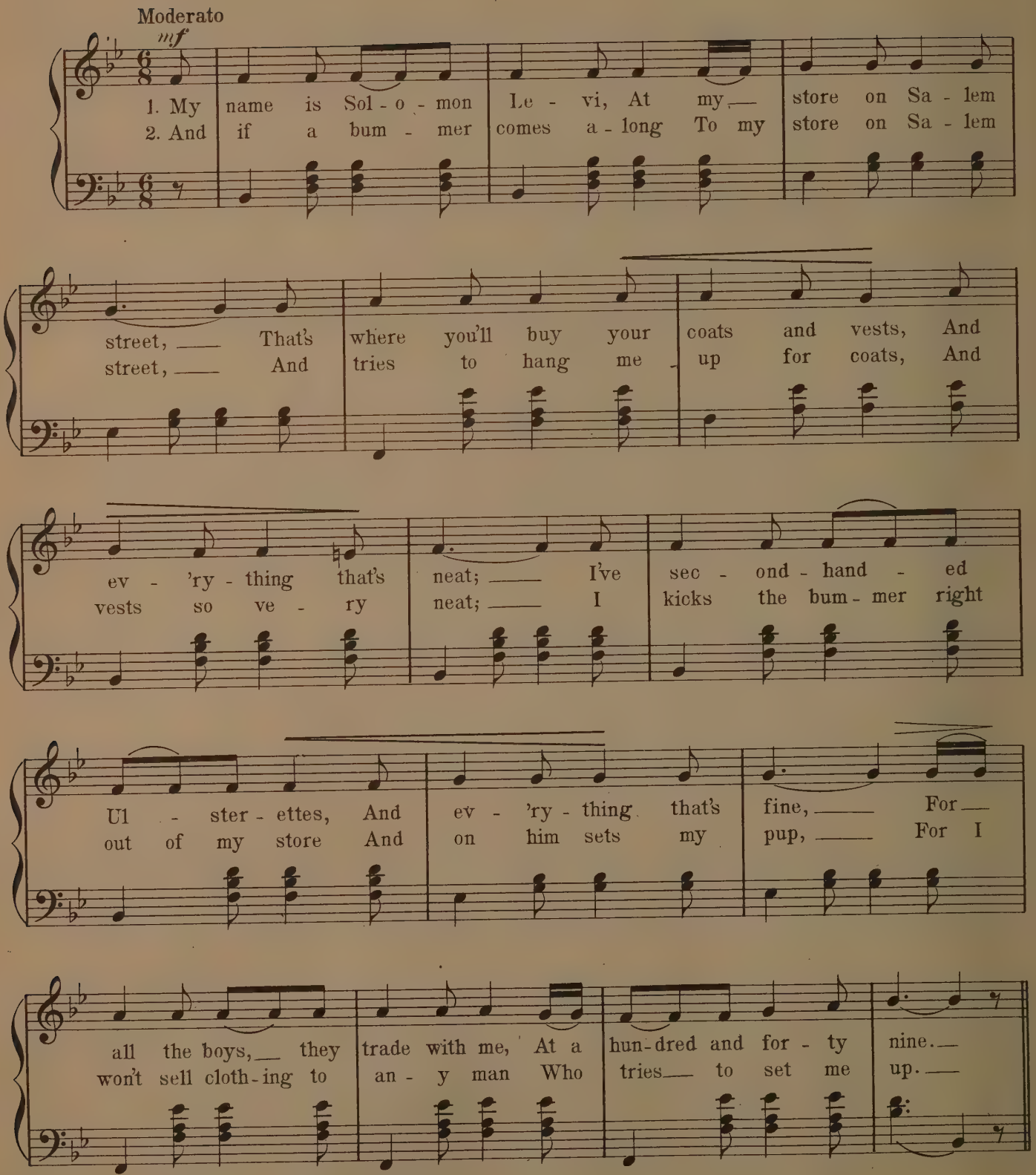
ff *mf*

brave - ly steer, ___ But ere we part ___ from Eng-lands shores to -
on ___ the wave, ___ A - far he speeds ___ in dis - tant climes to
home ___ so dear, ___ For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and

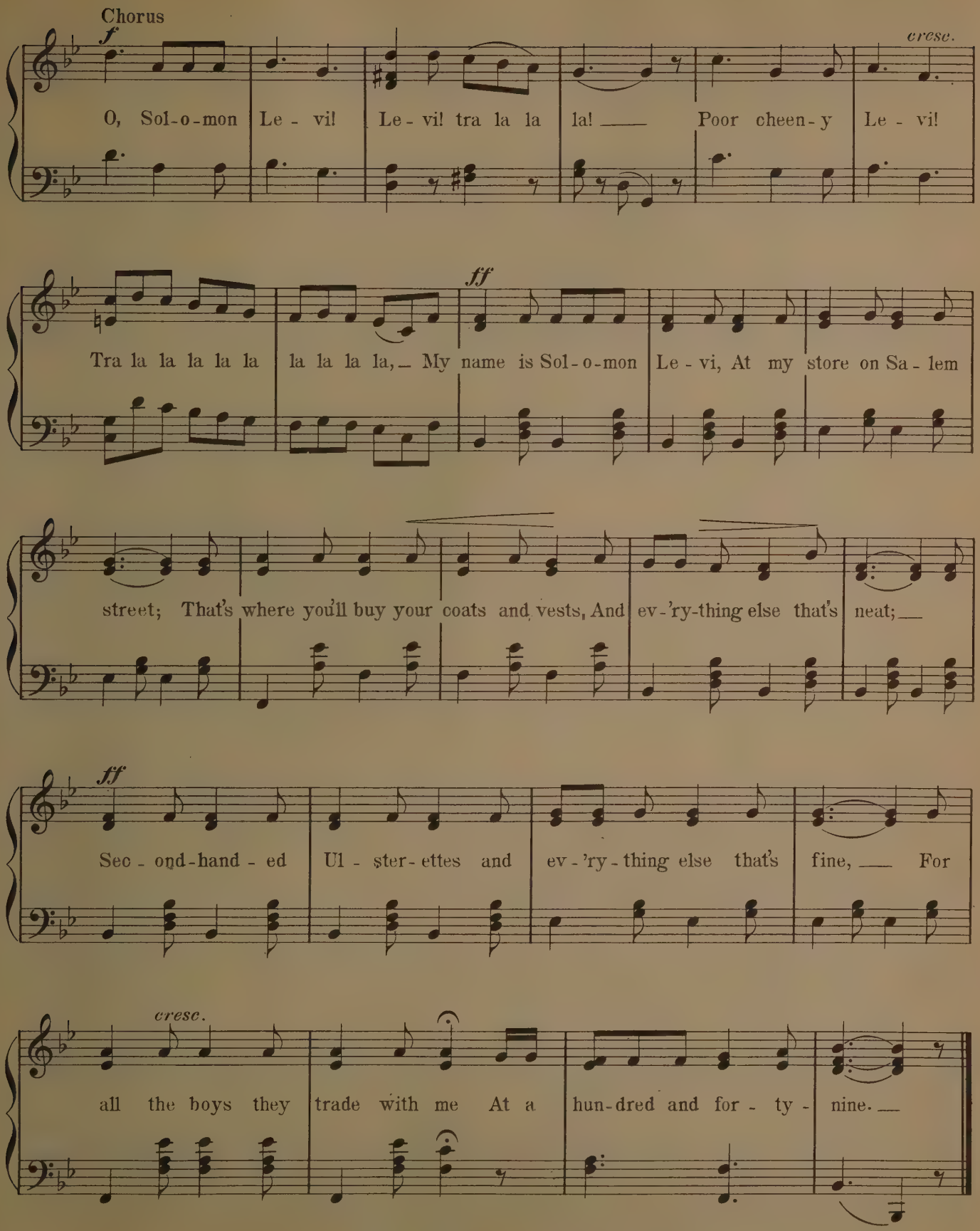
night, ___ A song we'll sing ___ for home and beau - ty bright. ___
roam, ___ With jo - cund song ___ he rides the spark-ling foam. ___
long, ___ That home shall be ___ our guid - ing star and song. ___


ff
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up -
CHORUS
ff
on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing sail - ing o - ver the bounding
cresc.
main ___ For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain! ___
ff
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main: ___ For
cresc.
rit.
man-y a storm - y, wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. ___

Solomon Levi

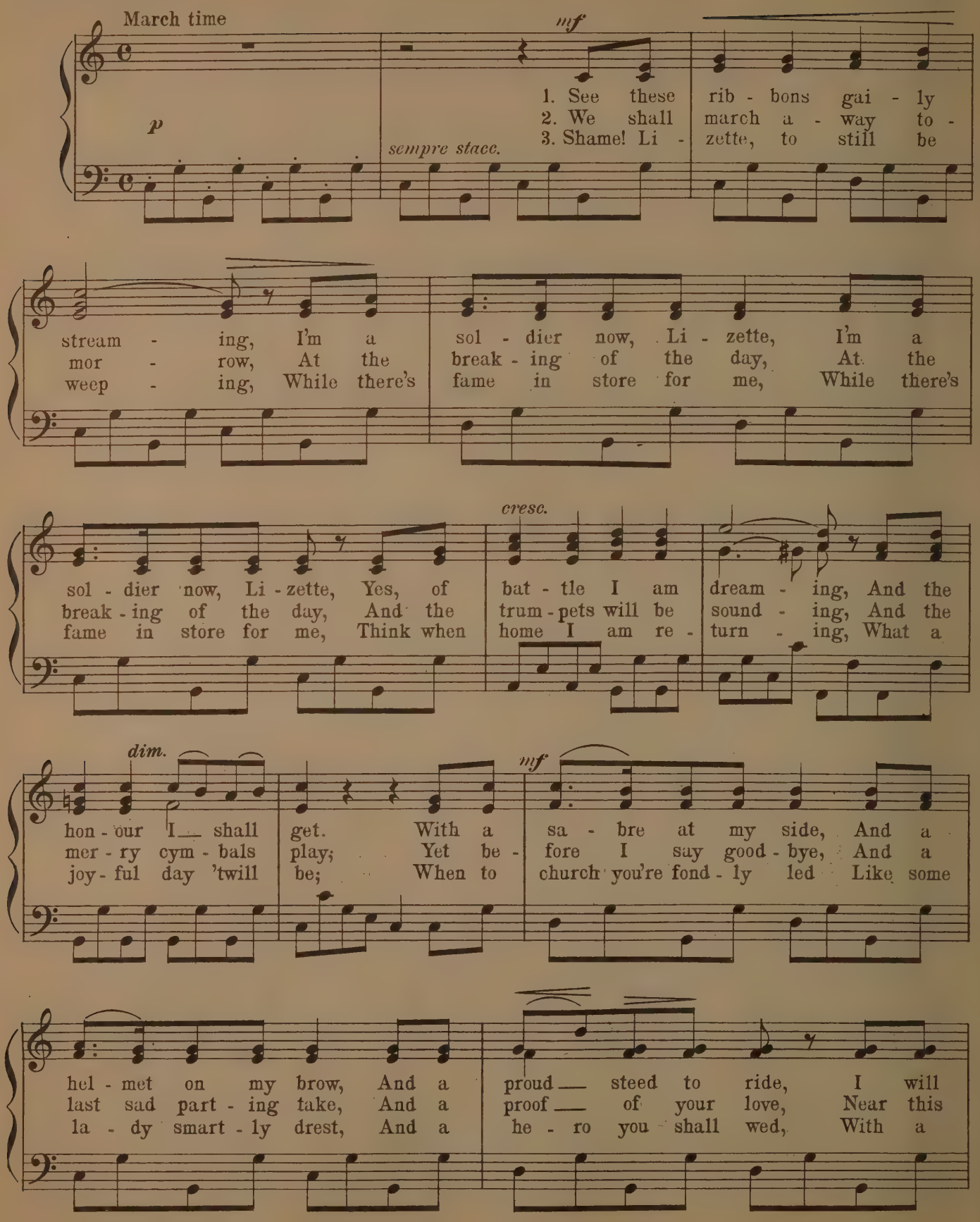

Moderato
mf
1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Sa - lem
2. And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Sa - lem
street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And
street, And tries to hang me up for coats, And
ev - 'ry - thing that's neat; I've sec - ond - hand - ed
vests so ve - ry neat; I kicks the bum - mer right
Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, For
out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I
all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun-dred and for - ty nine.
won't sell cloth-ing to an - y man Who tries to set me up.

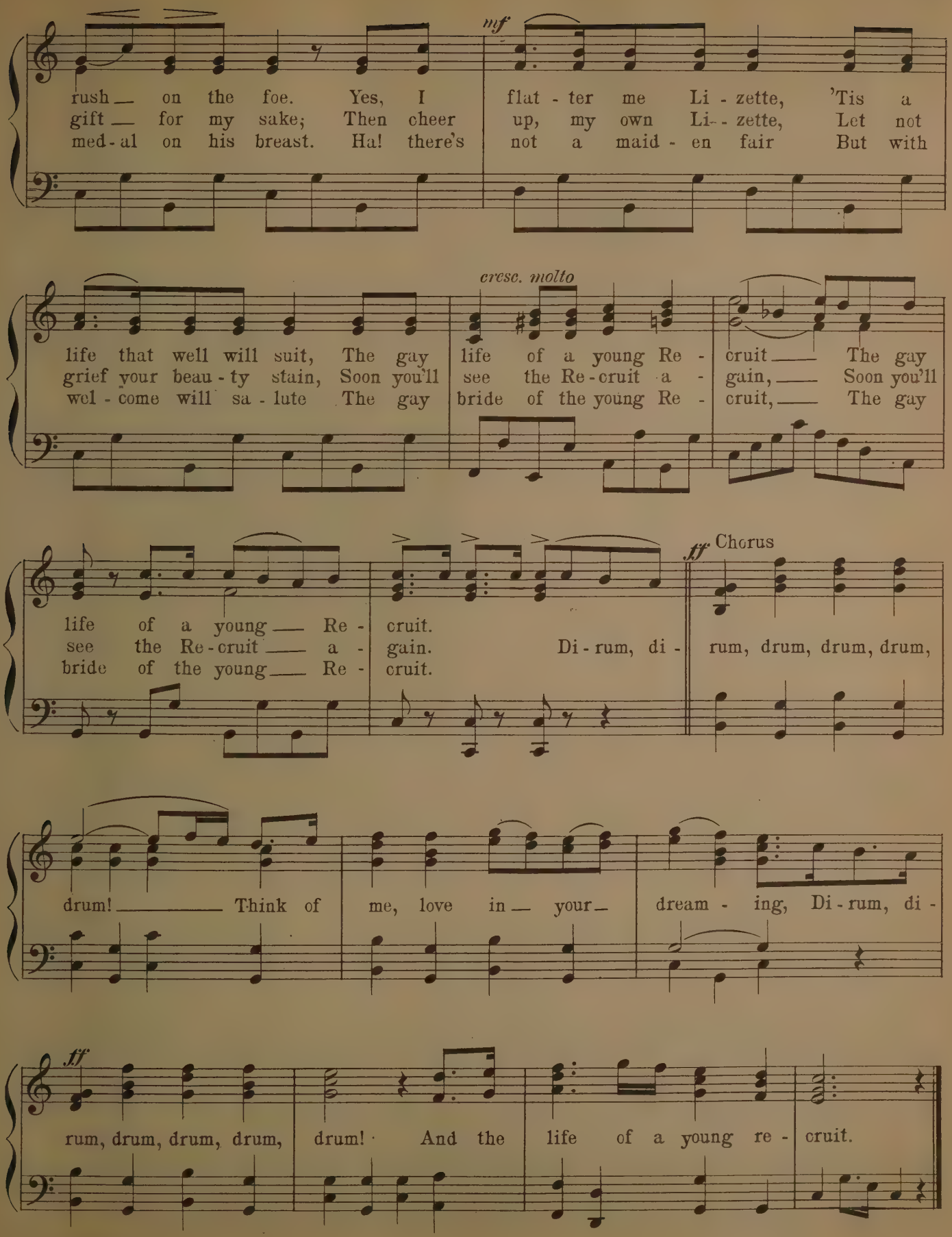
From "College Songs" by arr. with the Oliver Ditson Co.


Chorus
f
cresc.
O, Sol-o-mon Le - vi! Le - vi! tra la la la! Poor cheen-y Le - vi!
ff
Tra la la la la la la la la la, My name is Sol-o-mon Le - vi, At my store on Sa - lem
street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-'ry-thing else that's neat;
ff
Sec - ond-hand - ed Ul - ster-ettes and ev-'ry-thing else that's fine, For
cresc.
all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.

Lizette

(The Young Recruit)

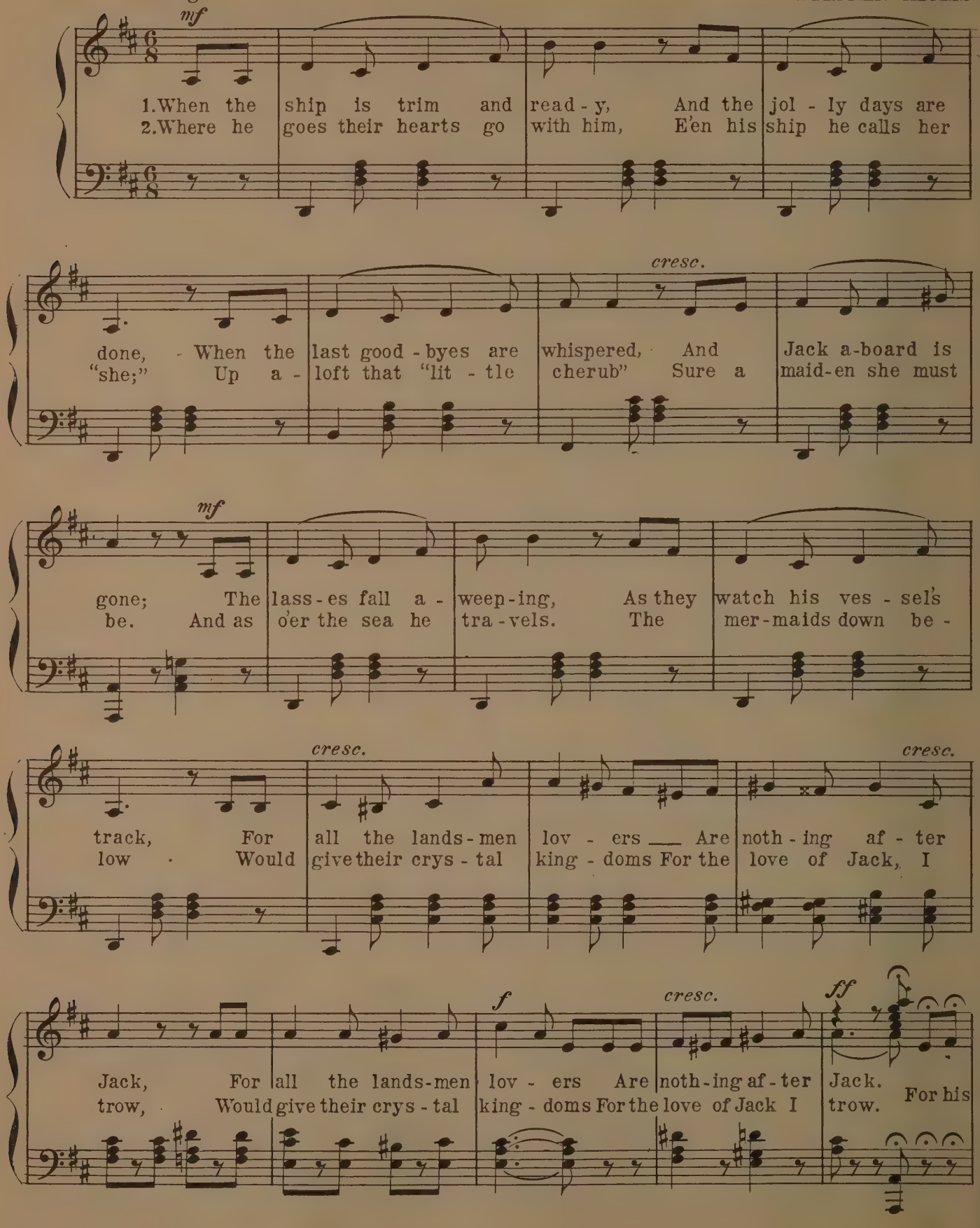
GEORGE LINLEY F. KÜCKEN

March time
p
mf
sempre stacc.
1. See these rib - bons gai - ly
2. We shall march a - way to -
3. Shame! Li - zette, to still be
stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a
mor - row, At the break - ing of the day, At the
weep - ing, While there's fame in store for me, While there's
cresc.
sol - dier now, Li - zette, Yes, of bat - tle I am dream - ing, And the
break - ing of the day, And the trum - pets will be sound - ing, And the
fame in store for me, Think when home I am re - turn - ing, What a
dim.
mf
hon - our I shall get. With a sa - bre at my side, And a
mer - ry cym - bals play; Yet be - fore I say good - bye, And a
joy - ful day 'twill be; When to church you're fond - ly led Like some
hel - met on my brow, And a proud steed to ride, I will
last sad part - ing take, And a proof of your love, Near this
la - dy smart - ly drest, And a he - ro you shall wed, With a

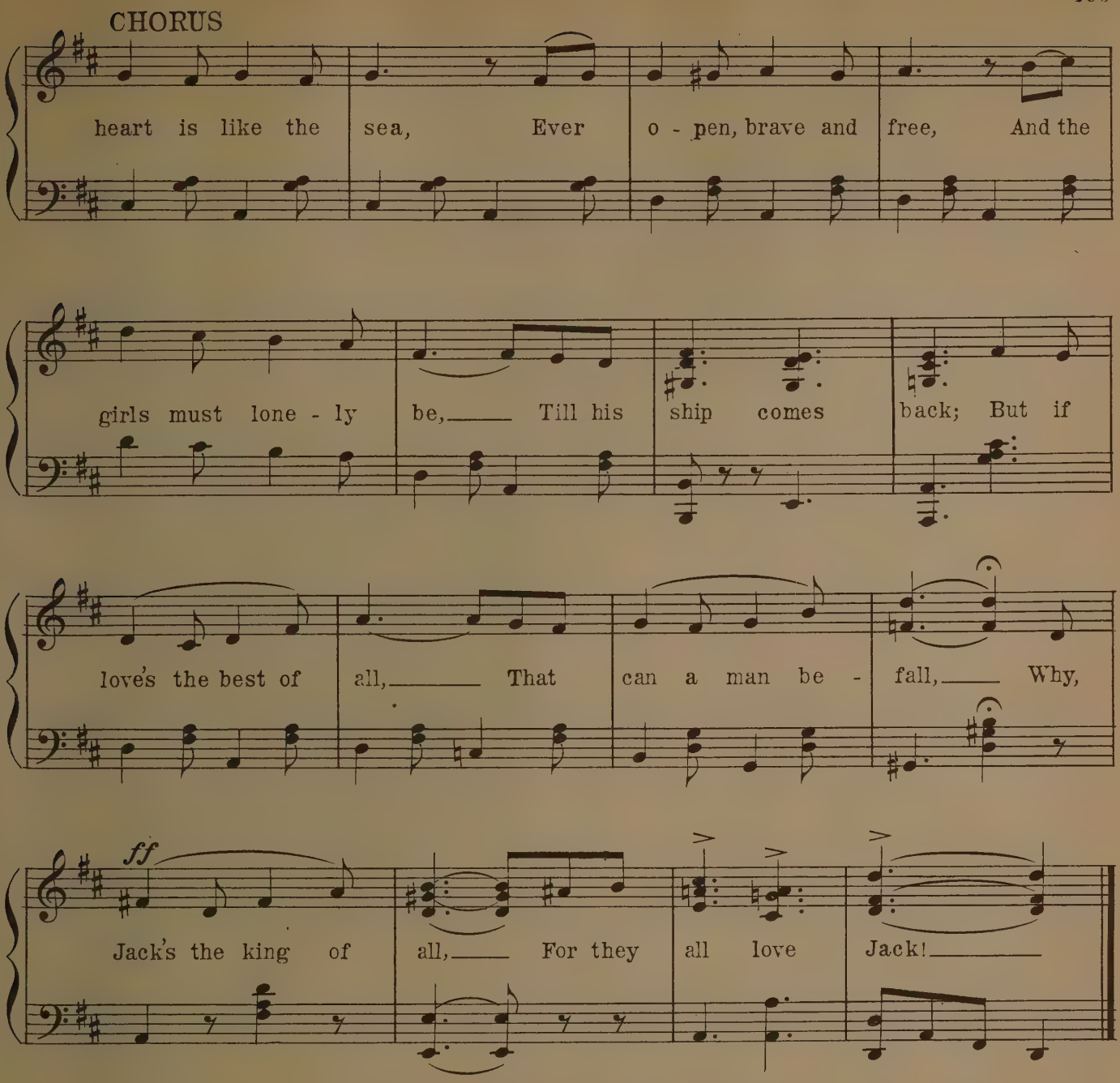

mf
rush — on the foe. Yes, I flat - ter me Li - zette, 'Tis a
gift — for my sake; Then cheer up, my own Li - - zette, Let not
med - al on his breast. Ha! there's not a maid - en fair But with
cresc. molto
life that well will suit, The gay life of a young Re - cruit — The gay
grief your beau - ty stain, Soon you'll see the Re - cruit a - gain, — Soon you'll
wel - come will sa - lute The gay bride of the young Re - cruit, — The gay
life of a young — Re - cruit.
see the Re - cruit — a - gain.
bride of the young — Re - cruit.
ff Chorus
Di - rum, di - rum, drum, drum, drum,
drum! — Think of me, love in — your — dream - ing, Di - rum, di -
ff
rum, drum, drum, drum, drum! And the life of a young re - cruit.

They All Love Jack

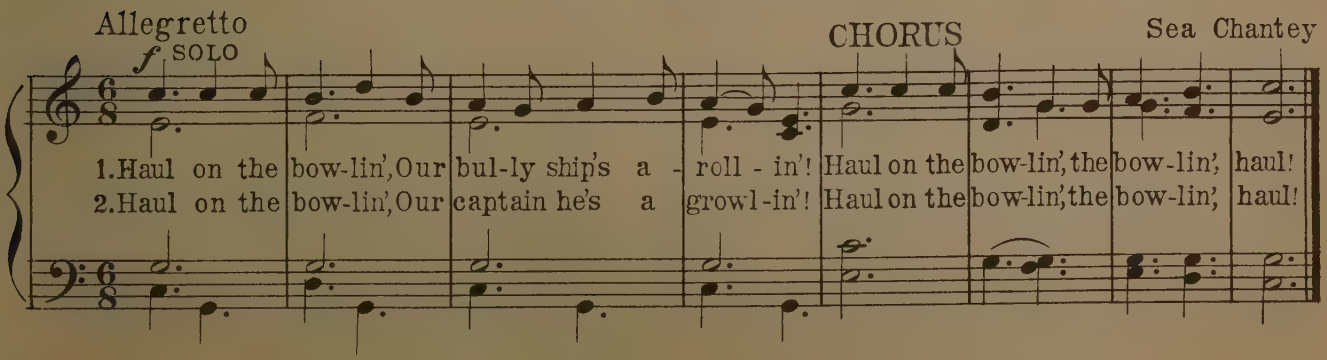
Allegro

STEPHEN ADAMS

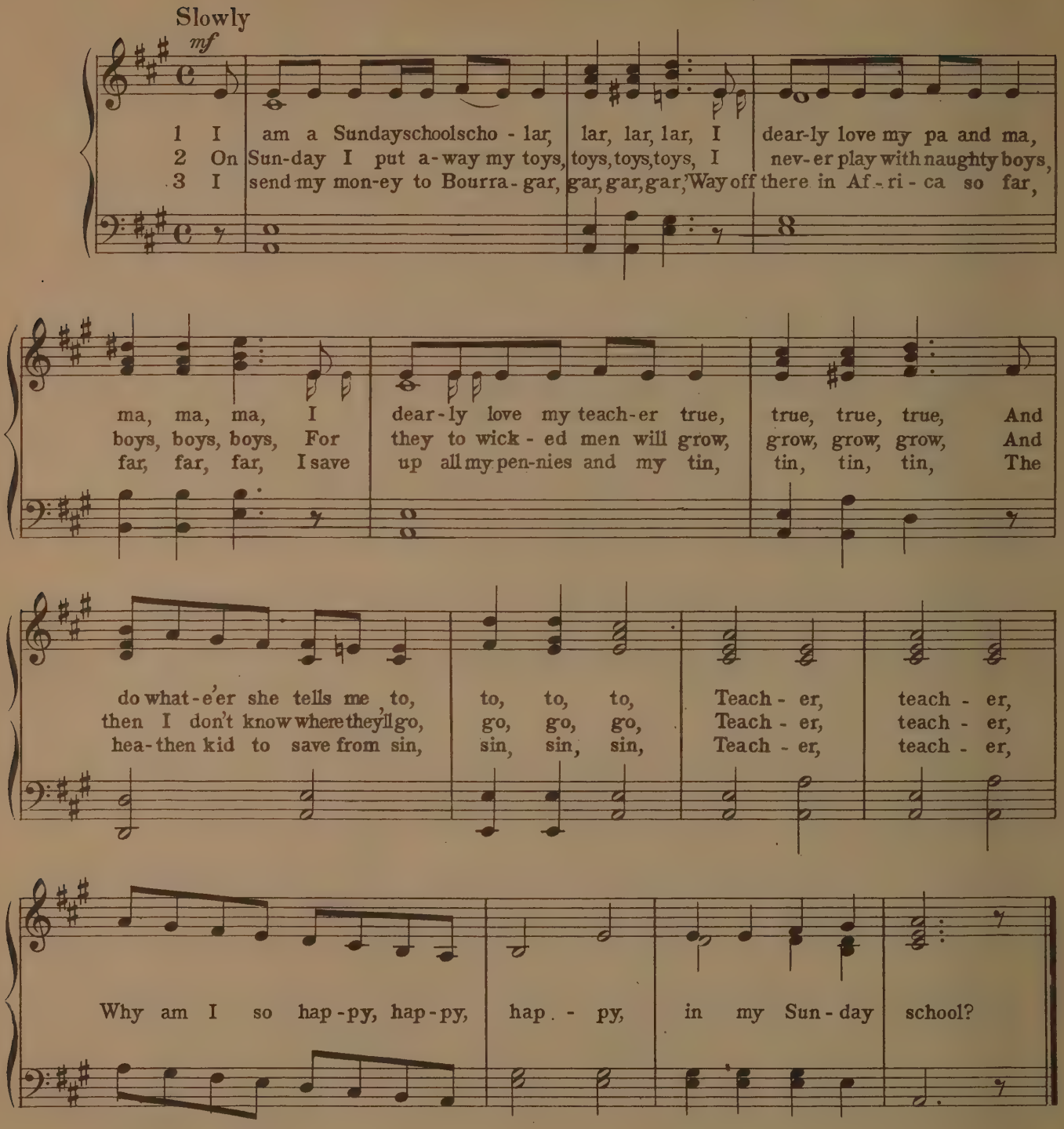

mf
1.When the ship is trim and read - y, And the jol - ly days are
2.Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her
cresc.
done, When the last good - byes are whispered, And Jack a-board is
"she;" Up a - loft that "lit - tle cherub" Sure a maid-en she must
mf
gone; The lass - es fall a - weep - ing, As they watch his ves - sel's
be. And as o'er the sea he tra - vels. The mer-maids down be -
cresc.
cresc.
track, For all the lands - men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter
low Would give their crys - tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I
f
cresc.
ff
Jack, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack.
trow, Would give their crys - tal king - doms For the love of Jack I trow. For his


CHORUS
heart is like the sea, Ever o - pen, brave and free, And the
girls must lone - ly be, Till his ship comes back; But if
love's the best of all, That can a man be - fall, Why,
ff
Jack's the king of all, For they all love Jack!

Haul on the Bowlin'


Allegretto
f SOLO
CHORUS
Sea Chantey
1.Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a - roll - in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
2.Haul on the bow-lin', Our captain he's a growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

The Sunday School Scholar


Slowly
mf
1 I am a Sundayschoolscho - lar, lar, lar, lar, I dear-ly love my pa and ma,
2 On Sun-day I put a-way my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev-er play with naughty boys,
3 I send my mon-ey to Bourra - gar, gar, gar, gar, Way off there in Af - ri - ca so far,
ma, ma, ma, I dear-ly love my teach-er true, true, true, true, And
boys, boys, boys, For they to wick - ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And
far, far, far, I save up all my pen-nies and my tin, tin, tin, tin, The
do what-e'er she tells me to, to, to, to, Teach - er, teach - er,
then I don't know where they'll go, go, go, go, Teach - er, teach - er,
hea-then kid to save from sin, sin, sin, sin, Teach - er, teach - er,
Why am I so hap-py, hap-py, hap - py, in my Sun - day school?

4

When we recite our golden texts so true, true, true, true,
We get tickets all pink and black and blue, blue, blue, blue,
We draw a gilt-edged book when we get mine, mine, mine, mine,
I'm always first to turn in mine, mine, mine, mine,

5

When gentle spring comes on apace, pace, pace, pace,
You always find me in my place, place, place, place;
To Sunday-school I hustle pretty quick, quick, quick, quick,
To get my ticket for the pic-i-nic, nic, nic, nic.

Tom-Big-Bee River

(GUM TREE CANOE)

Moderato

mf

1 On — Tom - big - bee riv - er so bright I was born, In a
2 All de day in de field de soft cot - ton I hoe, I —
3 Wid my hands on de ban - jo and toe on de oar, I —
4 One — night — de stream bore us so far a - way, Dat we

hut made ob husks ob de tall yal - ler corn; An' — dar I fust
tink of my Ju - la an' sing as I go, Oh! I catch her a
sing to de sound ob de riv er's soft roar, While de stars dey look
could - n't cum back so we thought we'd jis stay, Oh! we spied a tall

meet wid my Ju - la so true, An' I row her a - bout in my
bird wid a wing ob true blue, An', at night sail her round in my
down at my Ju - la so true, An dance in her eye in my
ship wid a flag ob true blue, An' it took us in tow wid my

CHORUS

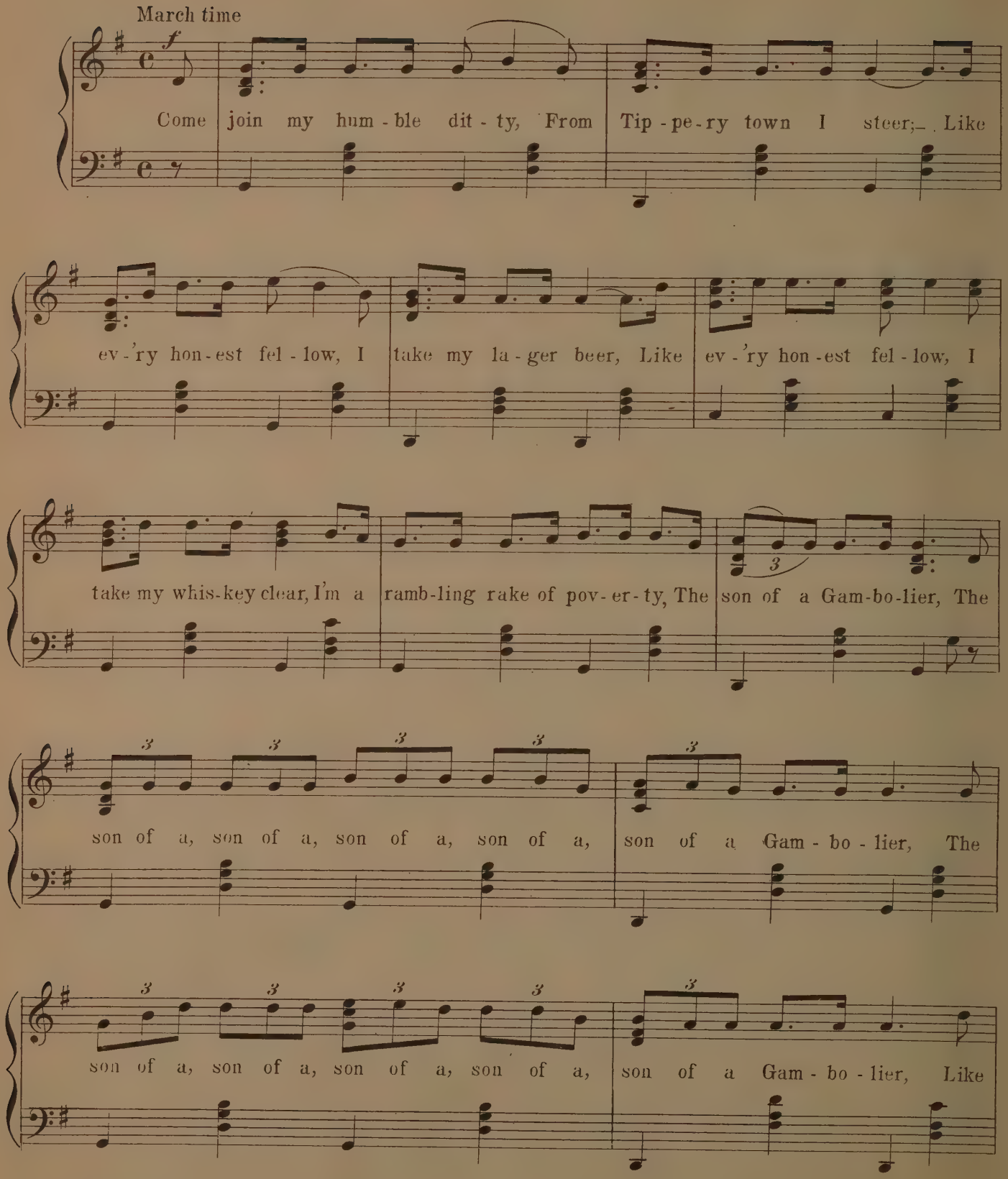
f

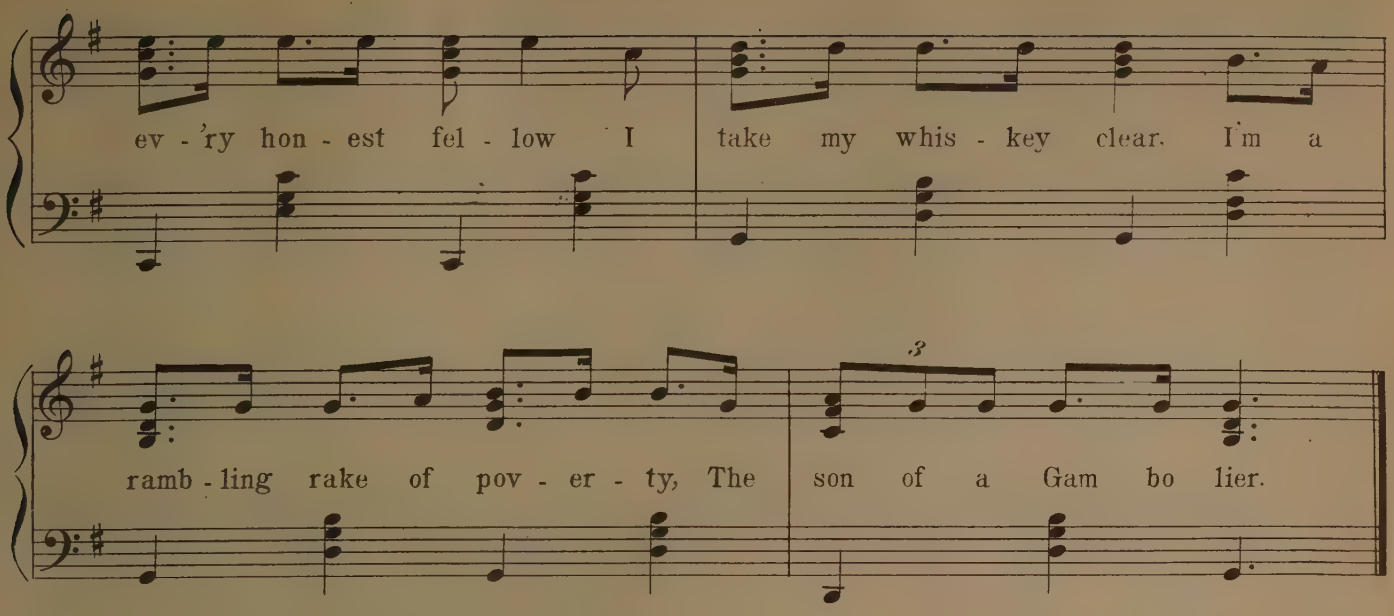
Gum Tree Ca - noe.
Gum Tree Ca - noe.
Gum Tree Ca - noe.
Gum Tree Ca - noe.

Sing - ing row a - way, row, O'er de wa - ters so

blue, Like a feath - er we'll float — in my Gum Tree Ca - noe.

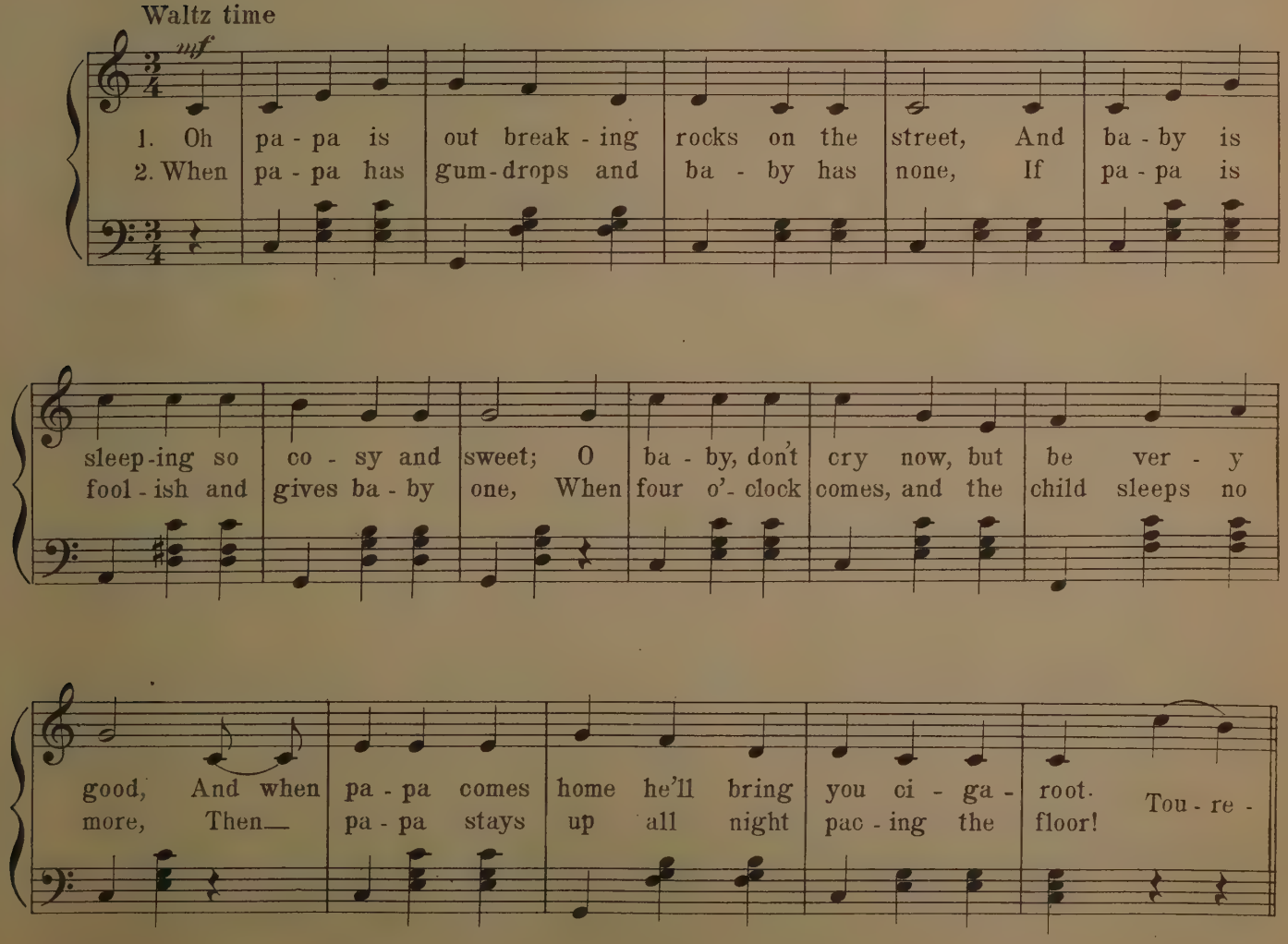
Son of a Gambolier

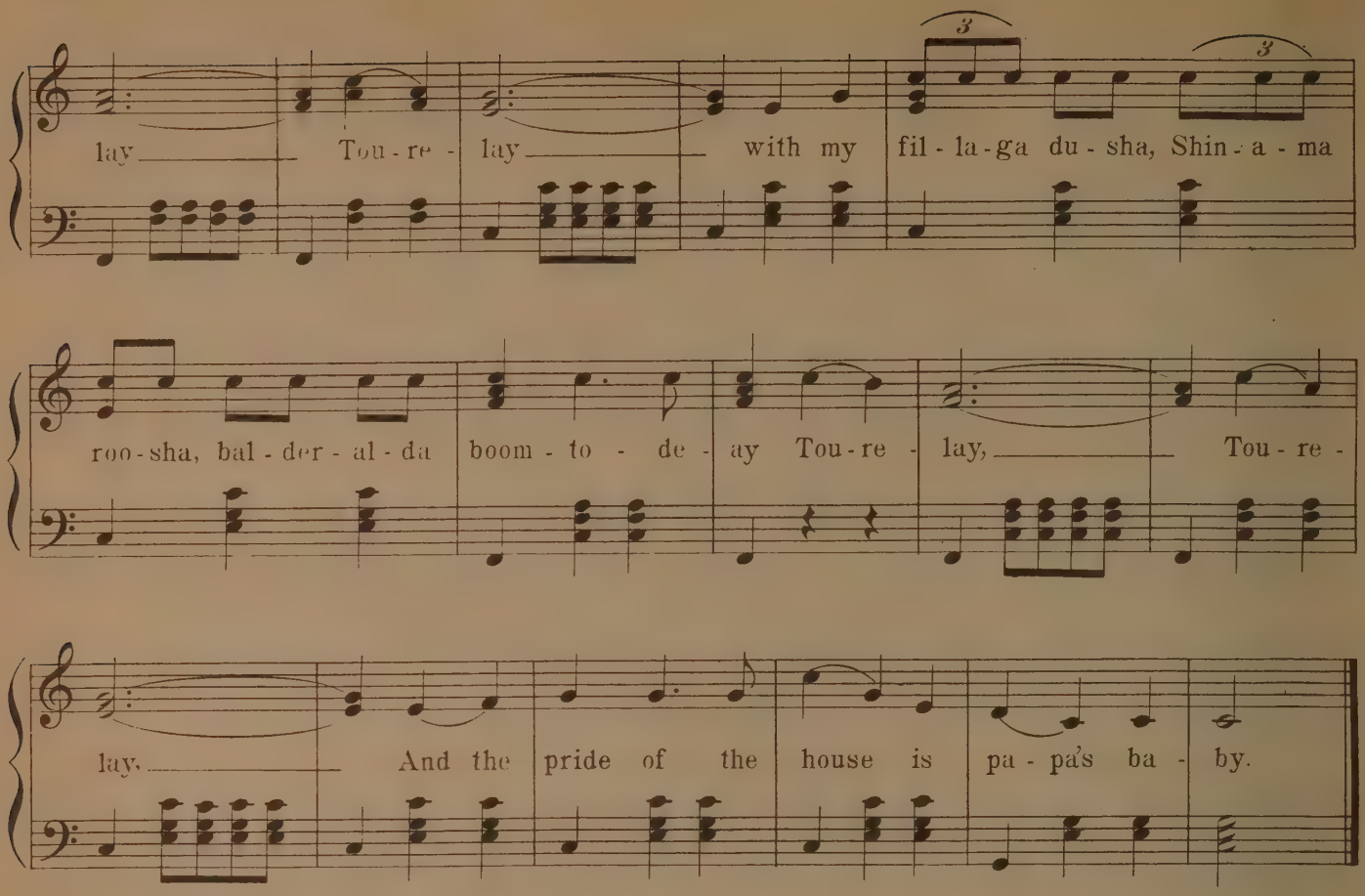

March time
Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tip - pe - ry town I steer; Like
ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my la - ger beer, Like ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I
take my whis - key clear, I'm a ramb - ling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier, The
son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, The
son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, Like



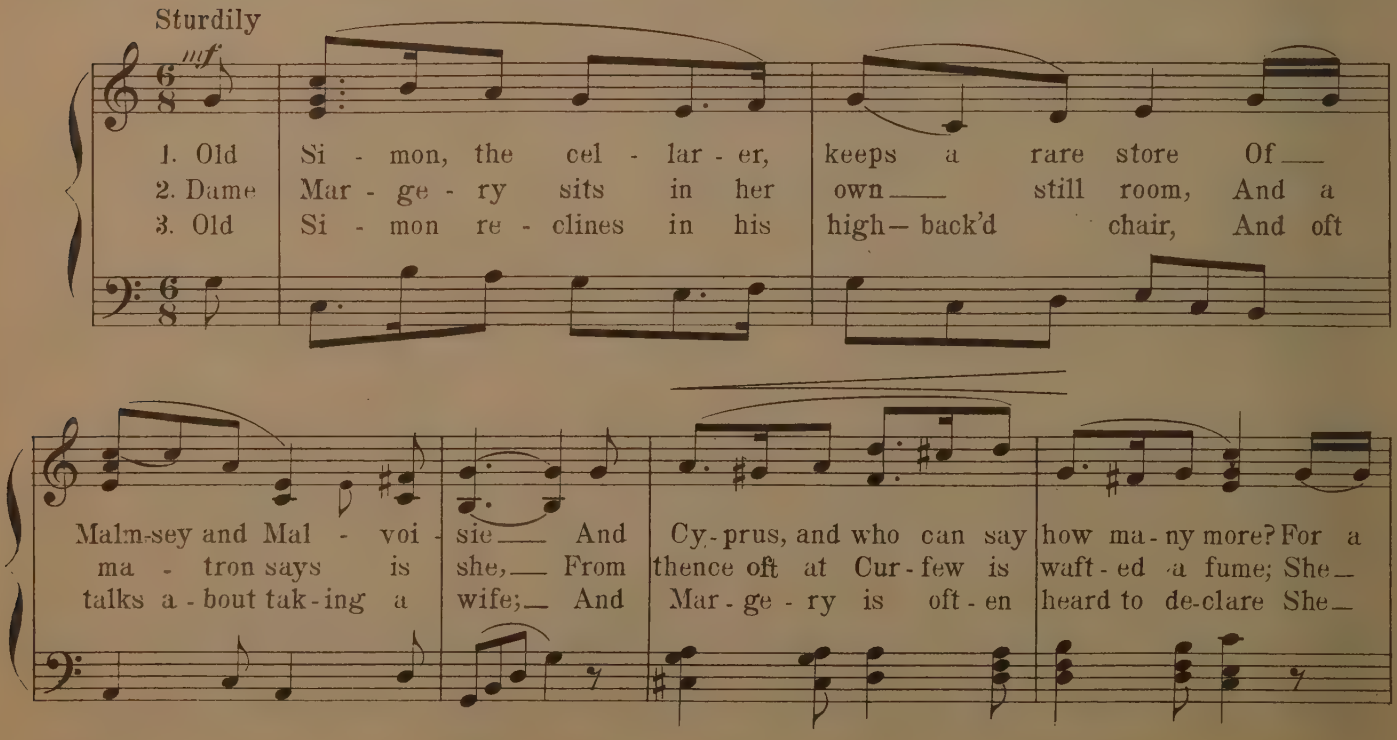
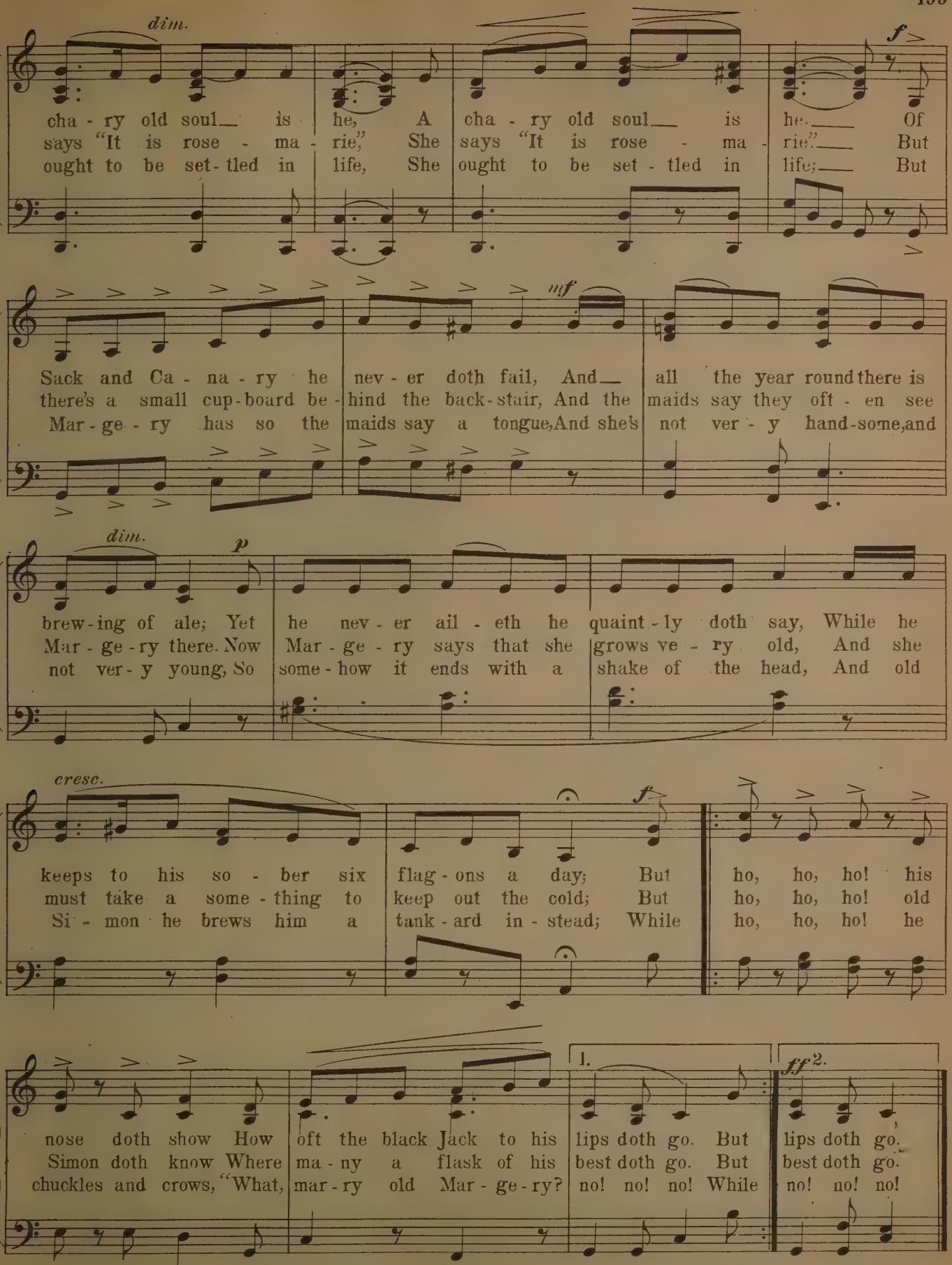
Tourelay

Waltz time


mf
1. Oh pa - pa is out break - ing rocks on the street, And ba - by is
2. When pa - pa has gum - drops and ba - by has none, If pa - pa is
sleep - ing so co - sy and sweet; O ba - by, don't cry now, but be ver - y
fool - ish and gives ba - by one, When four o'- clock comes, and the child sleeps no
good, And when pa - pa comes home he'll bring you ci - ga - root.
more, Then— pa - pa stays up all night pac - ing the floor!
Tou - re -


lay Tou-re-lay with my fil-la-ga du-sha, Shin-a-ma
roo-sha, bal-der-al-da boom-to-de-ay Tou-re-lay, Tou-re-
lay, And the pride of the house is pa-pa's ba-by.

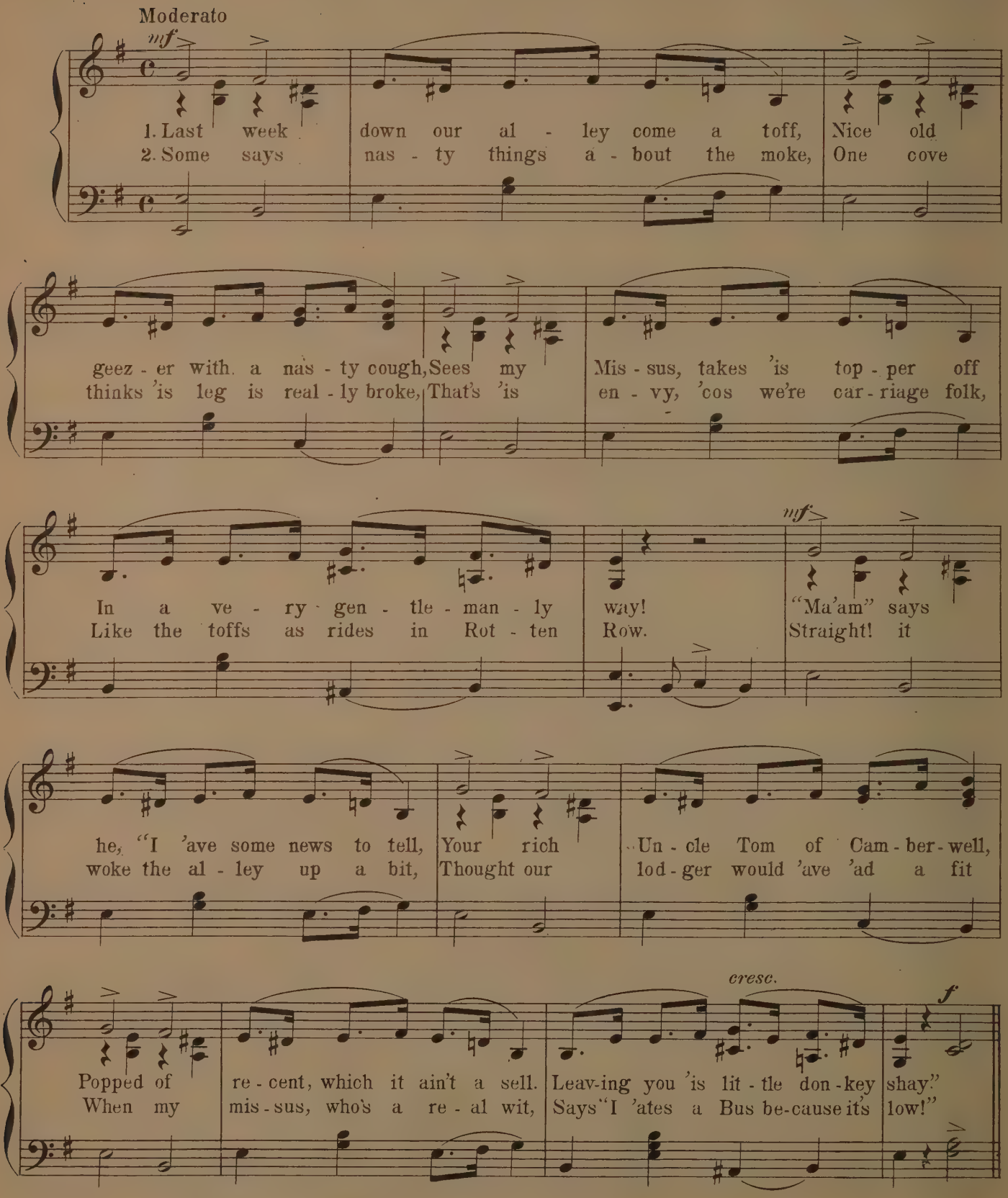
Simon the Cellarer

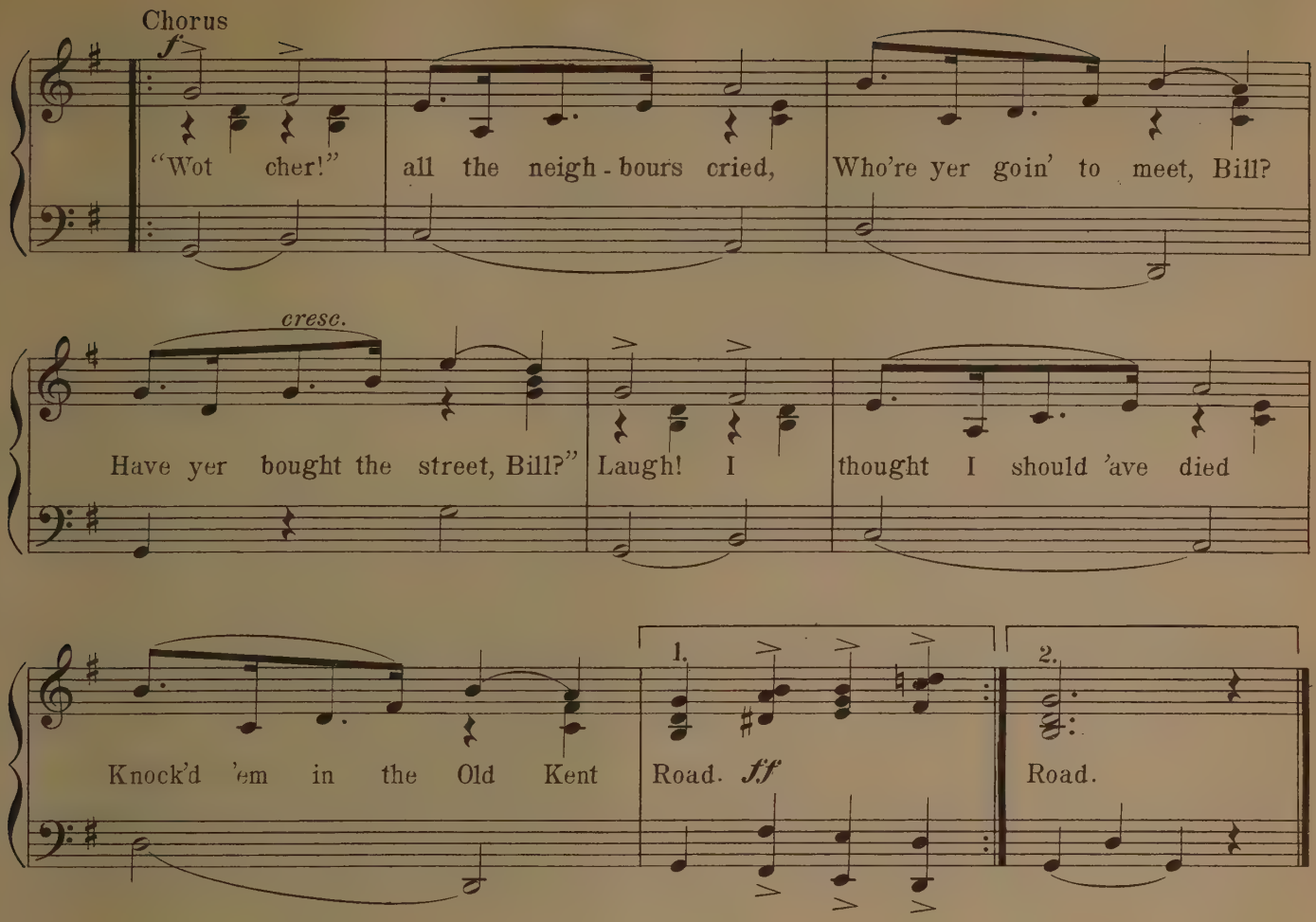

Sturdily
mf
1. Old Si-mon, the cel-lar-er, keeps a rare store Of
2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still room, And a
3. Old Si-mon re-clines in his high-back'd chair, And oft
Malm-sey and Mal-voi-sie And Cy-prus, and who can say how ma-ny more? For a
ma-tron says is she, From thence oft at Cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She
talks a-bout tak-ing a wife; And Mar-ge-ry is oft-en heard to de-clare She

dim.
f
cha - ry old soul_ is he, A cha - ry old soul_ is he._ Of
says "It is rose - ma - rie," She says "It is rose - ma - rie."_ But
ought to be set - tled in life, She ought to be set - tled in life;_ But
mf
Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And_ all the year round there is
there's a small cup - board be - hind the back - stair, And the maids say they oft - en see
Mar - ge - ry has so the maids say a tongue, And she's not ver - y hand - some, and
dim.
p
brew - ing of ale; Yet he nev - er ail - eth he quaint - ly doth say, While he
Mar - ge - ry there. Now Mar - ge - ry says that she grows ve - ry old, And she
not ver - y young, So some - how it ends with a shake of the head, And old
cresc.
f
keeps to his so - ber six flag - ons a day; But ho, ho, ho! his
must take a some - thing to keep out the cold; But ho, ho, ho! old
Si - mon he brews him a tank - ard in - stead; While ho, ho, ho! he
nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But lips doth go.
Simon doth know Where ma - ny a flask of his best doth go. But best doth go.
chuckles and crows, "What, mar - ry old Mar - ge - ry? no! no! no! While no! no! no!
1.
ff
2.

Wot Cher!

(Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road)

CHARLES INGLE

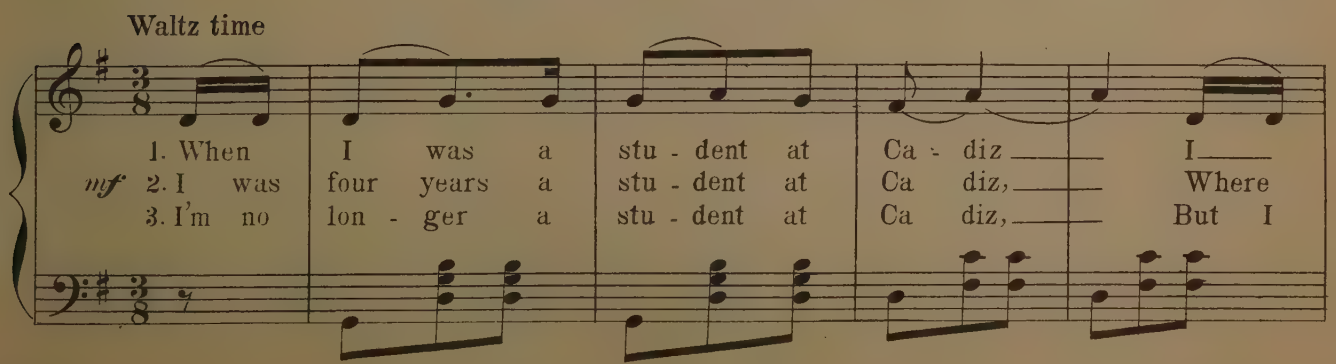

Moderato
mf
1. Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old
2. Some says nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove
geez - er with a nas - ty cough, Sees my Mis - sus, takes 'is top - per off
thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke, That's 'is en - vy, 'cos we're car - riage folk,
In a ve - ry gen - tle - man - ly way!
Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row.
mf
"Ma'am" says
Straight! it
he, "I 'ave some news to tell, Your rich Un - cle Tom of Cam - ber - well,
woke the al - ley up a bit, Thought our lod - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit
cresc.
f
Popped of re - cent, which it ain't a sell. Leav-ing you 'is lit - tle don - key shay."
When my mis - sus, who's a re - al wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus be-cause it's low!"

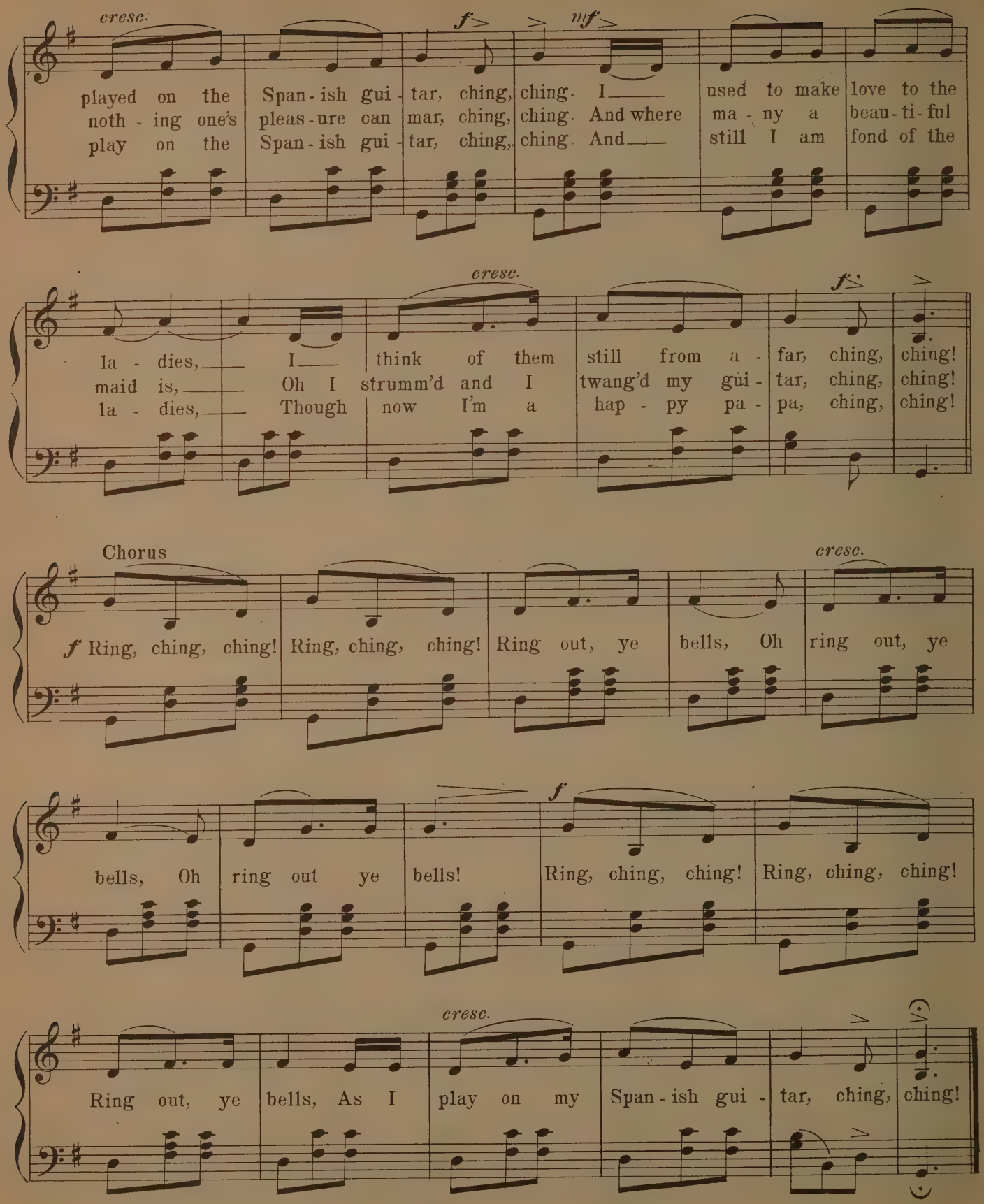

Chorus
f
"Wot cher!" all the neigh - bours cried, Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?
cresc.
Have yer bought the street, Bill?" Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died
Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent
1.
Road. ff
2.
Road.

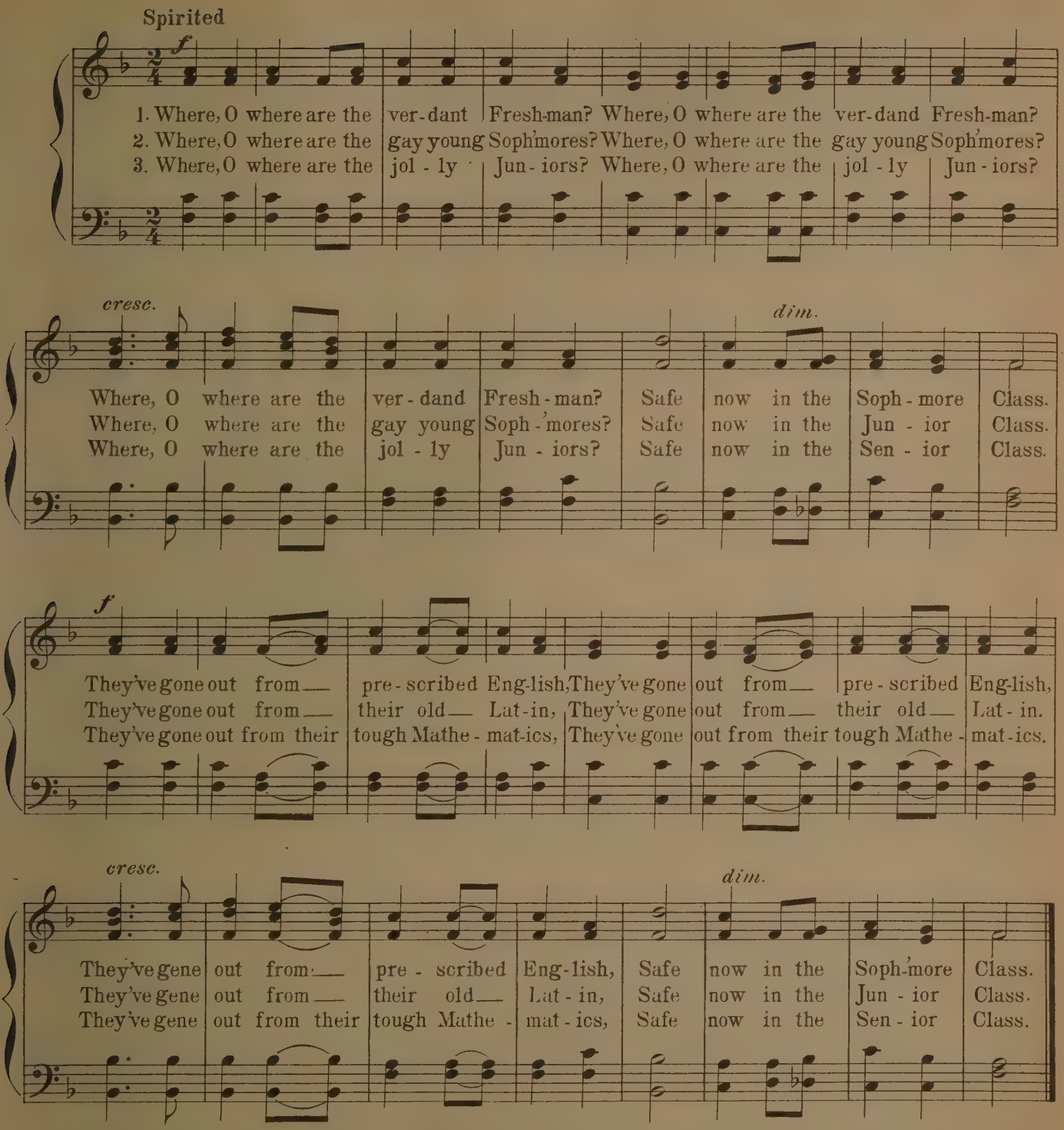
3. When we starts the bless-ed don-key stops,
He won't move, so out I quick-ly lops,
Pals start whack-in' him, when down he drops;
Some-one says he was-n't made to go.
Lor' it might 'ave been a four-in-hand,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand,
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Call-ing out we're go-in' for a blow!

4. Ev-'ry eve-nin' on the stroke of five,
Me and Mis-sus takes a lit-tle drive,
You'd say, "Won-der-ful they're sti
If you saw that lit-tle don-key go.
I soon showed him that 'e'd have to do,
Just what ev-er he was want-ed to,
Still I shan't for-get that row-dy crew,
'Ol-ler-in' "Woa! stea-dy! Ned-dy, Woa!"

Spanish Guitar


Waltz time
mf
1. When I was a stu - dent at Ca - diz I
2. I was four years a stu - dent at Ca diz, Where
3. I'm no lon - ger a stu - dent at Ca diz, But I


cresc.
f
mf
played on the Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching. I used to make love to the
noth-ing one's pleas-ure can mar, ching, ching. And where ma-ny a beau-ti-ful
play on the Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching. And still I am fond of the
cresc.
f
la-dies, I think of them still from a-far, ching, ching!
maid is, Oh I strumm'd and I twang'd my gui-tar, ching, ching!
la-dies, Though now I'm a hap-py pa-pa, ching, ching!
Chorus
cresc.
f Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching! Ring out, ye bells, Oh ring out, ye
f
bells, Oh ring out ye bells! Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching!
cresc.
Ring out, ye bells, As I play on my Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching!

Where, O Where

Spirited
f
1. Where, O where are the ver-dant Fresh-man? Where, O where are the ver-dand Fresh-man?
2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?
cresc.
dim.
Where, O where are the ver - dand Fresh - man? Safe now in the Soph - more Class.
Where, O where are the gay young Soph - 'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.
f
They've gone out from— pre - scribed Eng-lish, They've gone out from— pre - scribed Eng-lish,
They've gone out from— their old— Lat-in, They've gone out from— their old— Lat - in.
They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat-ics, They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat-ics.
cresc.
dim.
They've gene out from— pre - scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
They've gene out from— their old— Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
They've gene out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

4

‖: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

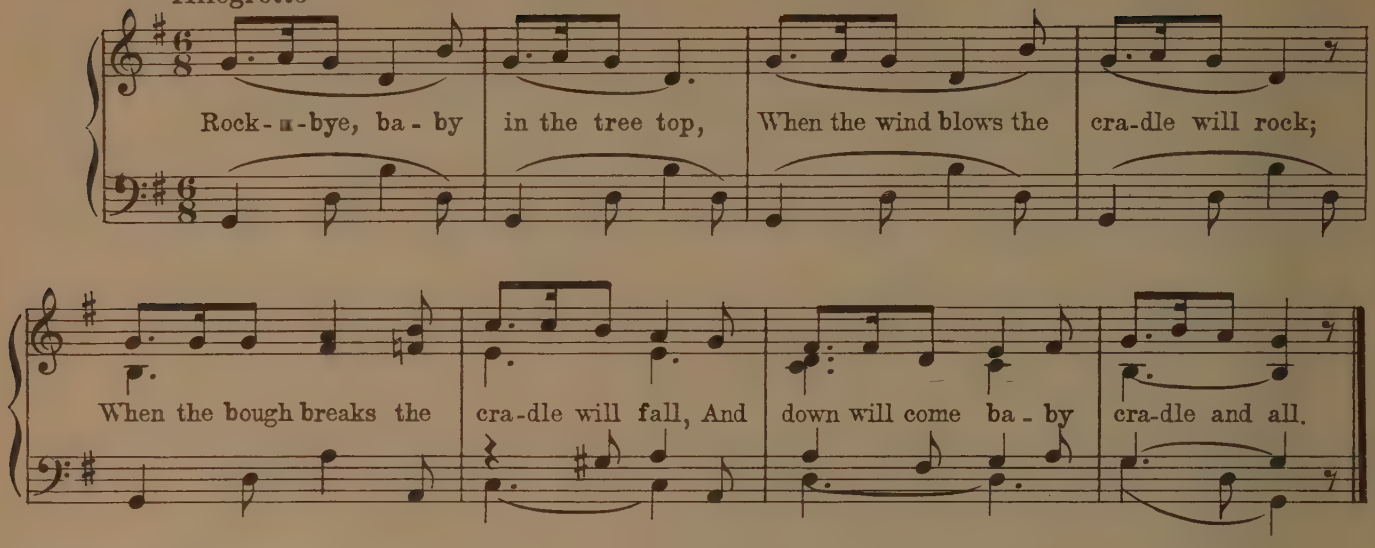
5

‖: Where, O where are the staid Alumnæ? :‖
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their dreams and theories, :‖
Atoms lost in the wide, wide world.

Songs to Children

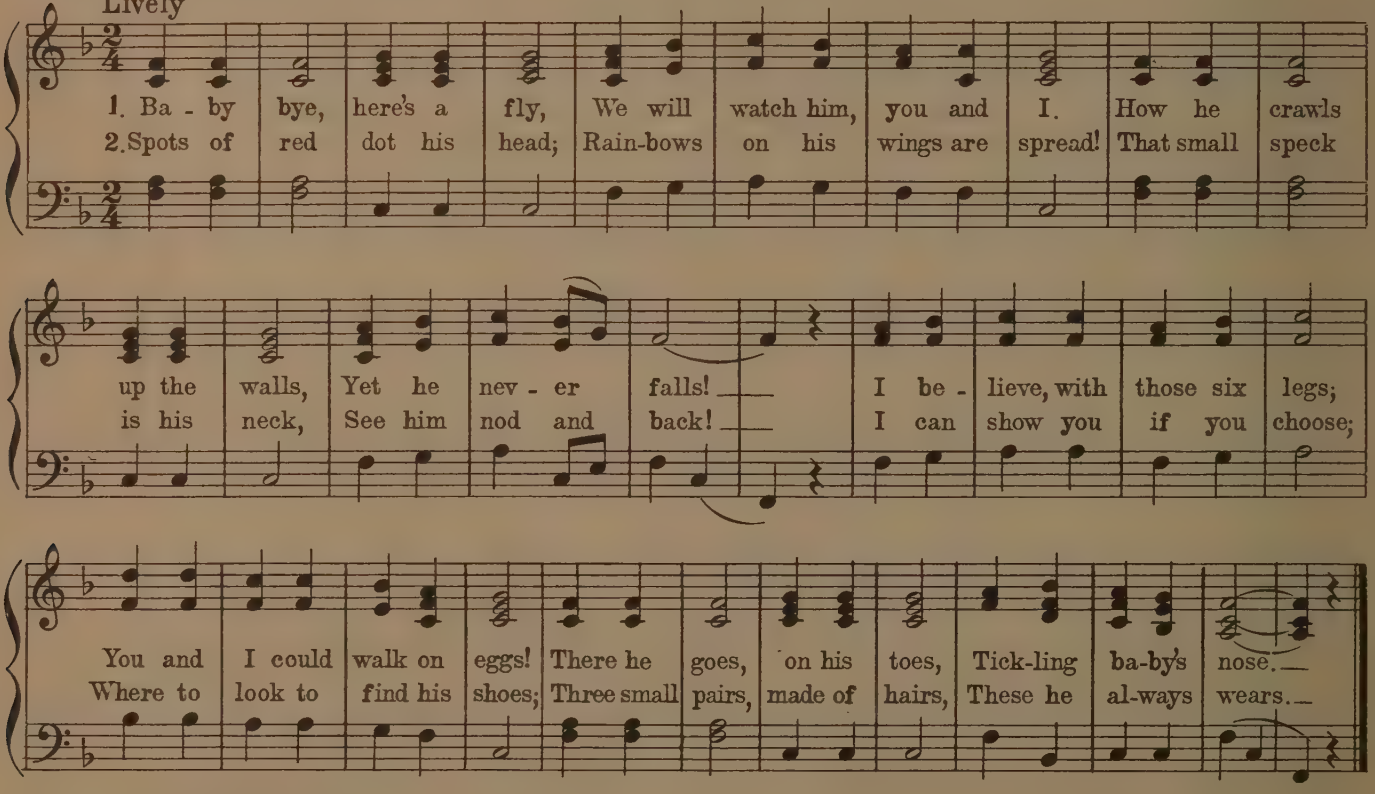
Rock-a-bye, Baby

Allegretto

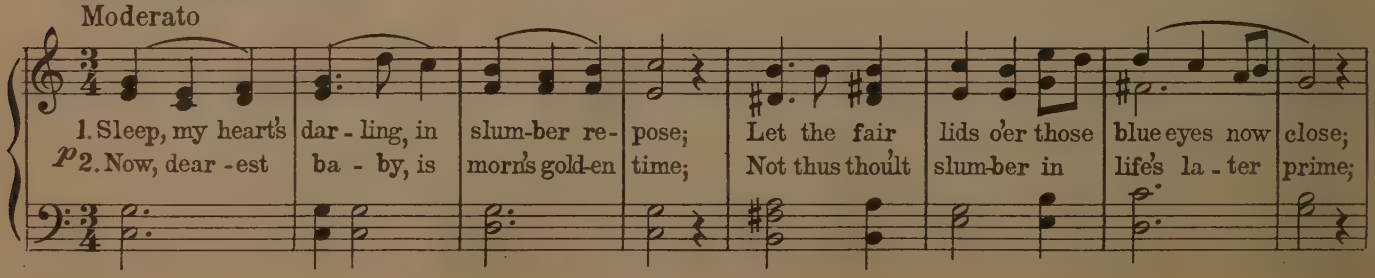

Rock-a-bye, ba-by in the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, And down will come ba-by cra-dle and all.

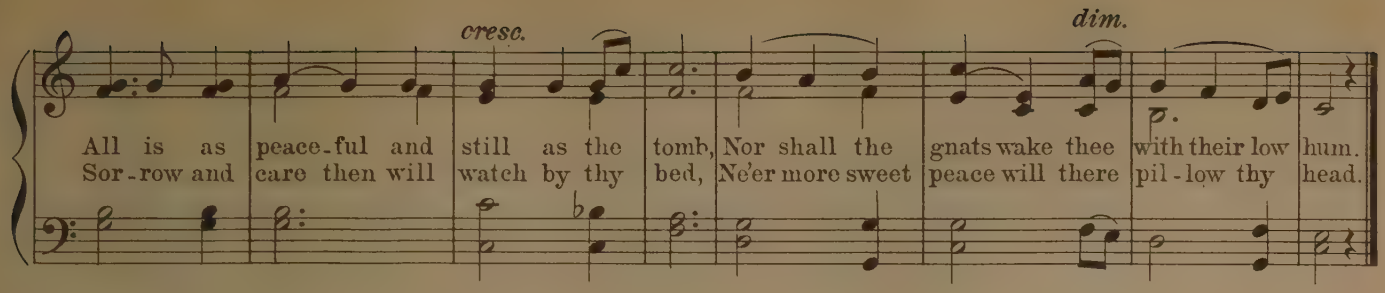
Baby Bye, Here's a Fly

Lively

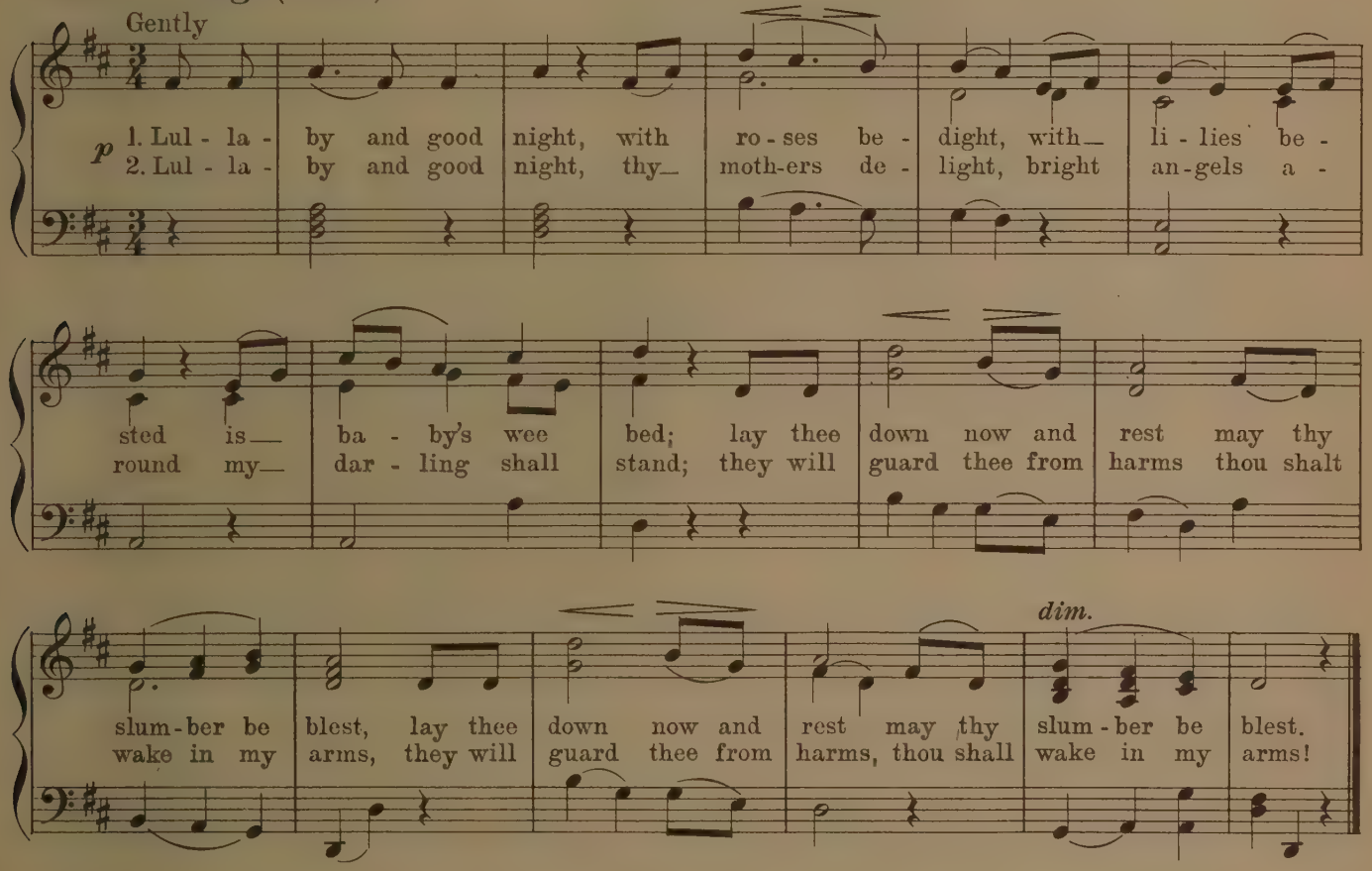

1. Ba-by bye, here's a fly, We will watch him, you and I. How he crawls
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread! That small speck
up the walls, Yet he nev-er falls! I be-lieve, with those six legs;
is his neck, See him nod and back! I can show you if you choose;
You and I could walk on eggs! There he goes, on his toes, Tick-ling ba-by's nose.
Where to look to find his shoes; Three small pairs, made of hairs, These he al-ways wears.

Cradle Song (Weber)

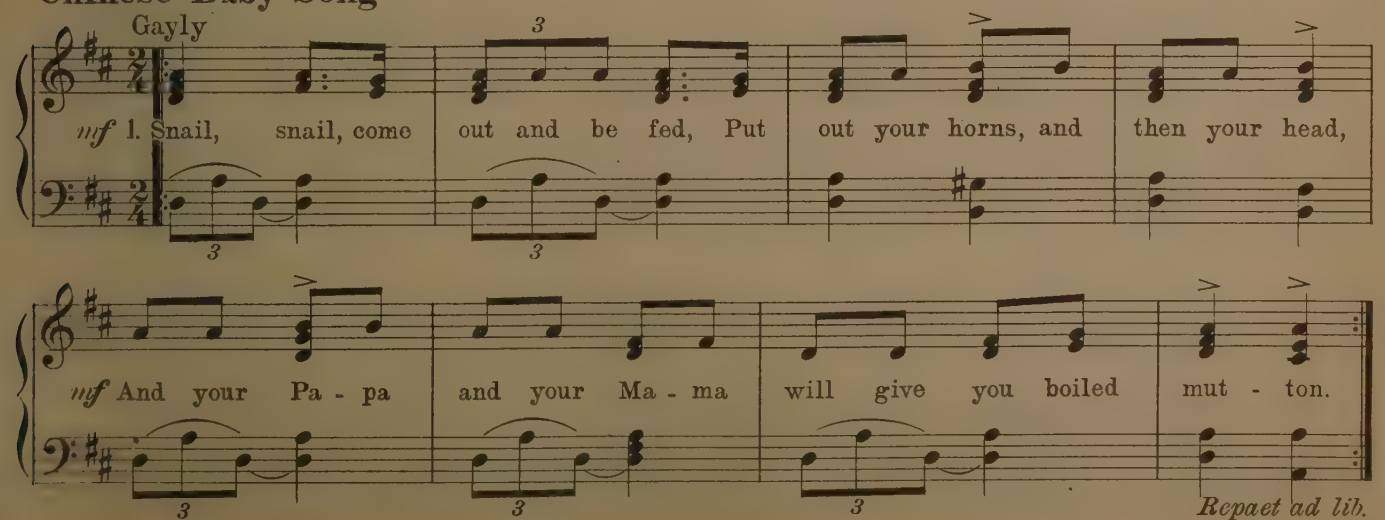
Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's dar-ling, in slum-ber re-pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
p 2. Now, dear-est ba-by, is morn's gold-en time; Not thus thou'lt slum-ber in life's la-ter prime;


cresc.
dim.
All is as peace-ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
Sor-row and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil-low thy head.

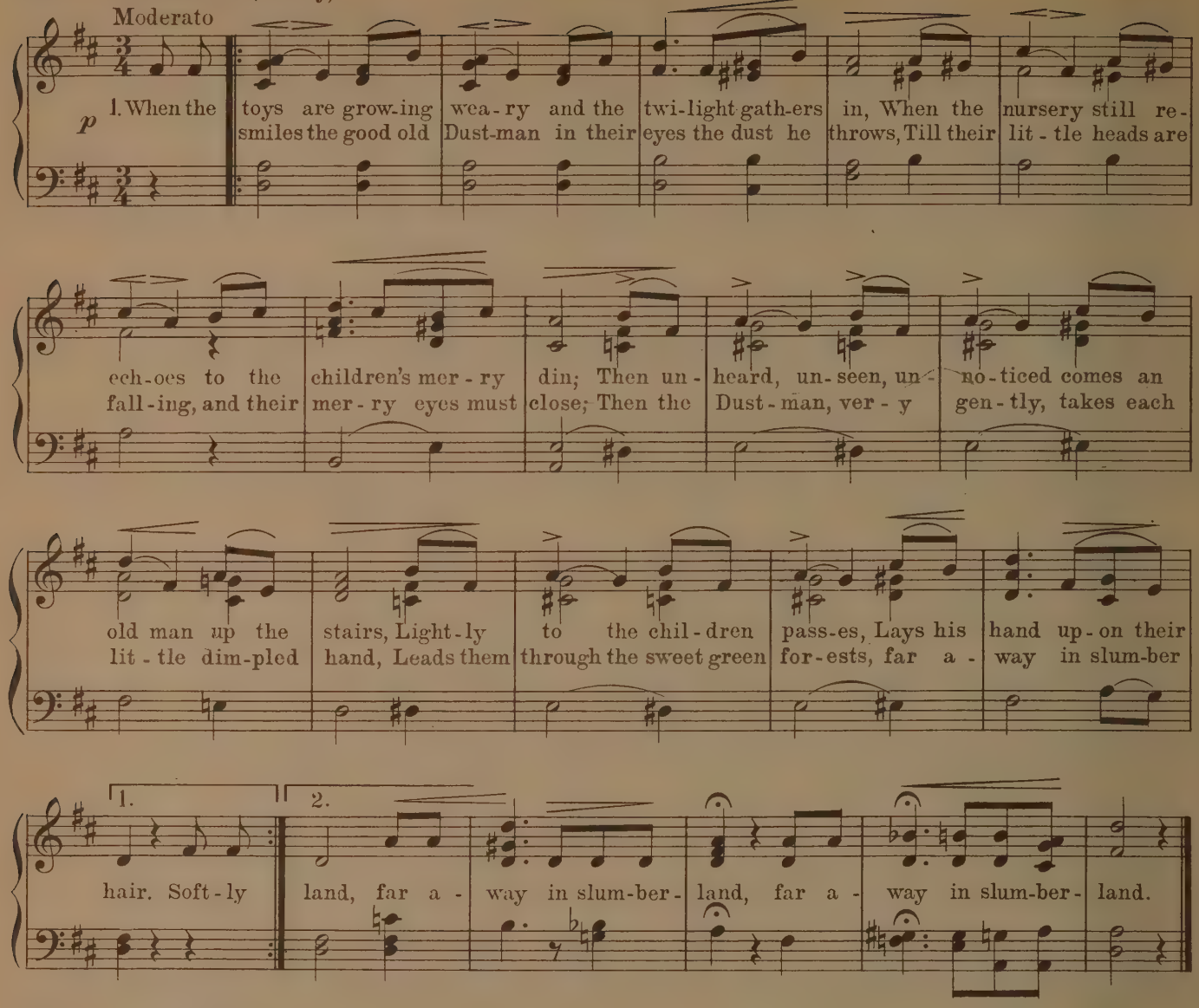
Cradle Song (Brahms)


Gently
p
1. Lul - la - by and good night, with ro - ses be - dight, with— li - lies be -
2. Lul - la - by and good night, thy— moth-ers de - light, bright an-gels a -
sted is— ba - by's wee bed; lay thee down now and rest may thy
round my— dar - ling shall stand; they will guard thee from harms thou shalt
dim.
slum-ber be blest, lay thee down now and rest may thy slum - ber be blest.
wake in my arms, they will guard thee from harms, thou shall wake in my arms!

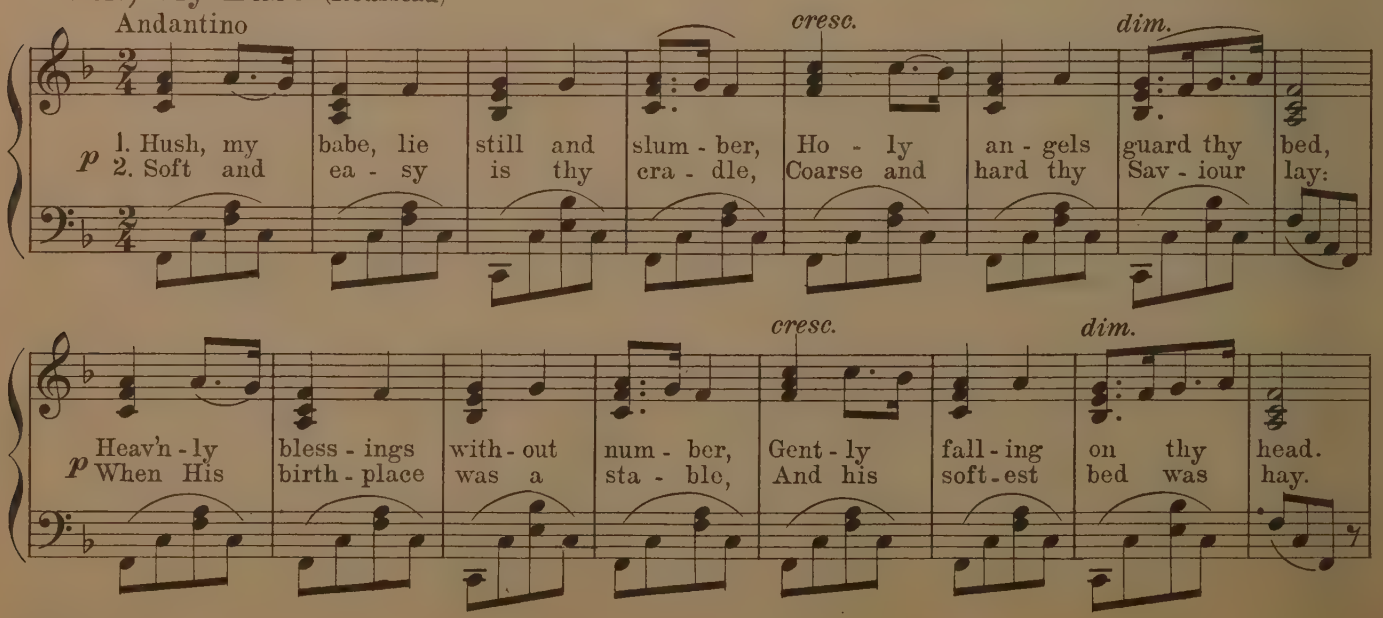
Chinese Baby Song

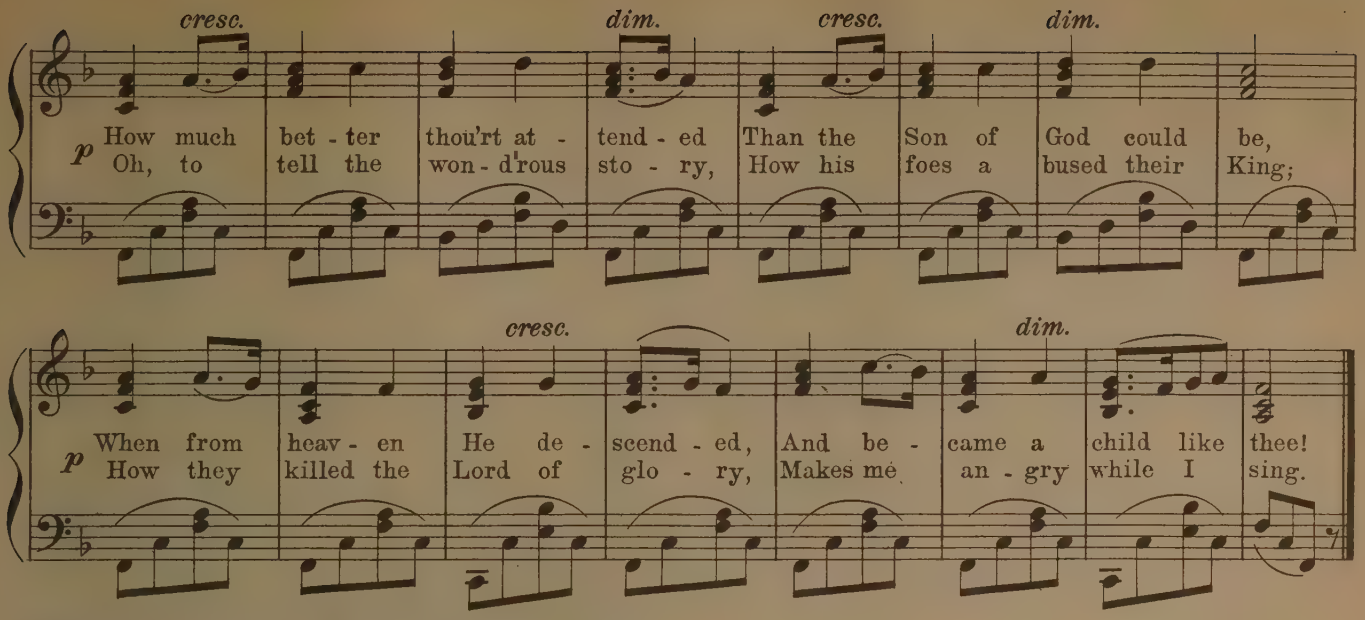

Gayly
mf
1. Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns, and then your head,
mf
And your Pa - pa and your Ma - ma will give you boiled mut - ton.
Repaet ad lib.

The Dustman (Molloy)

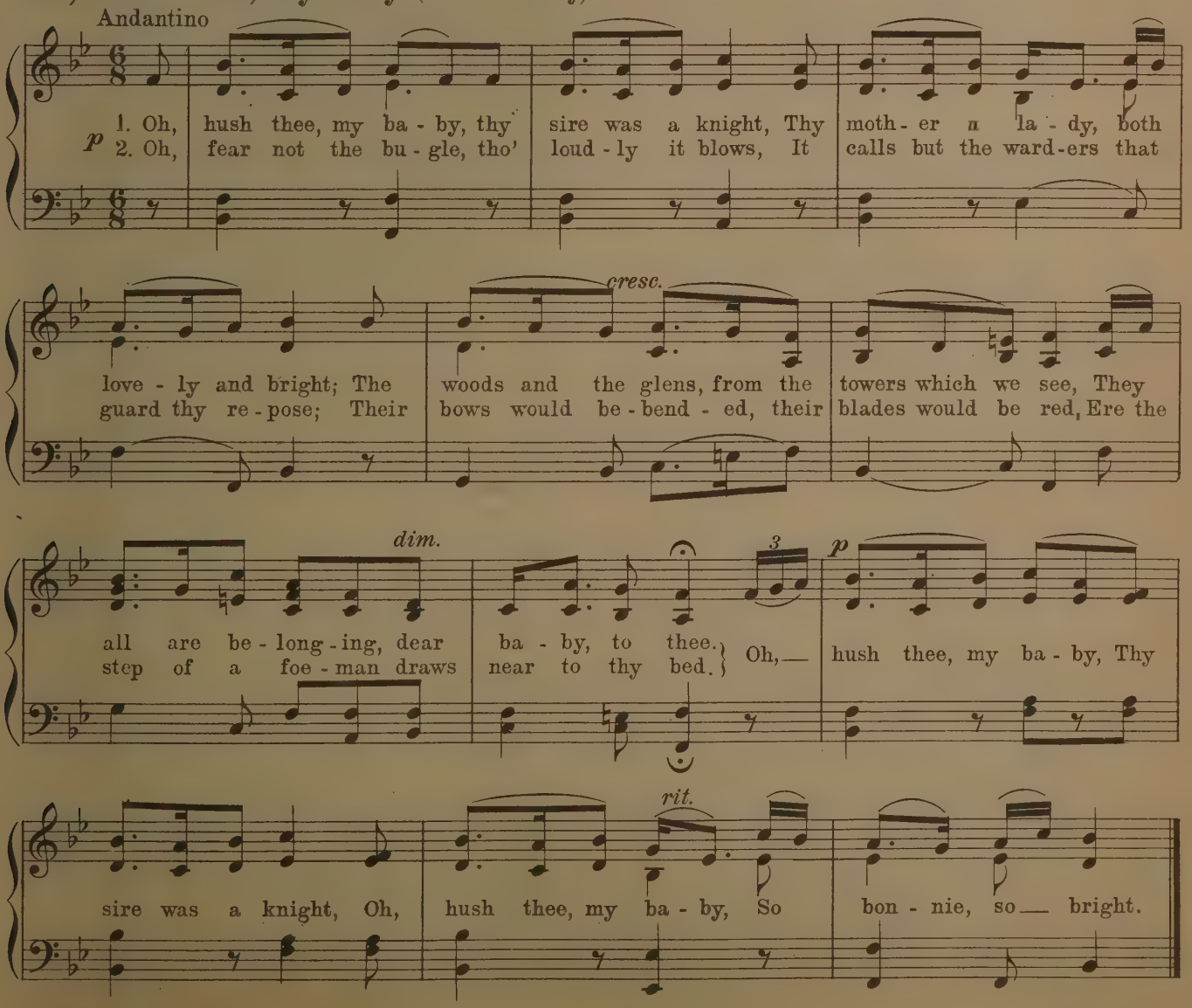

Moderato
p
1. When the toys are grow-ing wea-ry and the twi-light gath-ers in, When the nursery still re-
smiles the good old Dust-man in their eyes the dust he throws, Till their lit-tle heads are
ech-oes to the children's mer-ry din; Then un-heard, un-seen, un-noticed comes an
fall-ing, and their mer-ry eyes must close; Then the Dust-man, ver-y gen-tly, takes each
old man up the stairs, Light-ly to the chil-dren pass-es, Lays his hand up-on their
lit-tle dim-pled hand, Leads them through the sweet green for-ests, far a-way in slum-ber
1.
2.
hair. Soft-ly
land, far a-way in slum-ber-land, far a-way in slum-ber-land.

Hush, My Babe (Rousseau)

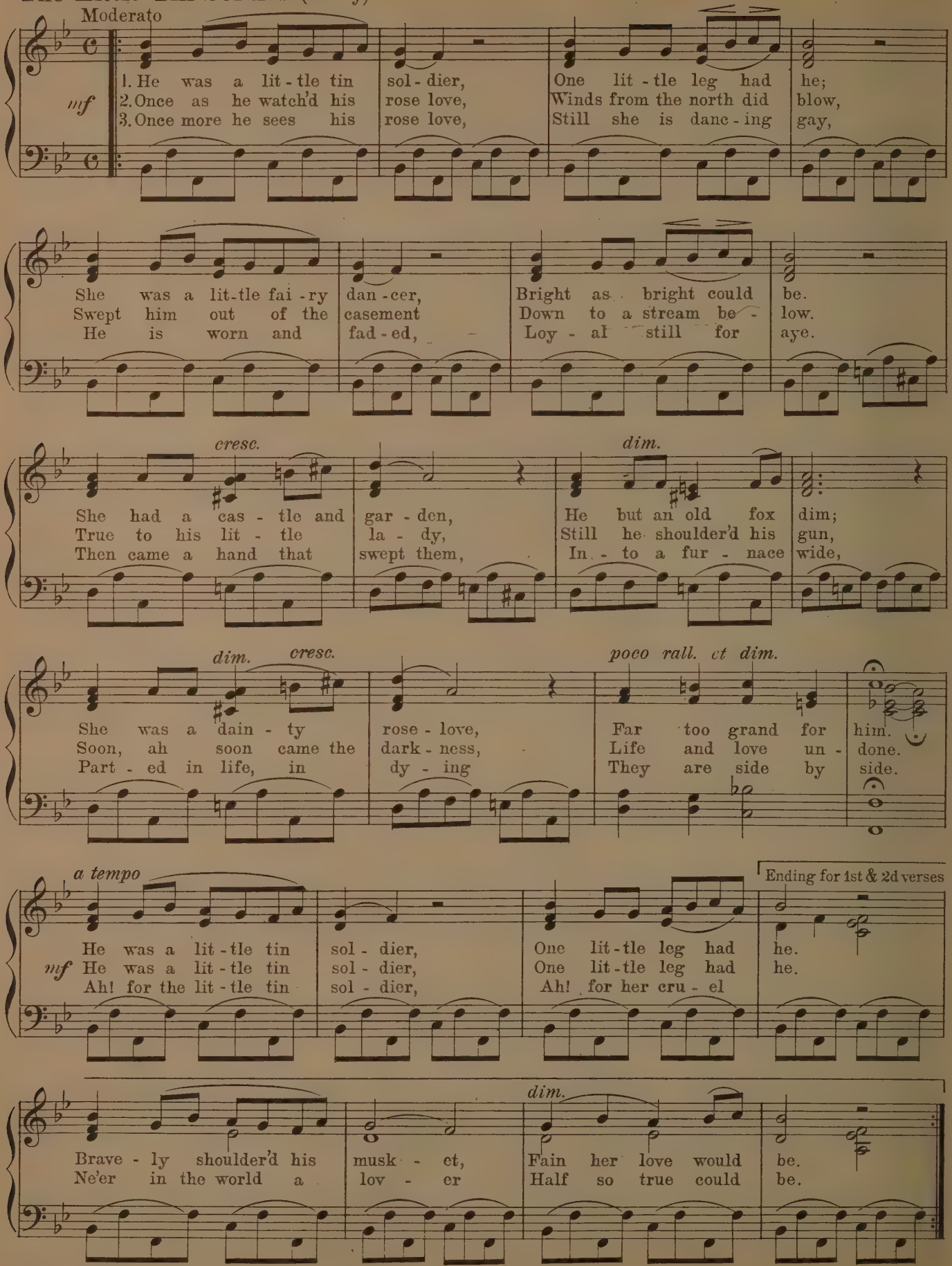

Andantino
cresc.
dim.
p
1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed,
2. Soft and ea-sy is thy cra-dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav-iour lay:
cresc.
dim.
p
Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber, Gent-ly fall-ing on thy head.
When His birth-place was a sta-ble, And his soft-est bed was hay.

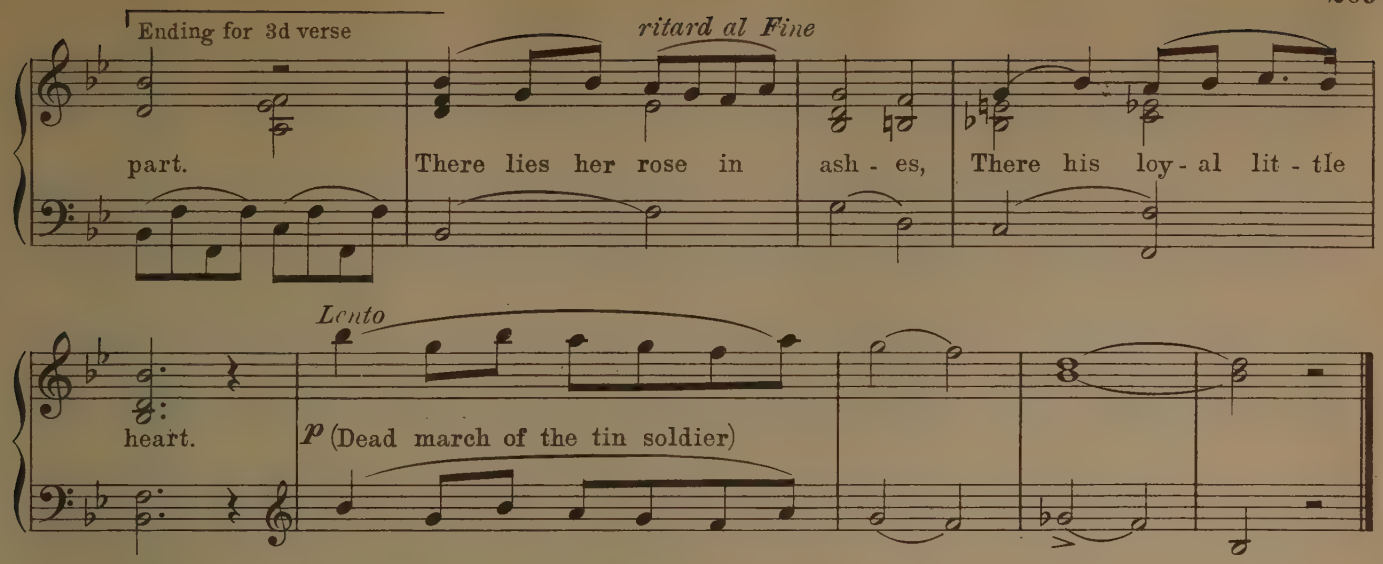

cresc.
dim.
cresc.
dim.
p
How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
Oh, to tell the won - d'rous sto - ry, How his foes a bused their King;
cresc.
dim.
p
When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee!
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.

Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby (Scotch Lullaby)

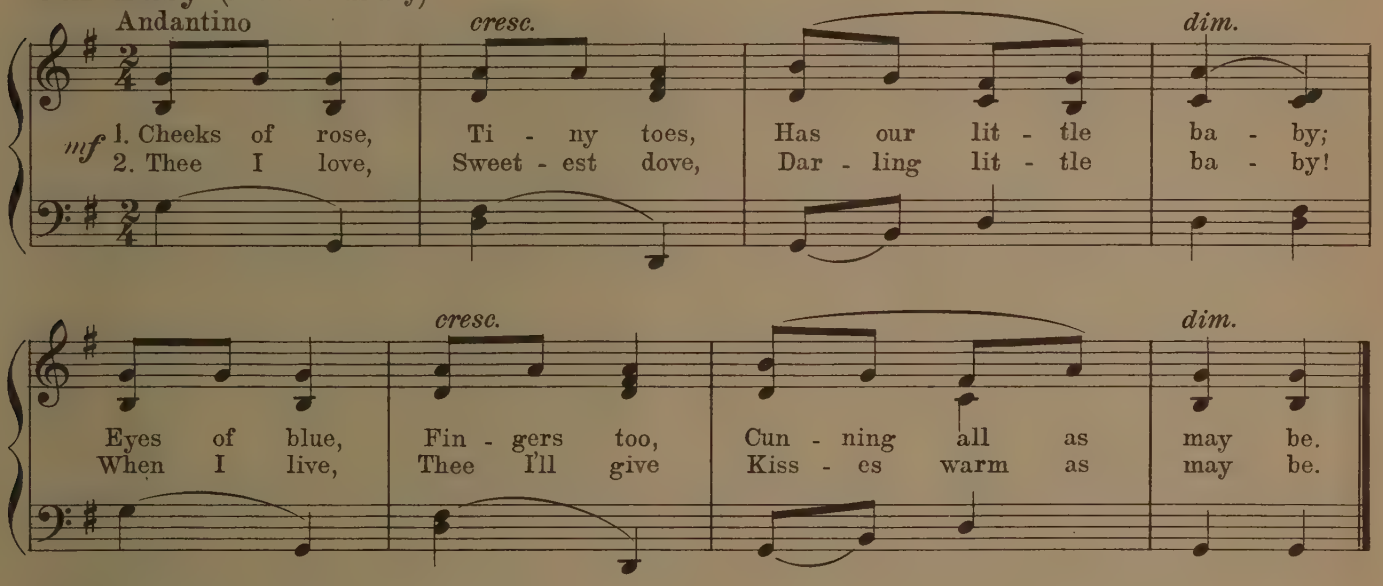

Andantino
p
1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er n la - dy, both
2. Oh, fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward - ers that
cresc.
love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be - bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the
dim.
3
p
all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee.
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.
Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, Thy
rit.
sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, So bon - nie, so bright.

The Little Tin Soldier (Molloy)

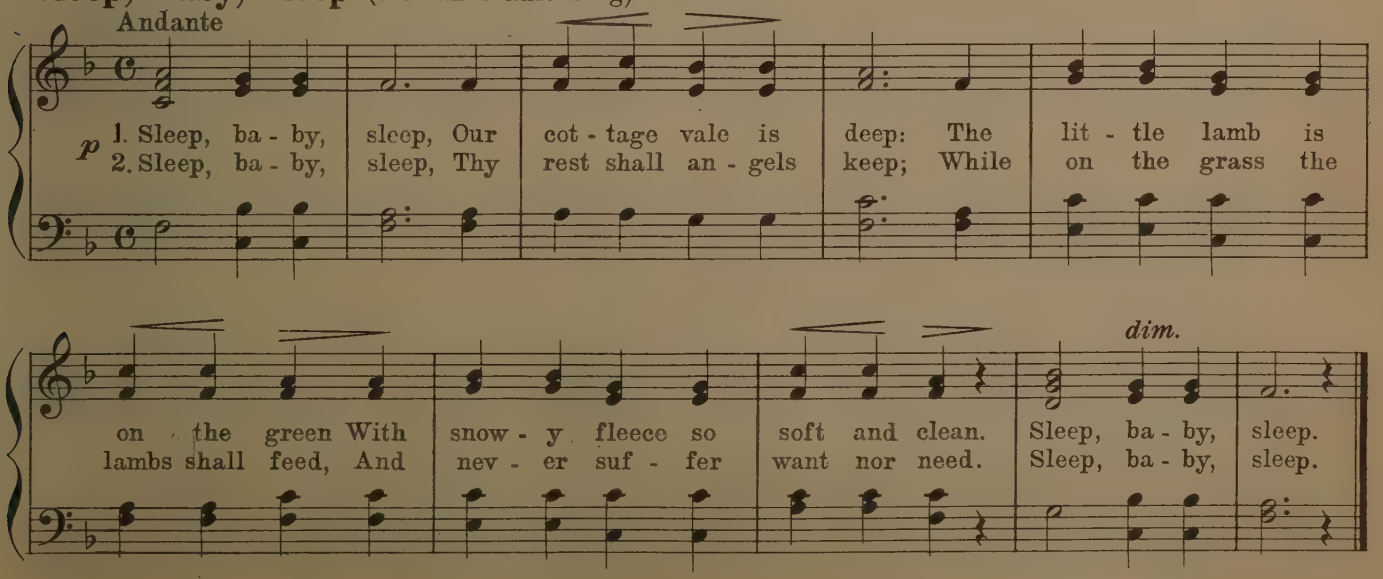

Moderato
mf
1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had he;
2. Once as he watch'd his rose love, Winds from the north did blow,
3. Once more he sees his rose love, Still she is danc-ing gay,
She was a lit-tle fai-ry dan-cer, Bright as bright could be.
Swept him out of the casement Down to a stream be- low.
He is worn and fad-ed, Loy- al still for aye.
cresc.
dim.
She had a cas-tle and gar-den, He but an old fox dim;
True to his lit-tle la-dy, Still he shoulder'd his gun,
Then came a hand that swept them, In- to a fur- nace wide,
dim. cresc.
poco rall. et dim.
She was a dain-ty rose-love, Far too grand for him.
Soon, ah soon came the dark-ness, Life and love un- done.
Part-ed in life, in dy-ing They are side by side.
a tempo
Ending for 1st & 2d verses
mf
He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
Ah! for the lit-tle tin sol-dier, Ah! for her cru-el
dim.
Brave-ly shoulder'd his musk-et, Fain her love would be.
Ne'er in the world a lov-er Half so true could be.


Ending for 3d verse
ritard al Fine
part.
There lies her rose in ash - es, There his loy - al lit - tle
Lento
heart.
p (Dead march of the tin soldier)

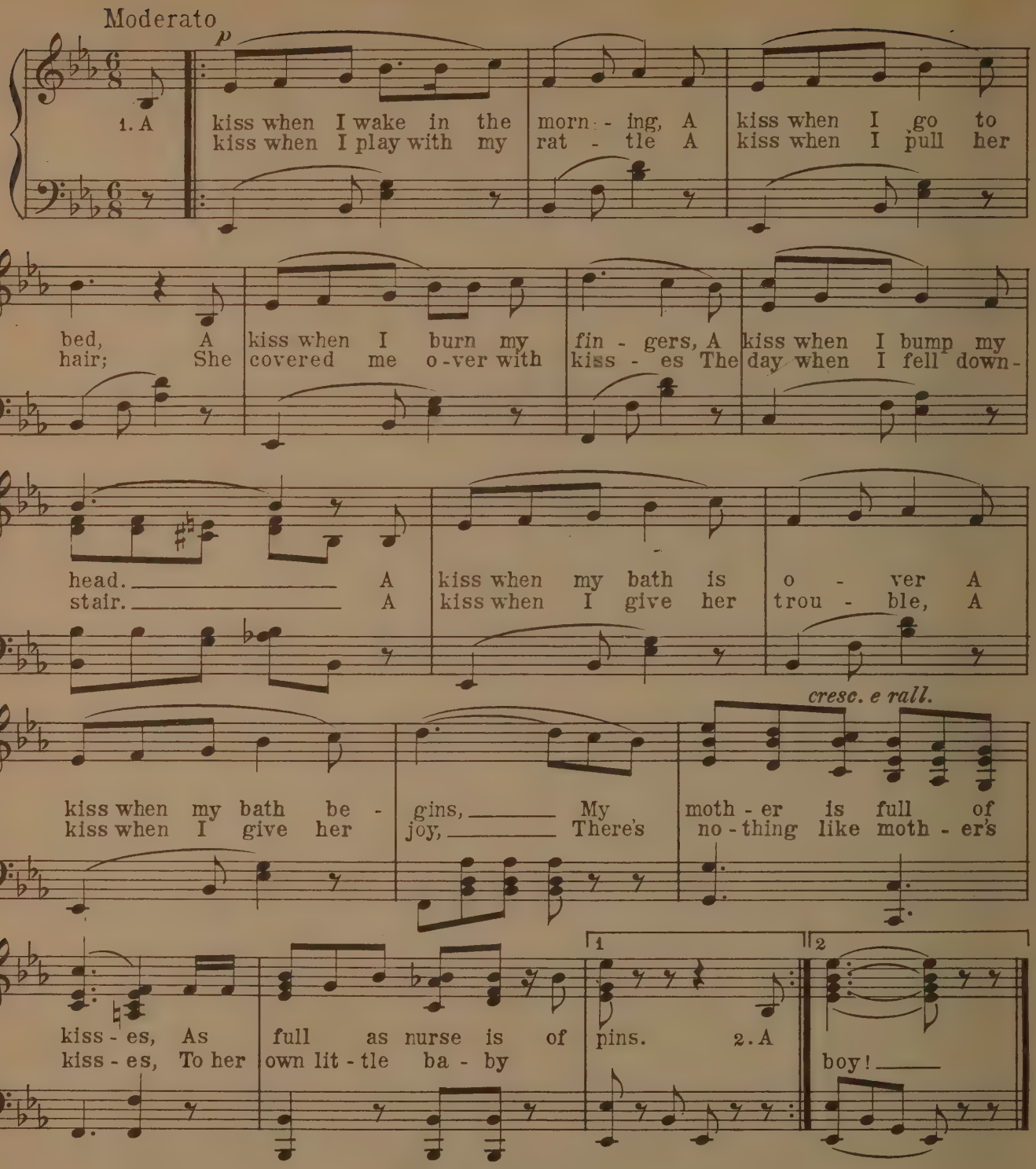
Our Baby (French Lullaby)


Andantino
cresc.
dim.
mf
1. Cheeks of rose, Ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by;
2. Thee I love, Sweet - est dove, Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by!
cresc.
dim.
Eyes of blue, Fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be.
When I live, Thee I'll give Kiss - es warm as may be.

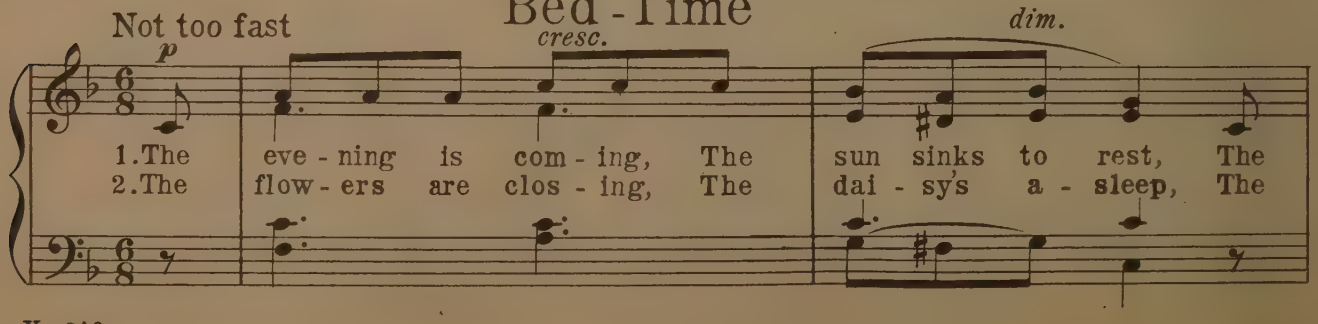
Sleep, Baby, Sleep (German Cradle Song)

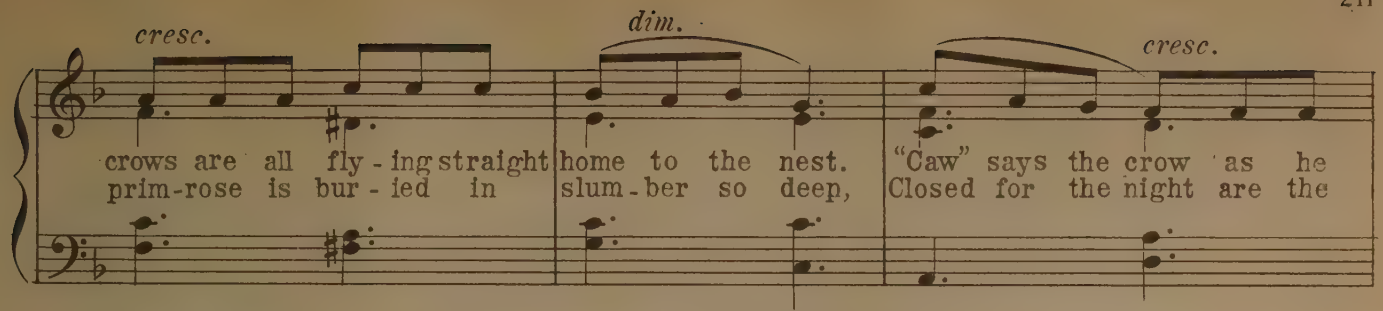

Andante
p
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep: The lit - tle lamb is
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy rest shall an - gels keep; While on the grass the
dim.
on the green With snow - y fleece so soft and clean. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
lambs shall feed, And nev - er suf - fer want nor need. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

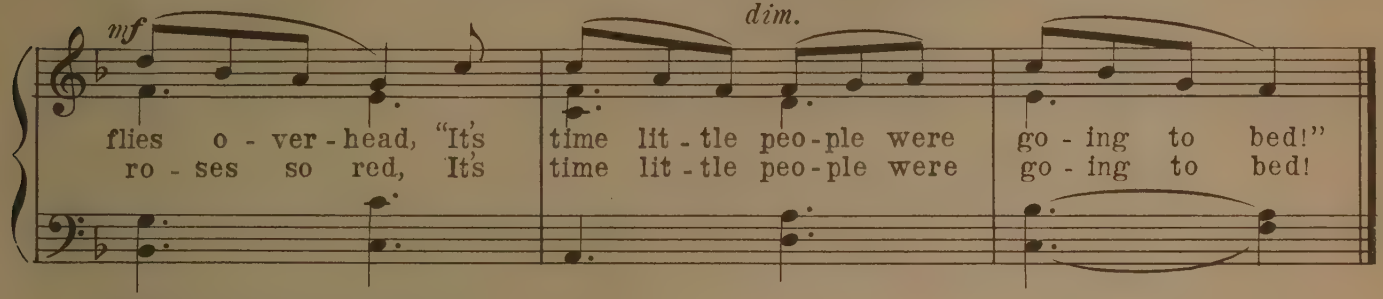
Mother's Kisses


Moderato
p
1. A kiss when I wake in the morn - ing, A kiss when I go to
kiss when I play with my rat - tle A kiss when I pull her
bed, A kiss when I burn my fin - gers, A kiss when I bump my
hair; She covered me o-ver with kiss - es The day when I fell down-
head. A kiss when my bath is o - ver A
stair. A kiss when I give her trou - ble, A
cresc. e rall.
kiss when my bath be - gins, My moth - er is full of
kiss when I give her joy, There's no - thing like moth - er's
1
2
kiss - es, As full as nurse is of pins. 2. A
kiss - es, To her own lit - tle ba - by boy!

Bed-Time

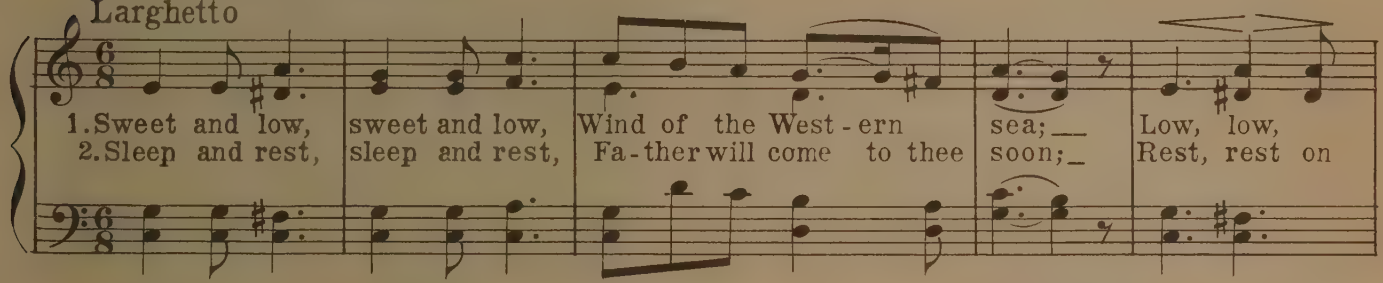


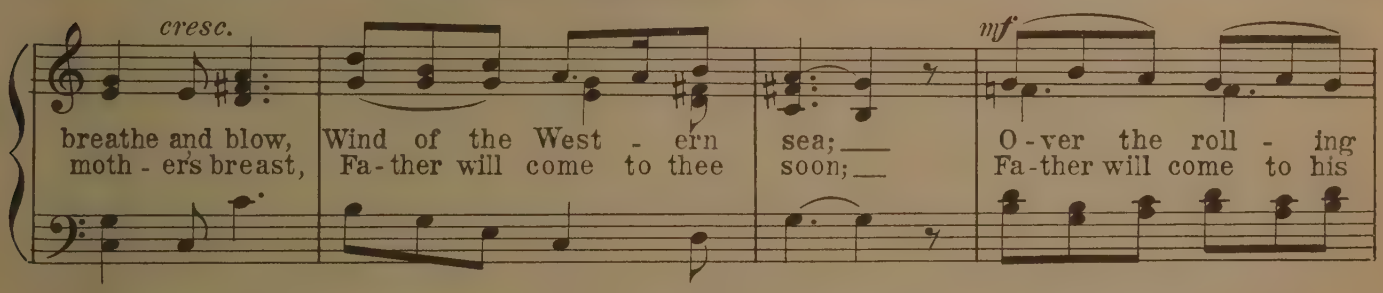

cresc.
dim.
cresc.
crows are all fly - ing straight home to the nest. "Caw" says the crow as he
prim-rose is bur - ied in slum - ber so deep, Closed for the night are the

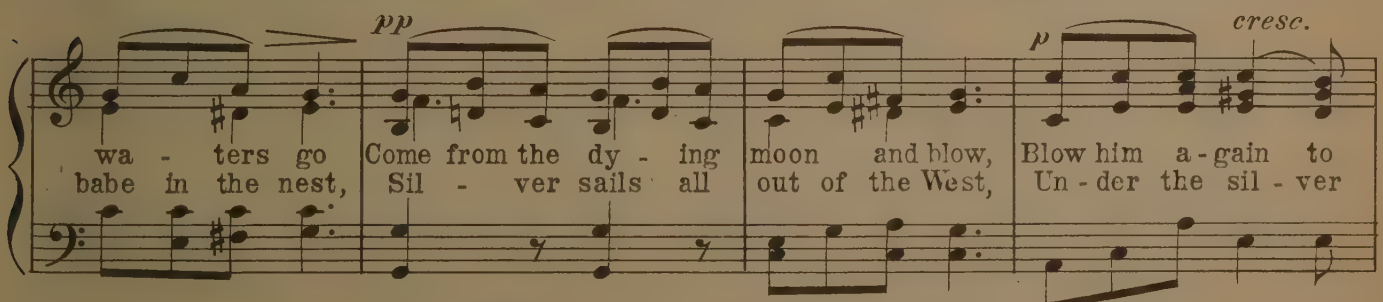


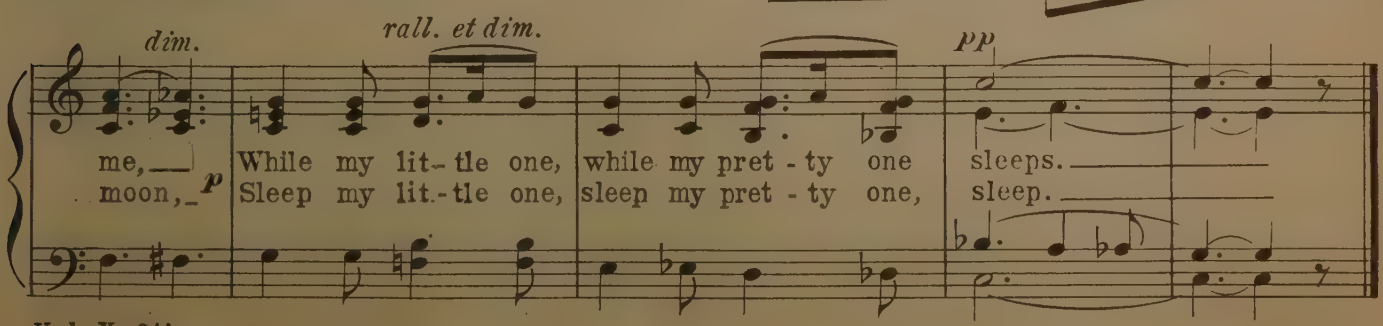
Sweet and Low (Barnby)

Larghetto

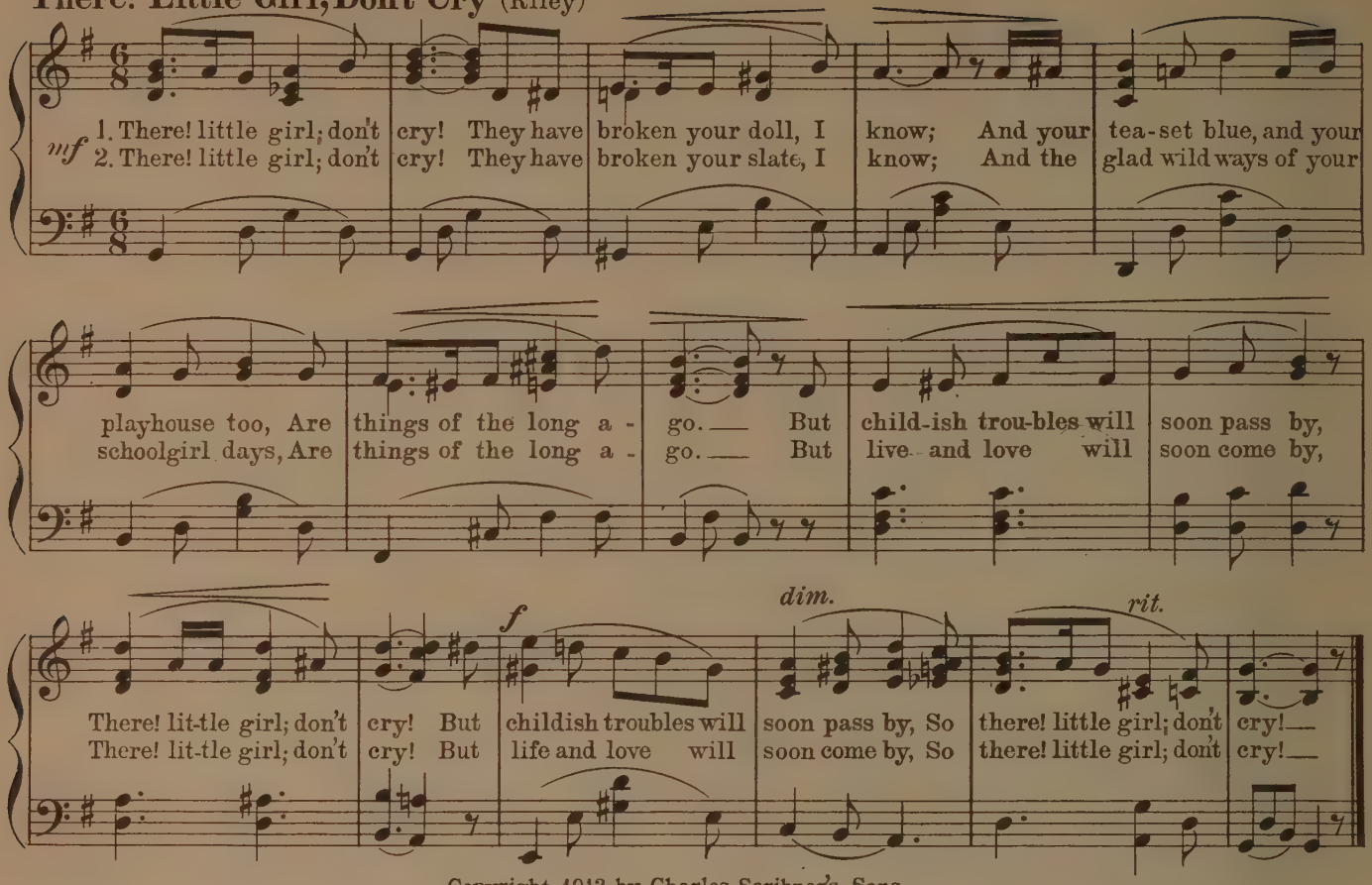

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the West - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on


cresc.
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the West - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his


pp
p
cresc.
wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the West, Un - der the sil - ver



There! Little Girl, Don't Cry (Riley)


mf
1. There! little girl; don't cry! They have broken your doll, I know; And your tea-set blue, and your
2. There! little girl; don't cry! They have broken your slate, I know; And the glad wild ways of your
playhouse too, Are things of the long a - go. — But child-ish trou-bles will soon pass by,
schoolgirl days, Are things of the long a - go. — But live and love will soon come by,
f
dim.
rit.
There! lit-tle girl; don't cry! But childish troubles will soon pass by, So there! little girl; don't cry! —
There! lit-tle girl; don't cry! But life and love will soon come by, So there! little girl; don't cry! —

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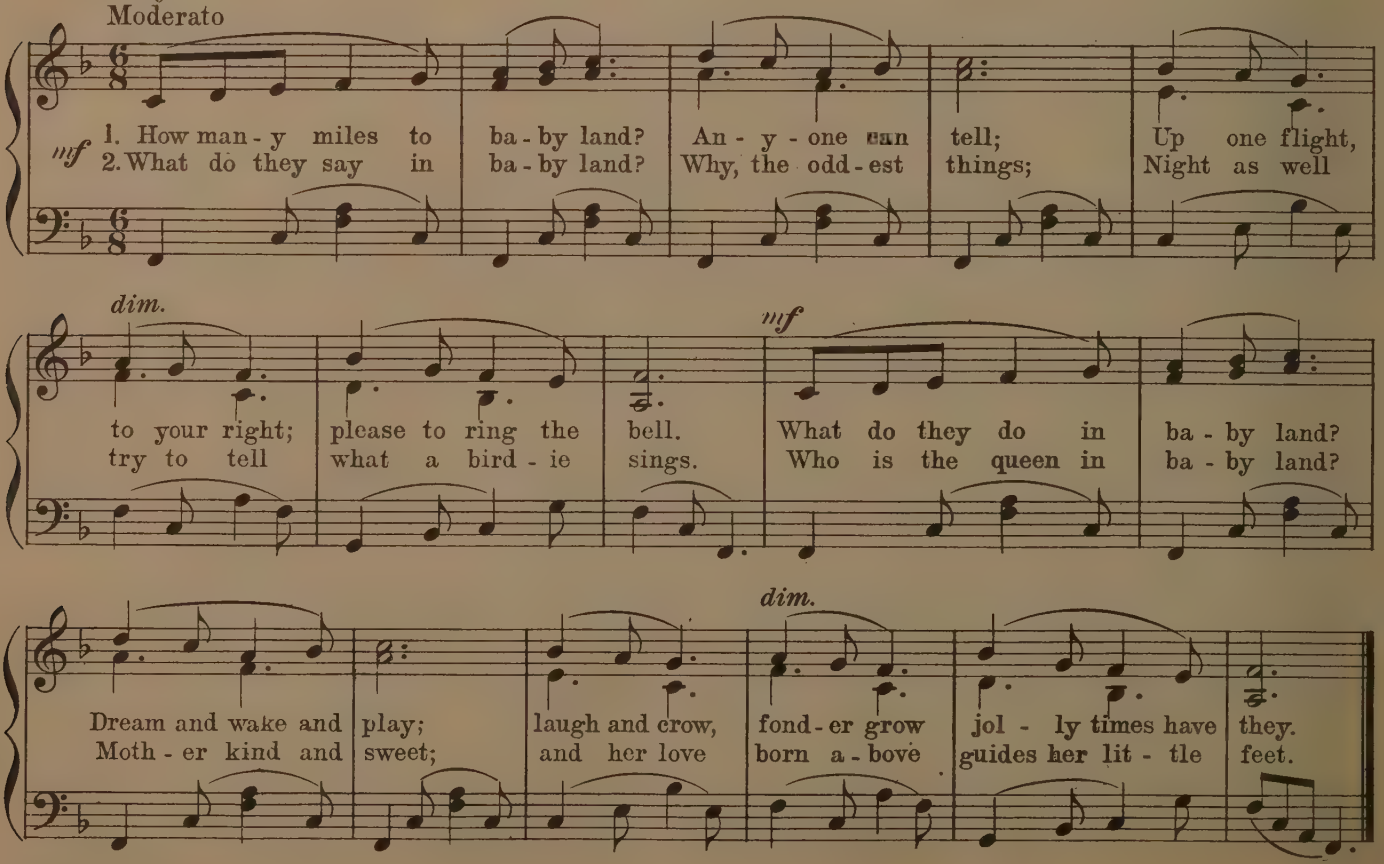
To Baby Land

Moderato


mf
1. How man - y miles to ba - by land? An - y - one can tell; Up one flight,
2. What do they say in ba - by land? Why, the odd - est things; Night as well
dim.
to your right; please to ring the bell.
try to tell what a bird - ie sings.
mf
What do they do in ba - by land?
Who is the queen in ba - by land?
dim.
Dream and wake and play; laugh and crow, fond - er grow jol - ly times have they.
Moth - er kind and sweet; and her love born a - bove guides her lit - tle feet.

Kindergarden Songs

A. B. C.

Moderato

f A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, and T, U, V,

W (double-you and) X, Y, Z. Hap-py, hap-py shall we be, When we've learned our A, B, C.

Billy Boy

Moderato

cresc.

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Oh ___
mf 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she

where have you been, charm-ing Bil - ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the
bid you to come in, charm-ing Bil - ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a

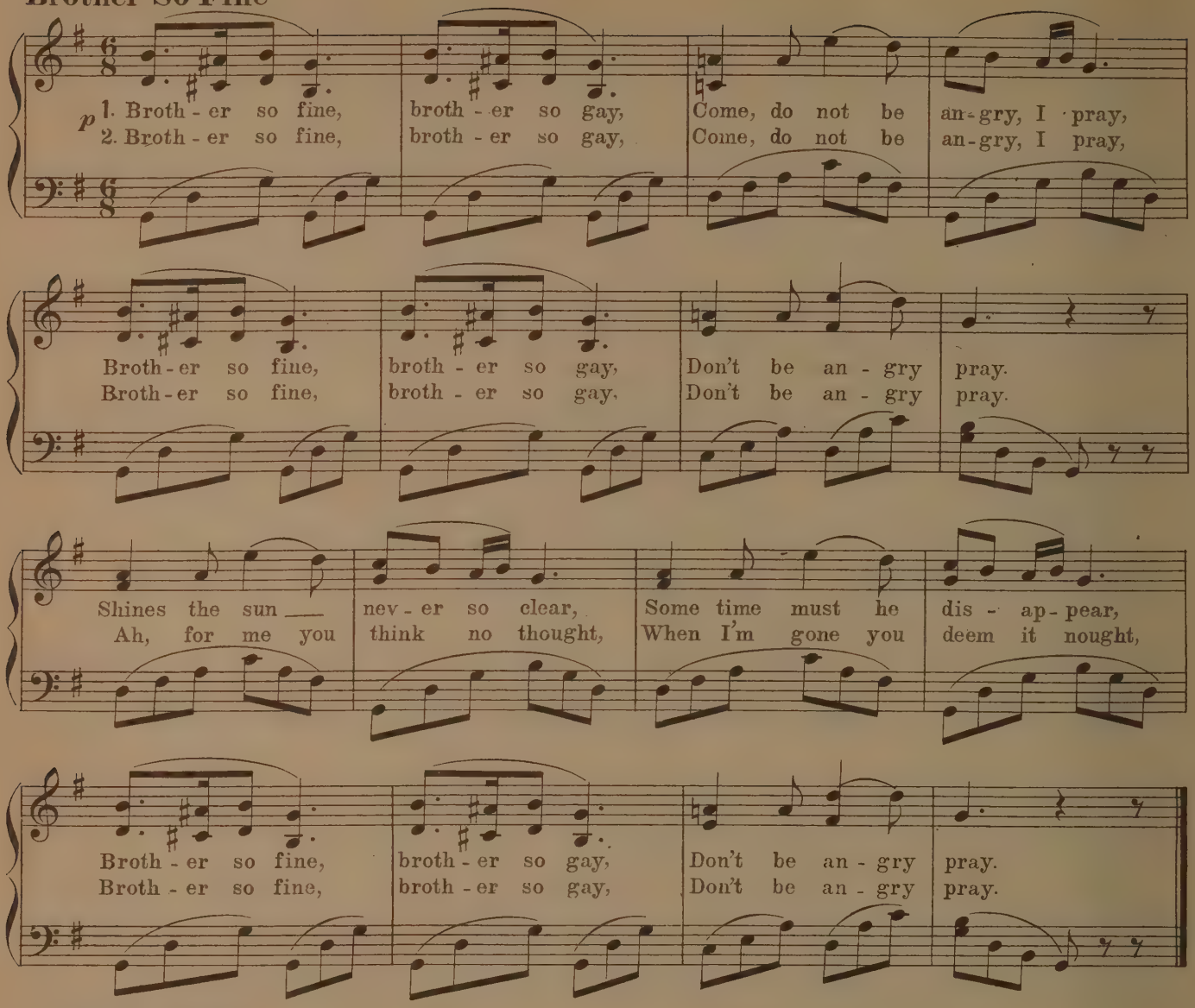
dim.

joy___ of my life, She's a young-thing, and can-not leave her moth - er. ___
dim-ple in her chin, She's a young-thing, and can-not leave her moth - er. ___

The Birdie

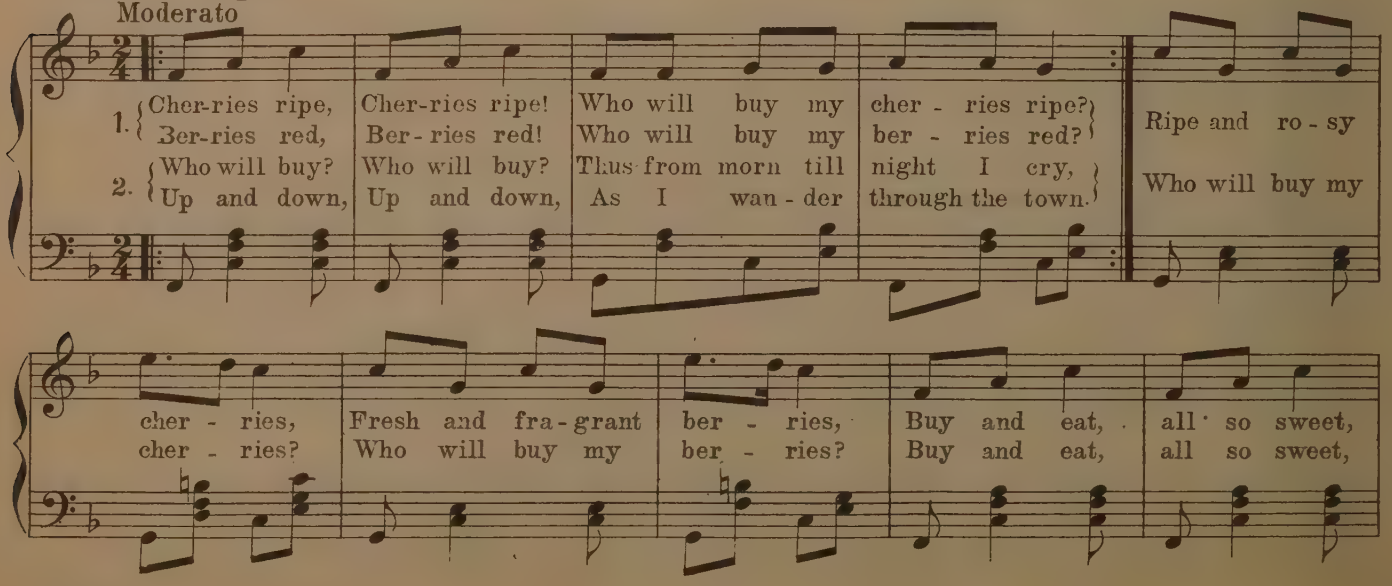
1. Came a bird-ie a fly - ing, On my foot he did light, In his bill he'd a let-ter With greet-ing so bright.
mf 2. Dear bird-ie, fly back now, With a mes-sage and kiss, For I may not go too Lest me they would miss.

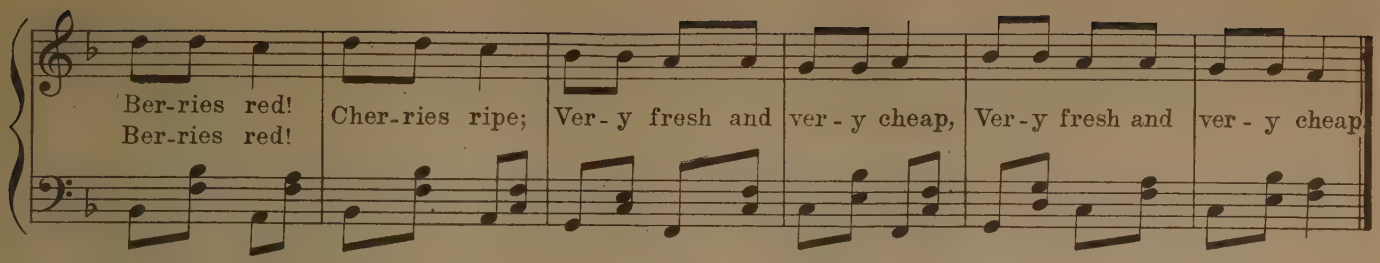
Brother So Fine


p 1. Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Come, do not be an - gry, I pray,
2. Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Come, do not be an - gry, I pray,
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Shines the sun ___ nev - er so clear, Some time must he dis - ap - pear,
Ah, for me you think no thought, When I'm gone you deem it nought,
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.

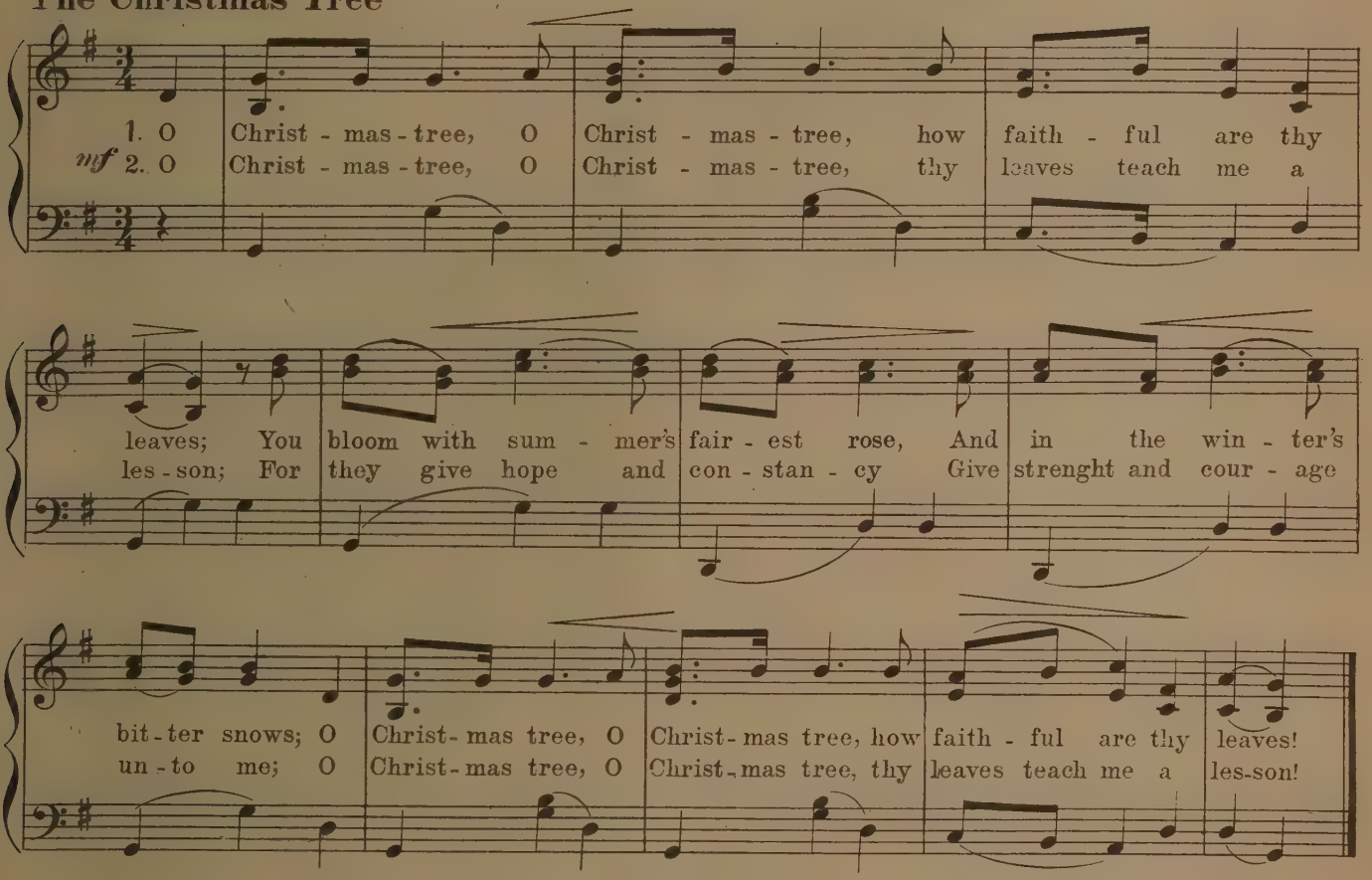
Cherries Ripe

Moderato


1. Cher-ries ripe, Cher-ries ripe! Who will buy my cher - ries ripe? Ripe and ro - sy
Ber-ries red, Ber - ries red! Who will buy my ber - ries red?
2. Who will buy? Who will buy? Thus from morn till night I cry,
Up and down, Up and down, As I wan - der through the town. Who will buy my
cher - ries, Fresh and fra - grant ber - ries, Buy and eat, all so sweet,
cher - ries? Who will buy my ber - ries? Buy and eat, all so sweet,

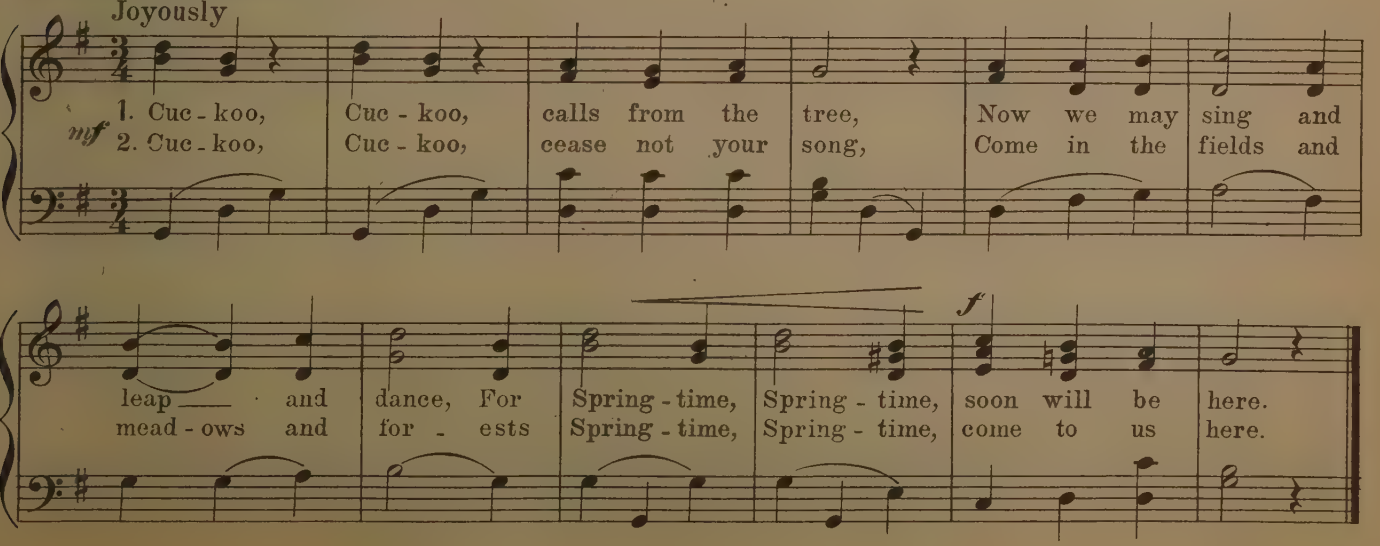


The Christmas Tree


mf
1. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, how faith-ful are thy
2. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, thy leaves teach me a
leaves; You bloom with sum-mer's fair-est rose, And in the win-ter's
les-son; For they give hope and con-stan-cy Give strenght and cour-age
bit-ter snows; O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-mas tree, how faith-ful are thy leaves!
un-to me; O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-mas tree, thy leaves teach me a les-son!

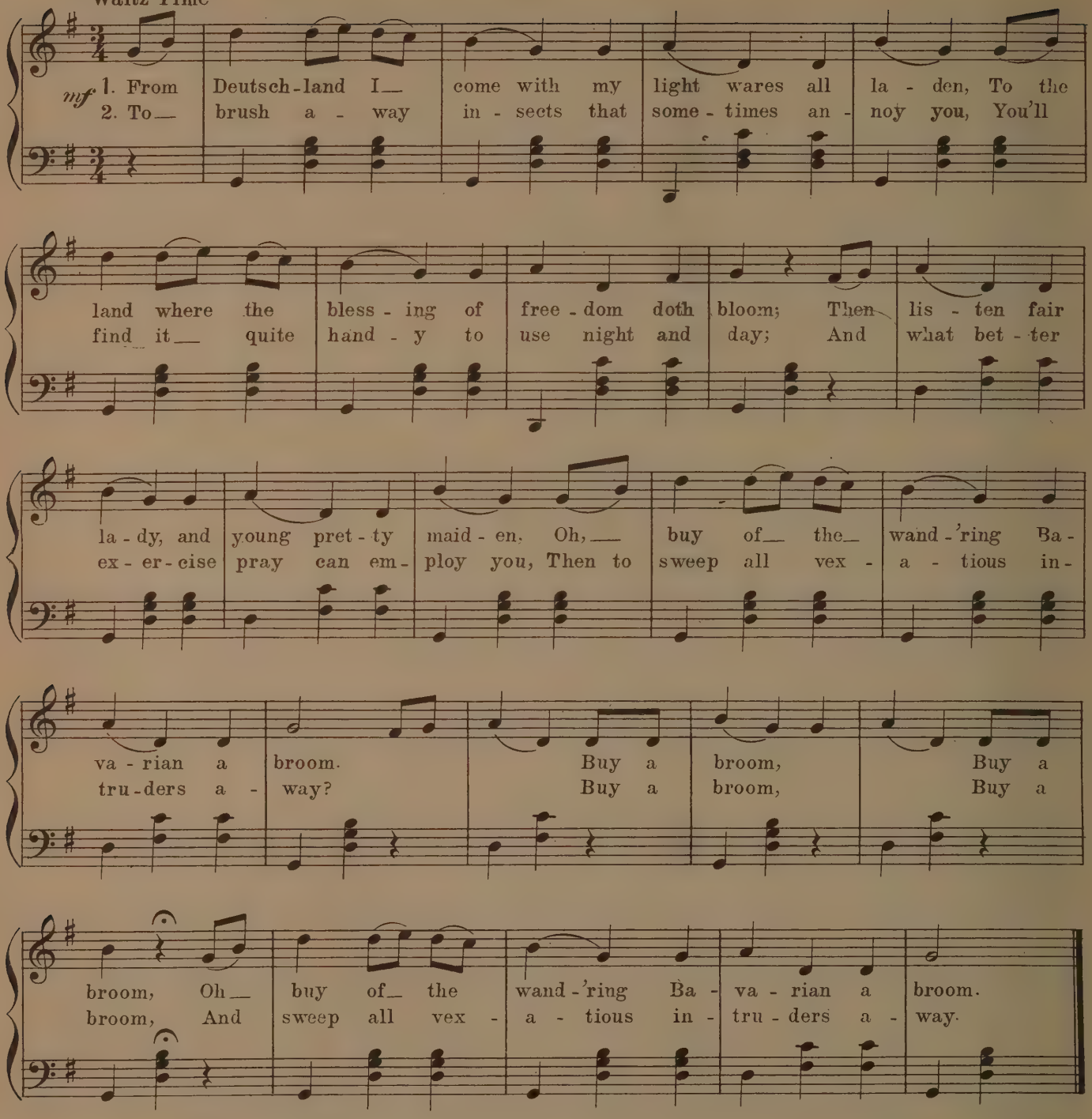
Spring Greetings

Joyously


mf
1. Cuc-koo, Cuc-koo, calls from the tree, Now we may sing and
2. Cuc-koo, Cuc-koo, cease not your song, Come in the fields and
f
leap and dance, For Spring-time, Spring-time, soon will be here.
mead-ows and for-ests Spring-time, Spring-time, come to us here.

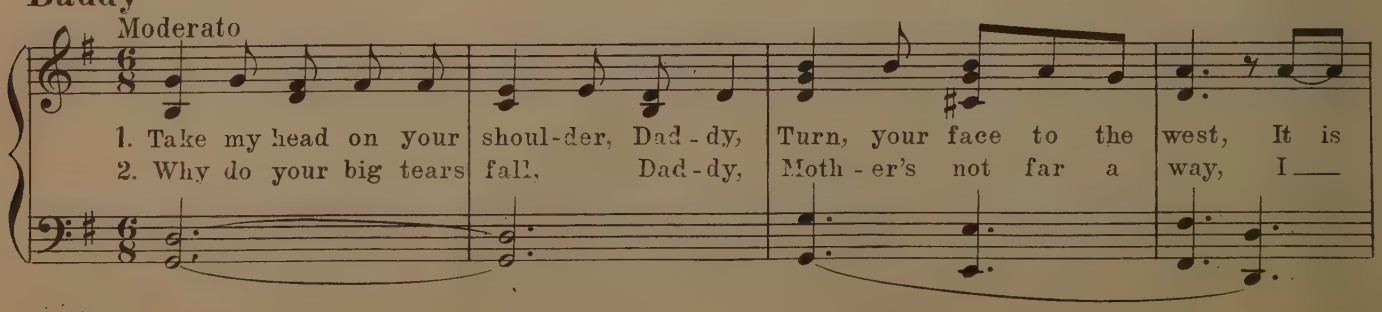
Buy a Broom

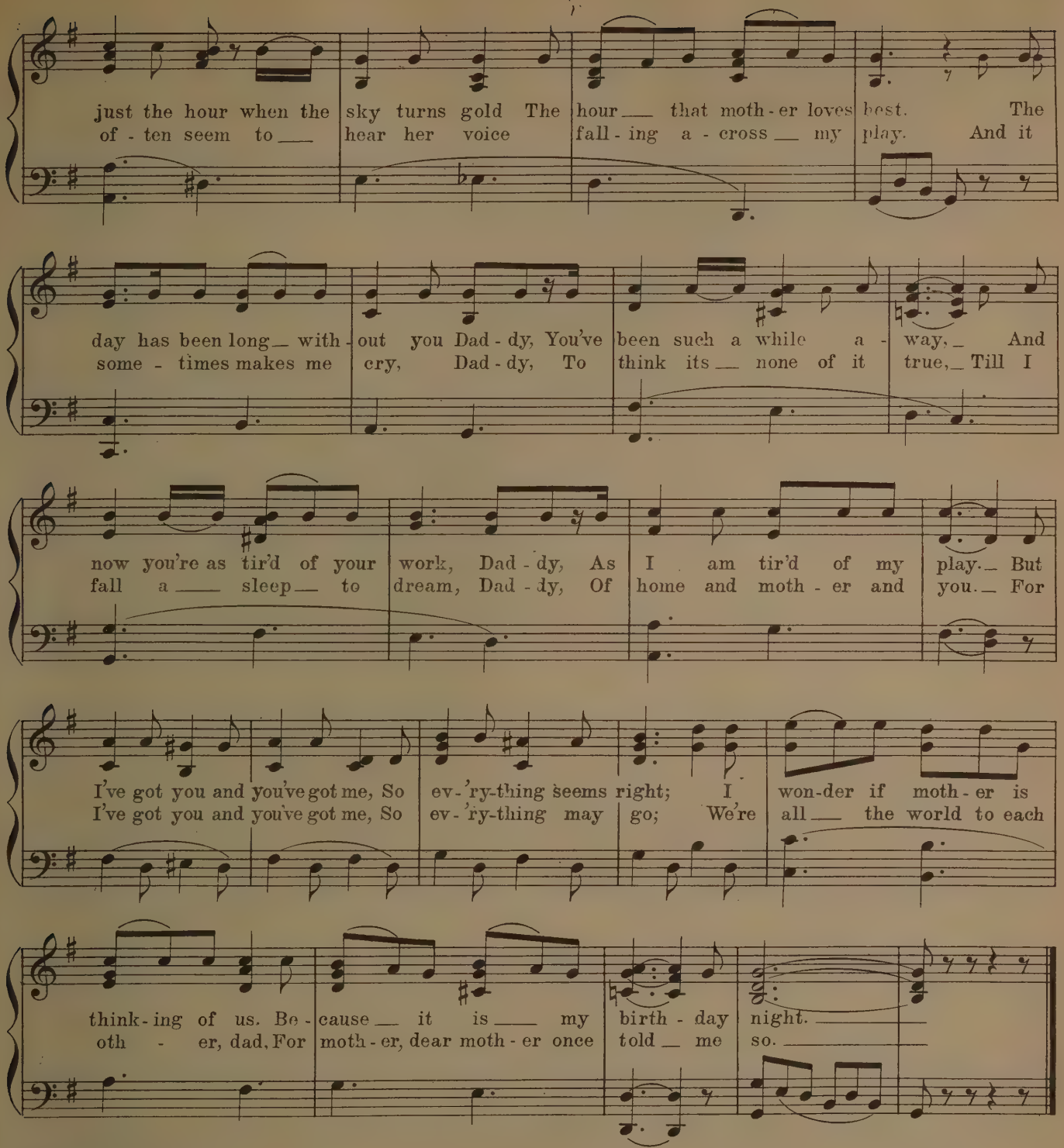
Waltz Time


mf
1. From Deutsch-land I come with my light wares all la-den, To the
2. To brush a-way in-sects that some-times an-noy you, You'll
land where the bless-ing of free-dom doth bloom; Then lis-ten fair
find it quite hand-y to use night and day; And what bet-ter
la-dy, and young pret-ty maid-en, Oh, buy of the wand-'ring Ba-
ex-er-cise pray can em-ploy you, Then to sweep all vex-a-tious in-
va-rian a broom. Buy a broom, Buy a
tru-ders a-way? Buy a broom, Buy a
broom, Oh buy of the wand-'ring Ba-va-rian a broom.
broom, And sweep all vex-a-tious in-tru-ders a-way.

Daddy

Moderato


1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn, your face to the west, It is
2. Why do your big tears fall, Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a way, I


just the hour when the sky turns gold The hour that moth-er loves best. The
of-ten seem to hear her voice fall-ing a-cross my play. And it
day has been long with-out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a-way, And
some-times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think its none of it true, Till I
now you're as tir'd of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tir'd of my play. But
fall a sleep to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er and you. For
I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing seems right; I won-der if moth-er is
I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing may go; We're all the world to each
think-ing of us. Be-cause it is my birth-day night.
oth-er, dad, For moth-er, dear moth-er once told me so.

Girls and Boys

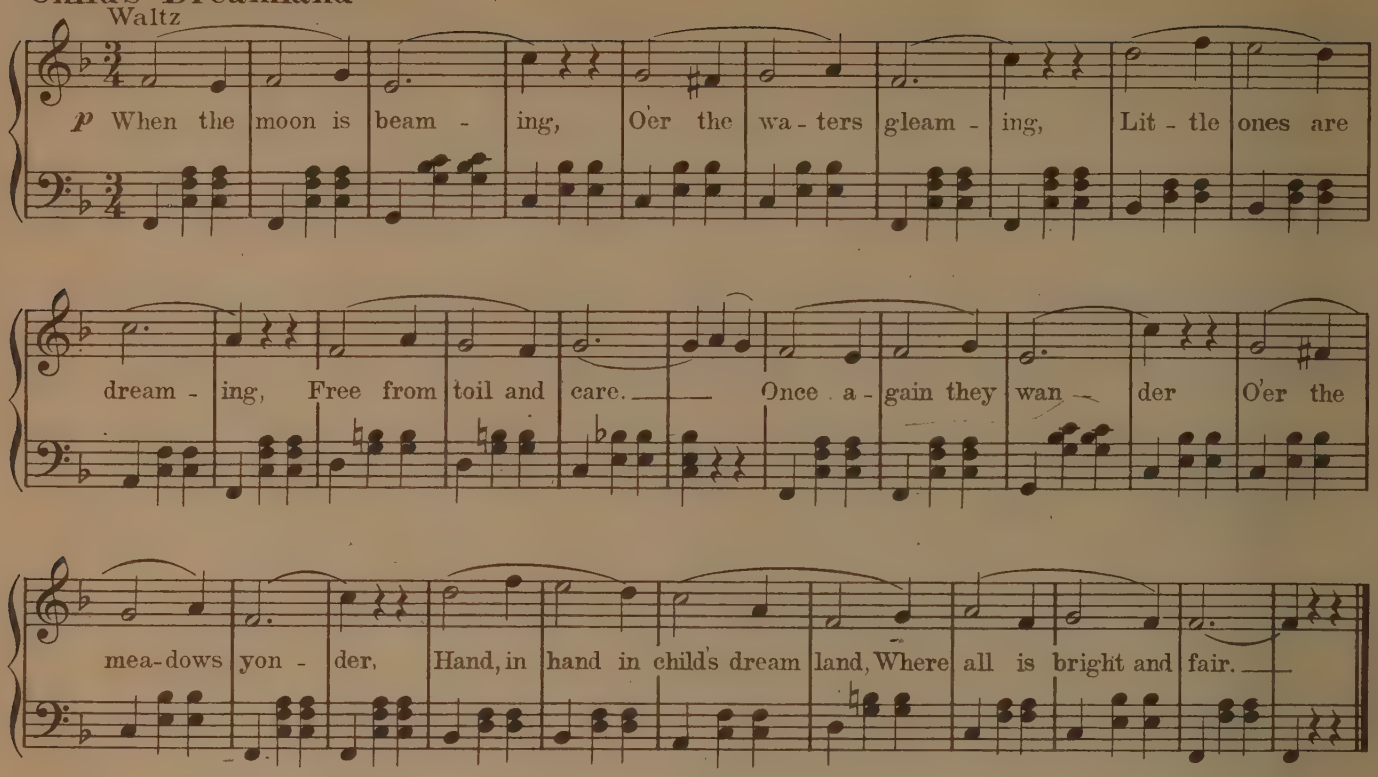
Lively

f

Girls and boys come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your sup-per, and leave your sleep; Come to your play-fel-lows in the street;

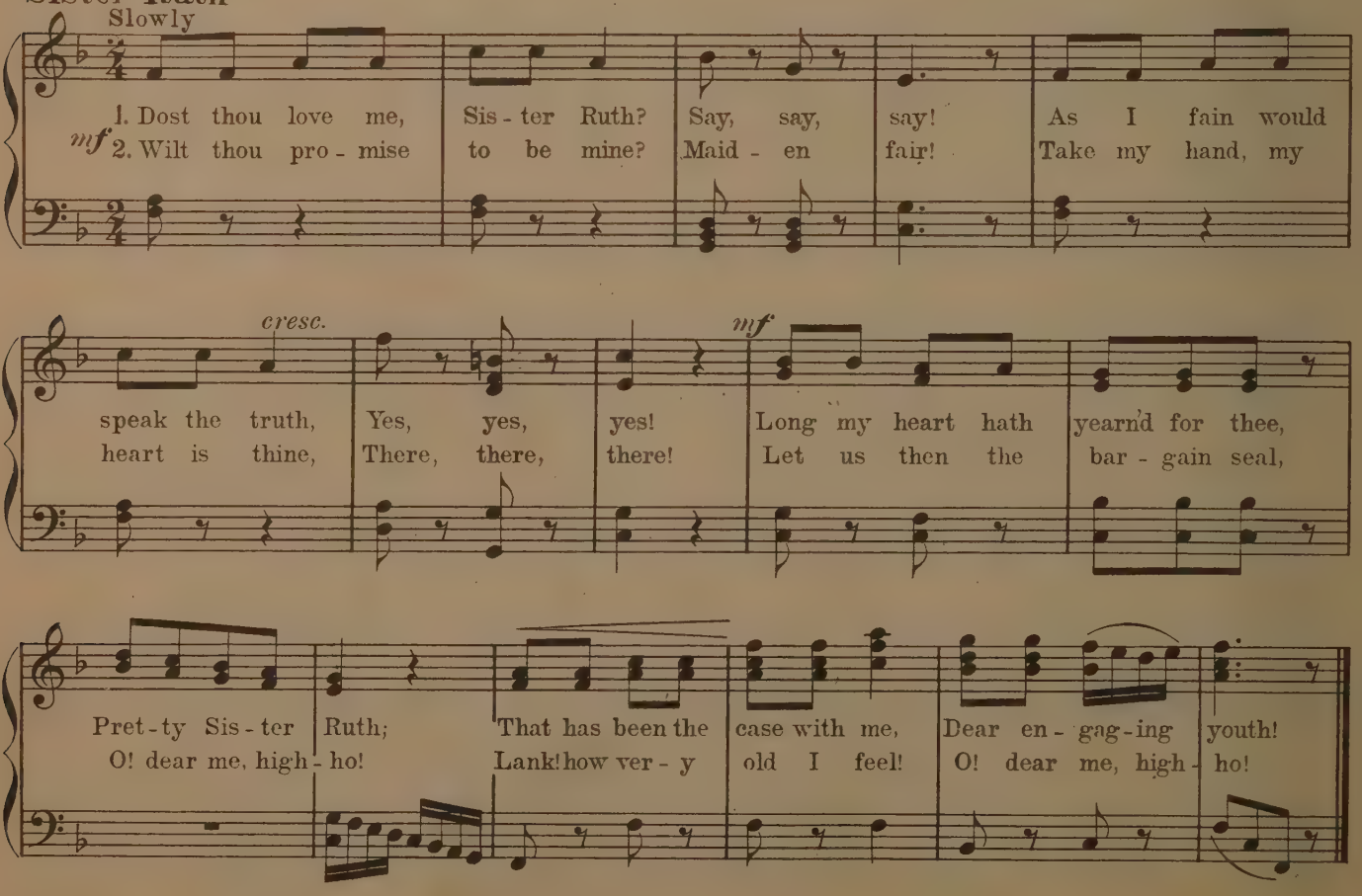
Child's Dreamland

Waltz


p When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing, Lit - tle ones are
dream - ing, Free from toil and care. Once a - gain they wan - der O'er the
mea-dows yon - der, Hand, in hand in child's dream land, Where all is bright and fair.

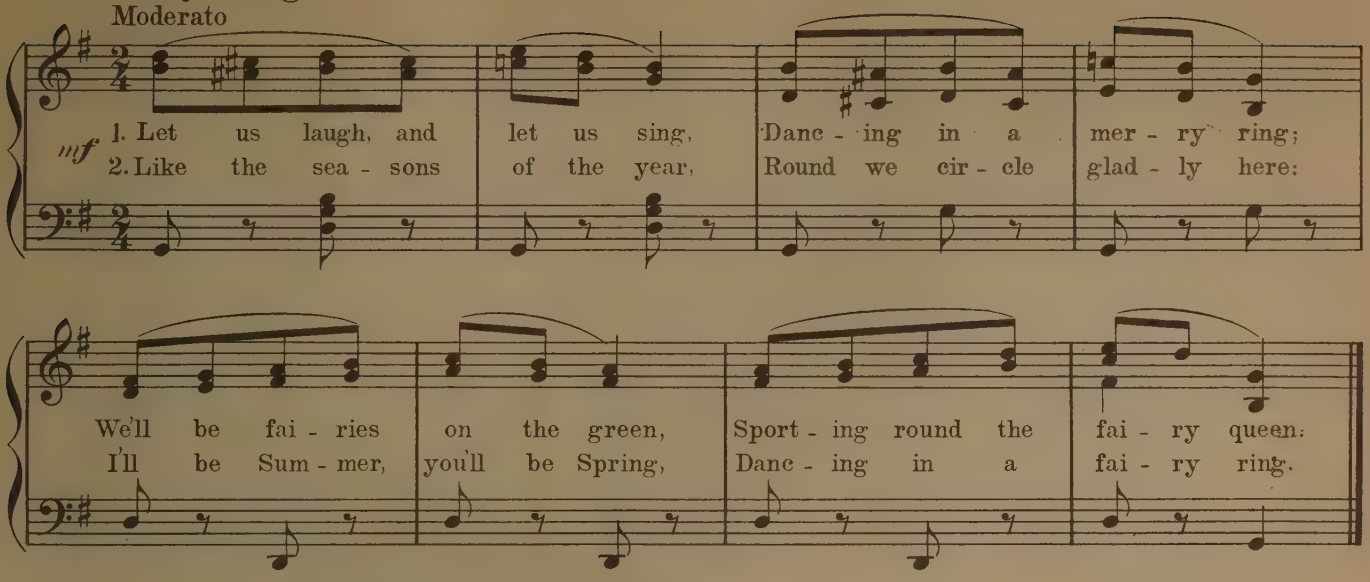
Sister Ruth

Slowly


mf 1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say! As I fain would
2. Wilt thou pro - mise to be mine? Maid - en fair! Take my hand, my
cresc.
speak the truth, Yes, yes, yes!
heart is thine, There, there, there!
mf
Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
Let us then the bar - gain seal,
Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth; That has been the case with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!
O! dear me, high - ho! Lank! how ver - y old I feel! O! dear me, high - ho!

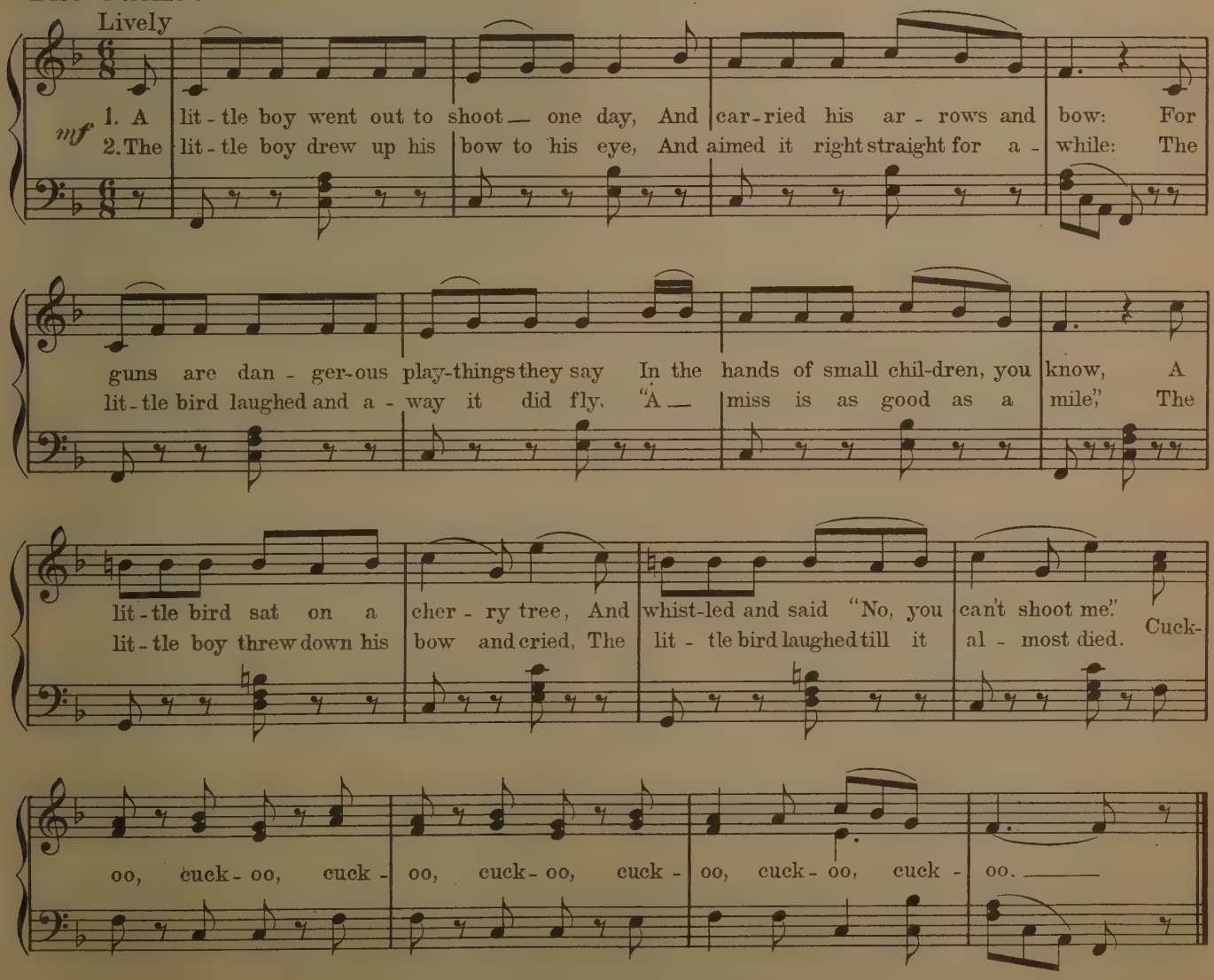
The Fairy Ring

Moderato

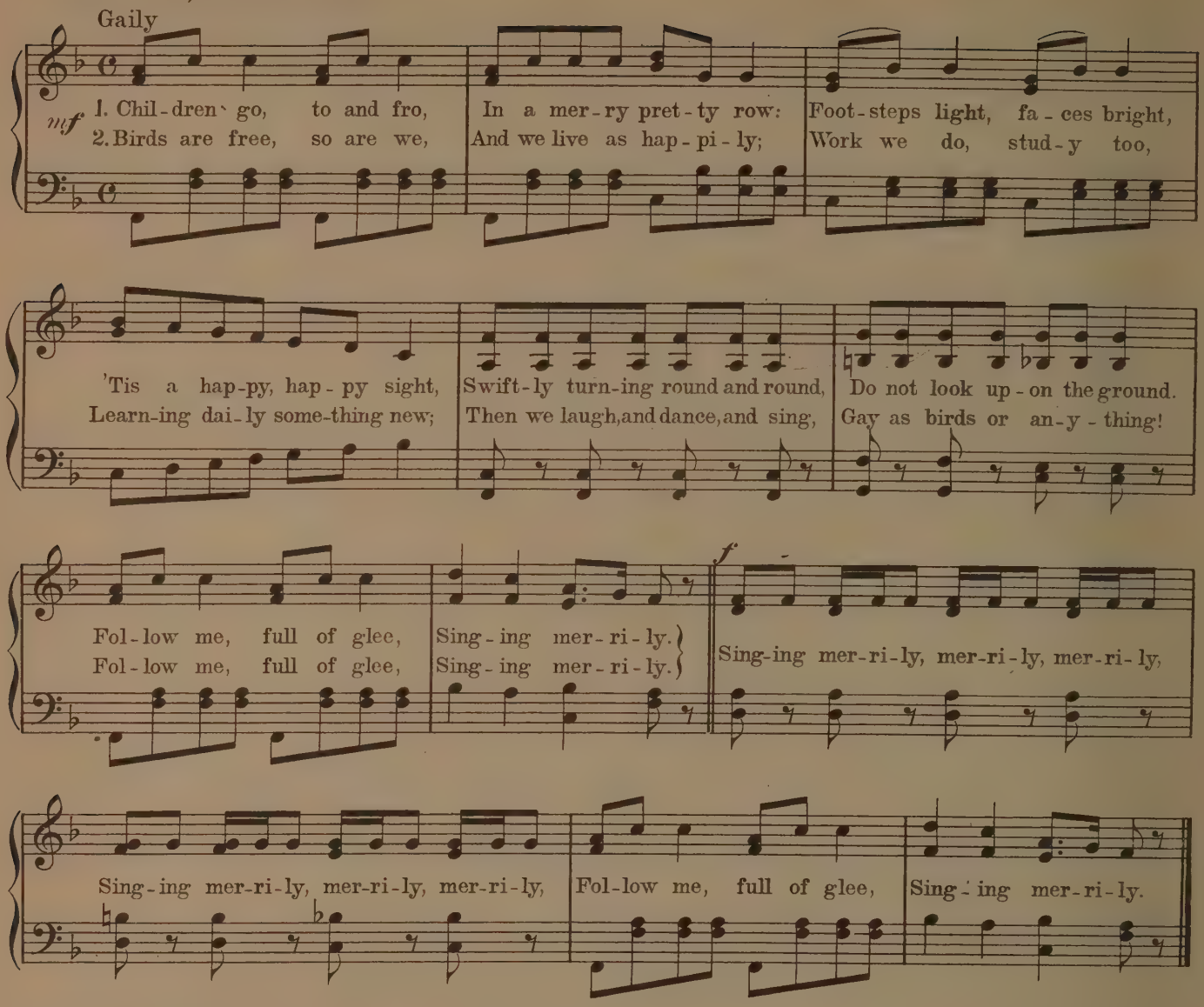

mf
1. Let us laugh, and let us sing, Danc - ing in a mer - ry ring;
2. Like the sea - sons of the year, Round we cir - cle glad - ly here:
We'll be fai - ries on the green, Sport - ing round the fai - ry queen:
I'll be Sum - mer, you'll be Spring, Danc - ing in a fai - ry ring.

The Cuckoo

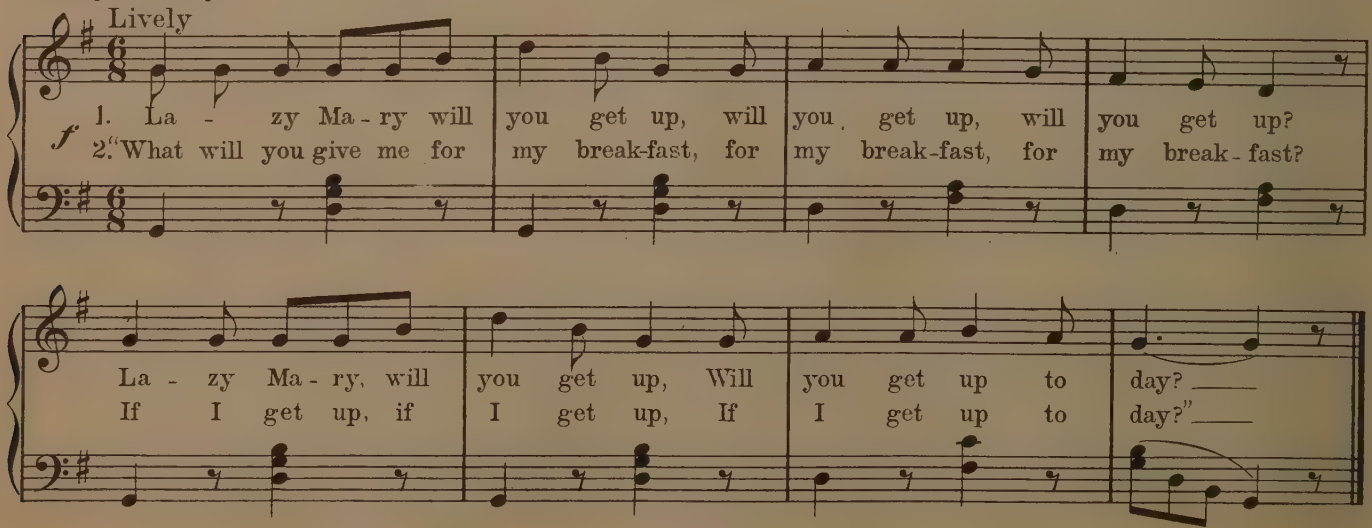
Lively


mf
1. A lit - tle boy went out to shoot one day, And car - ried his ar - rows and bow: For
2. The lit - tle boy drew up his bow to his eye, And aimed it right straight for a - while: The
guns are dan - ger-ous play-things they say In the hands of small chil-dren, you know, A
lit - tle bird laughed and a - way it did fly, "A miss is as good as a mile," The
lit - tle bird sat on a cher - ry tree, And whist-led and said "No, you can't shoot me." Cuck-
lit - tle boy threw down his bow and cried, The lit - tle bird laughed till it al - most died.
oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo.

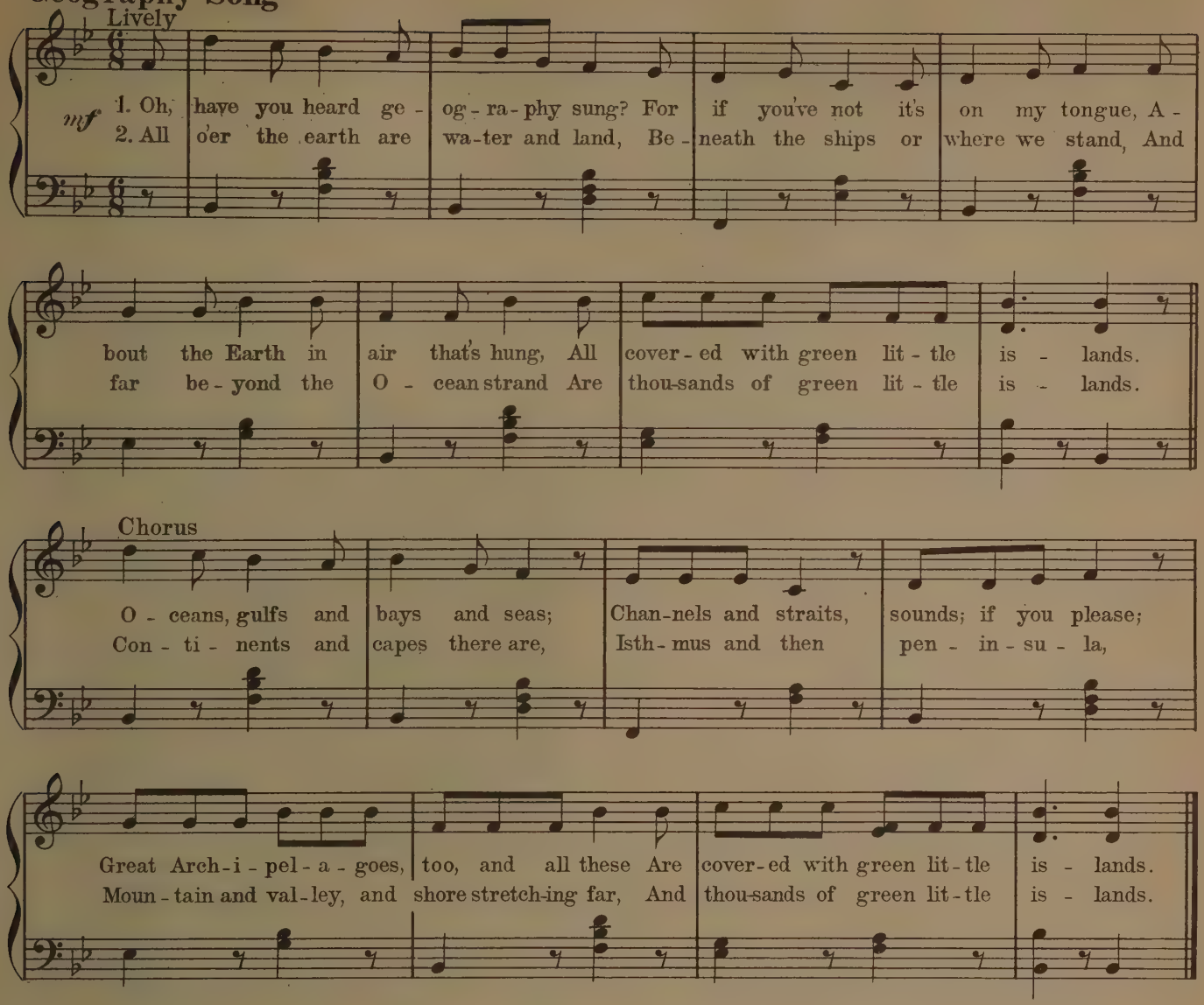
Follow Me, Full of Glee


Gaily
mf
1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row: Foot-steps light, fa-ces bright,
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,
'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight, Swift-ly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up-on the ground.
Learn-ing dai-ly some-thing new; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing!
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
f
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

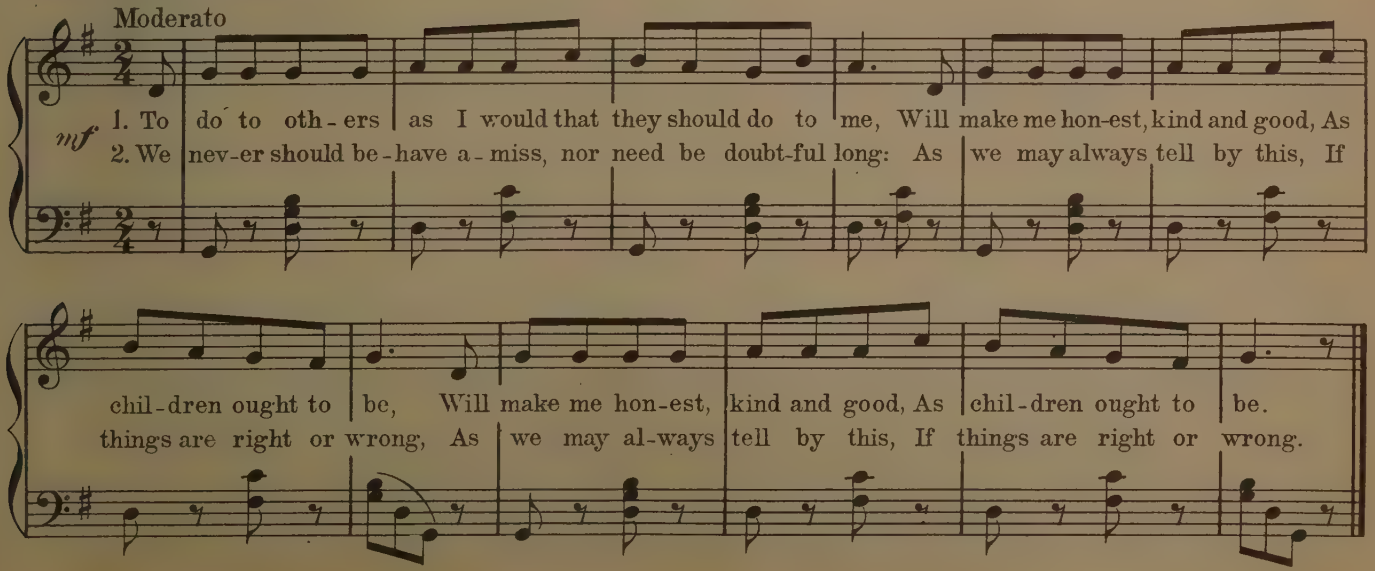
Lazy Mary


Lively
f
1. La-zy Ma-ry will you get up, will you get up, will you get up?
2. "What will you give me for my break-fast, for my break-fast, for my break-fast?
La-zy Ma-ry, will you get up, Will you get up to day? ___
If I get up, if I get up, If I get up to day?" ___

Geography Song


Lively
mf
1. Oh, have you heard ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not it's on my tongue, A -
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land, Be - neath the ships or where we stand, And
bout the Earth in air that's hung, All cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
far be - yond the O - cean strand Are thou-sands of green lit - tle is - lands.
Chorus
O - ceans, gulfs and bays and seas; Chan-nels and straits, sounds; if you please;
Con - ti - nents and capes there are, Isth - mus and then pen - in - su - la,
Great Arch - i - pel - a - goes, too, and all these Are cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
Moun - tain and val - ley, and shore stretch-ing far, And thou-sands of green lit - tle is - lands.

The Golden Rule


Moderato
mf
1. To do to oth - ers as I would that they should do to me, Will make me hon-est, kind and good, As
2. We nev-er should be - have a - miss, nor need be doubt-ful long: As we may always tell by this, If
chil - dren ought to be, Will make me hon-est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be.
things are right or wrong, As we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.

Guess?

Lightly

mf

1. A si - lent lit - tle man stands be - neath the trees, A lit - tle pur - ple
2. Up - on a sin - gle leg he is stand - ing there, A lit - tle skull - cap

man - tle hangs to his knees, Who is he that takes his ease,
black cov - ers up his hair, Who is he that takes the air,

p

mf

Stand - ing 'neath the for - est trees, Pur - ple man - tle hang - ing— to his knees?
Stand - ing on one leg out there, With a lit - tle black cap to hide his hair?

Life Let Us Cherish

Gaily

mf Life let— us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - 'ret

Pluck ere it close. *Fine*

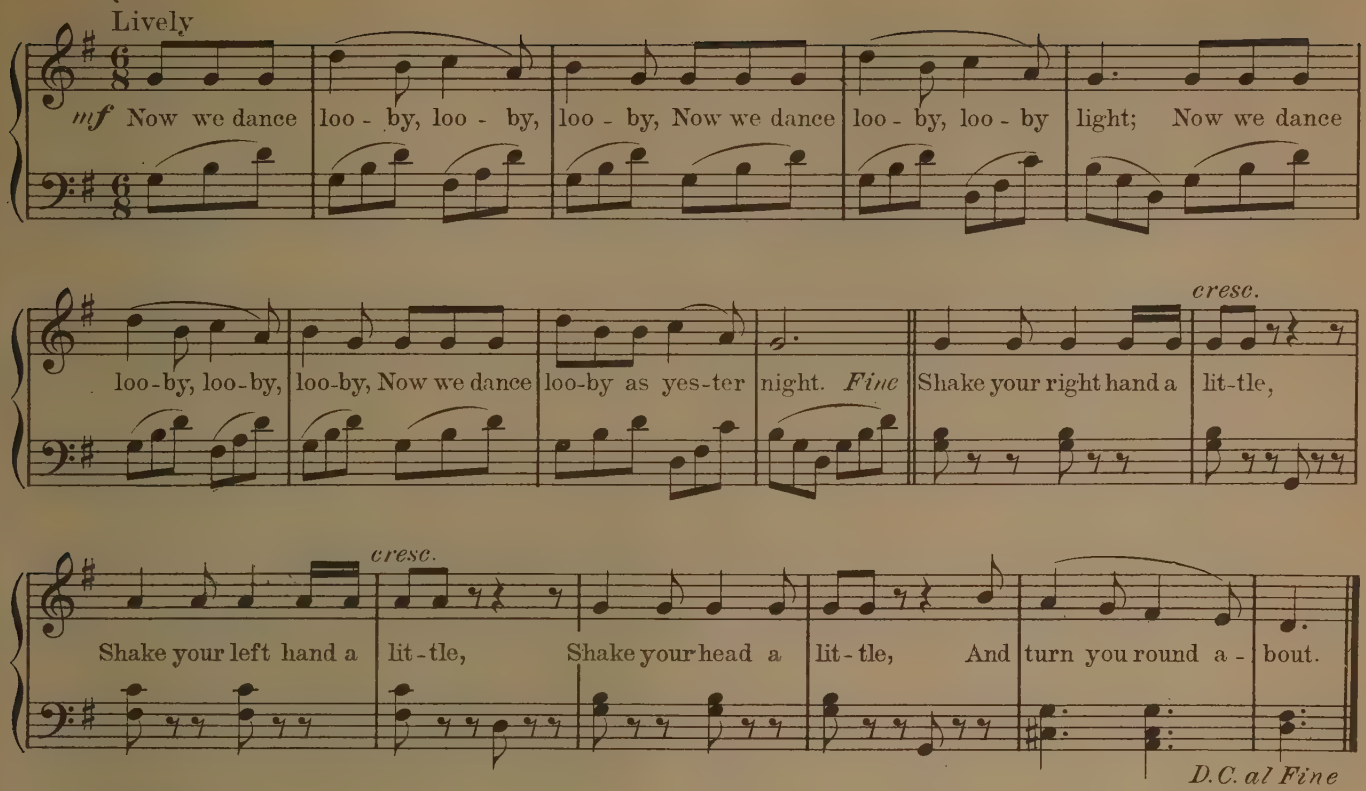
Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank - ling
When clouds ob - scure the at - mos-phere, And fork - ed light-nings

thorn to wear, And heed-less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way?—
rend the air, The sun re-sumes his sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.—

D.C. al Fine

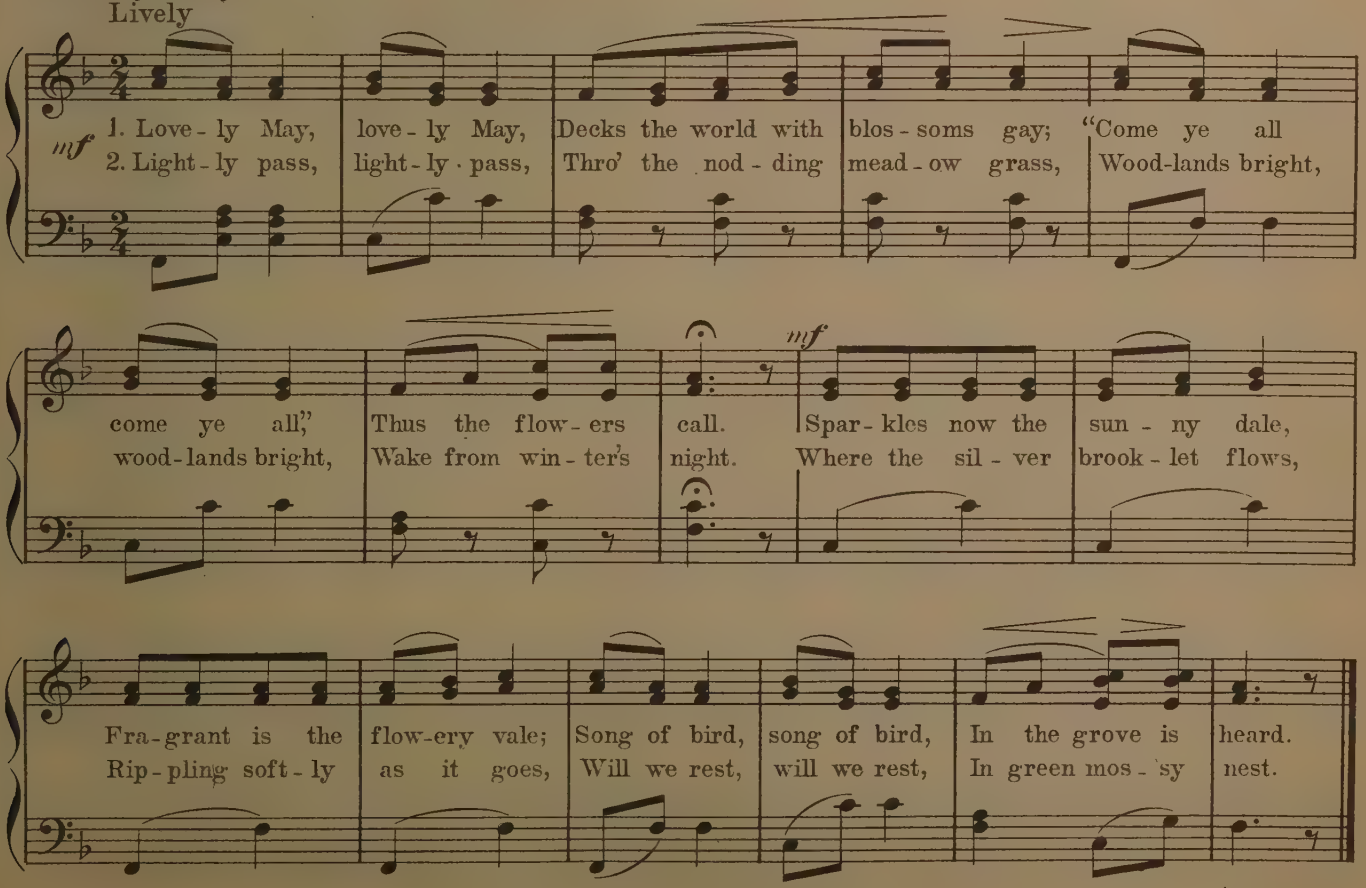
Looby Loo

Lively

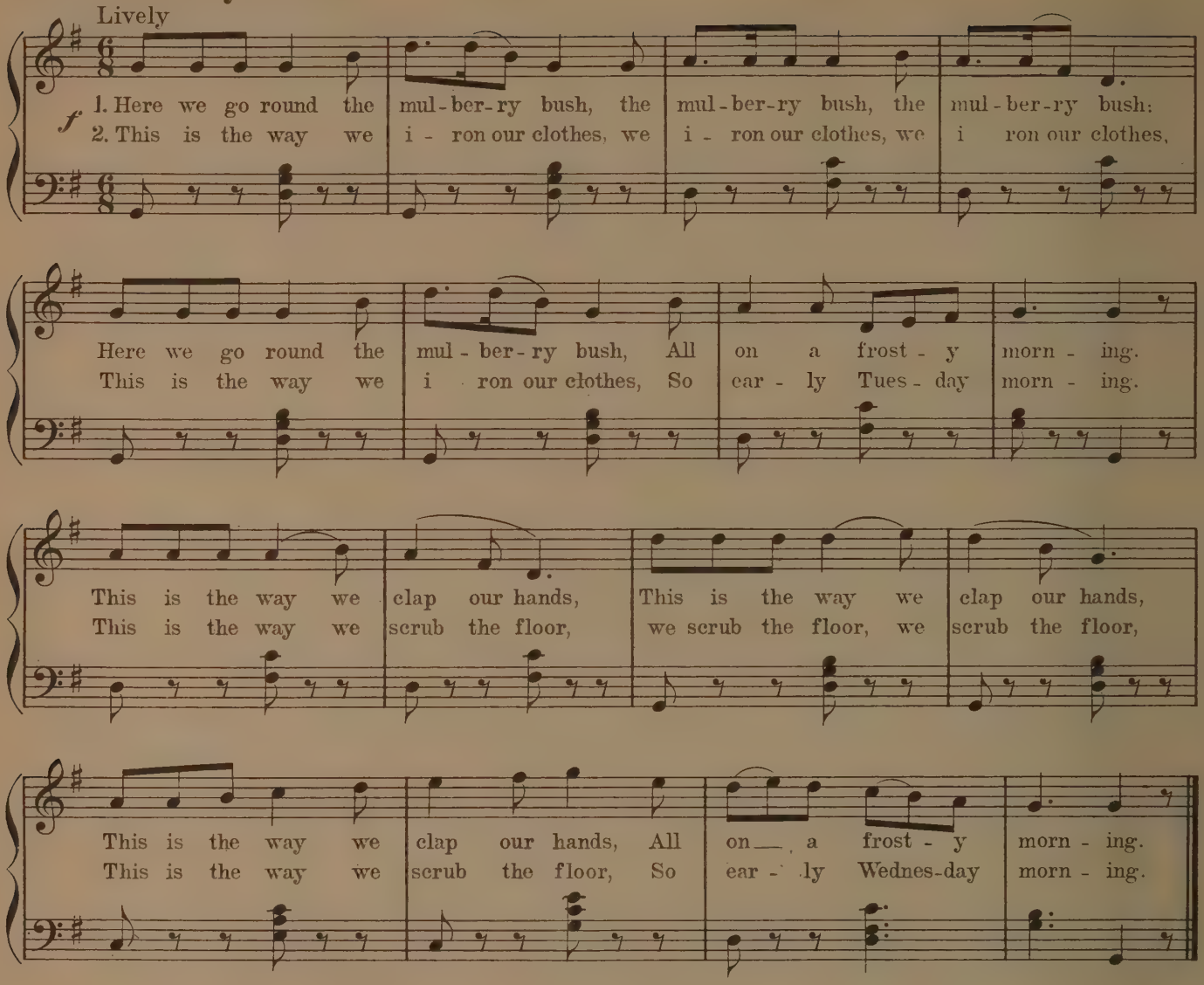

mf Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo - by, Now we dance loo - by, loo - by light; Now we dance
loo-by, loo-by, loo-by, Now we dance loo-by as yes-ter night. Fine
cresc.
Shake your right hand a lit-tle,
cresc.
Shake your left hand a lit-tle, Shake your head a lit-tle, And turn you round a - bout.
D.C. al Fine

Lovely May

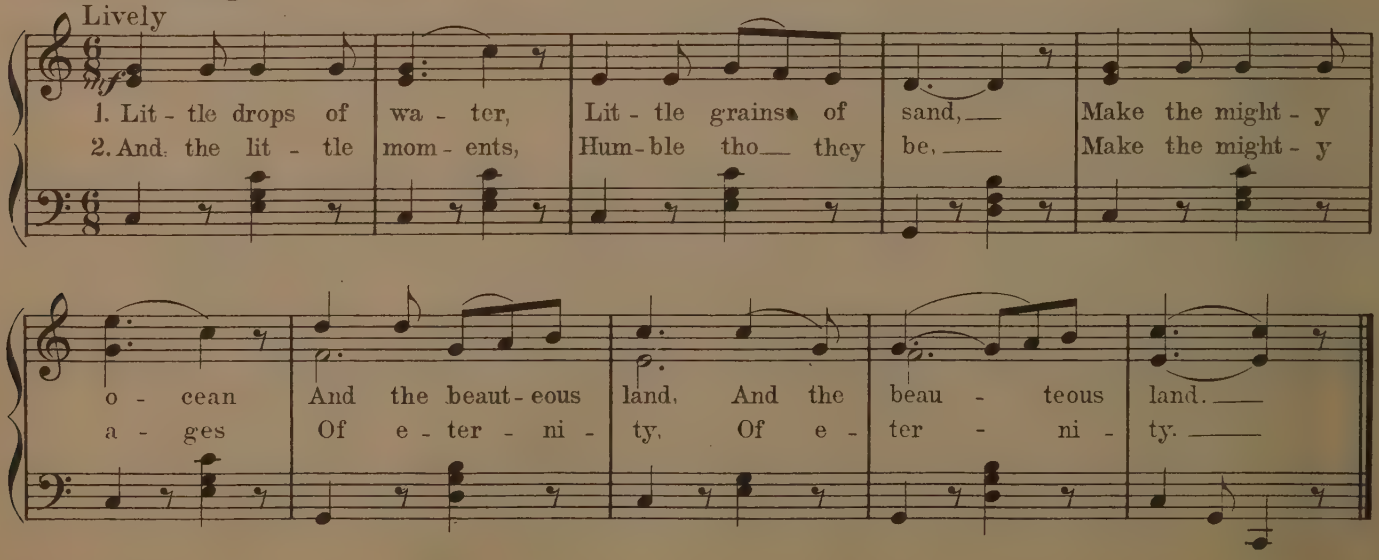
Lively


mf
1. Love - ly May, love - ly May, Decks the world with blos - soms gay; "Come ye all
2. Light - ly pass, light - ly pass, Thro' the nod - ding mead - ow grass, Wood-lands bright,
come ye all," Thus the flow - ers call. mf Spar - kles now the sun - ny dale,
wood-lands bright, Wake from win - ter's night. Where the sil - ver brook - let flows,
Fra-grant is the flow-ery vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard.
Rip-pling soft-ly as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest, In green mos - sy nest.

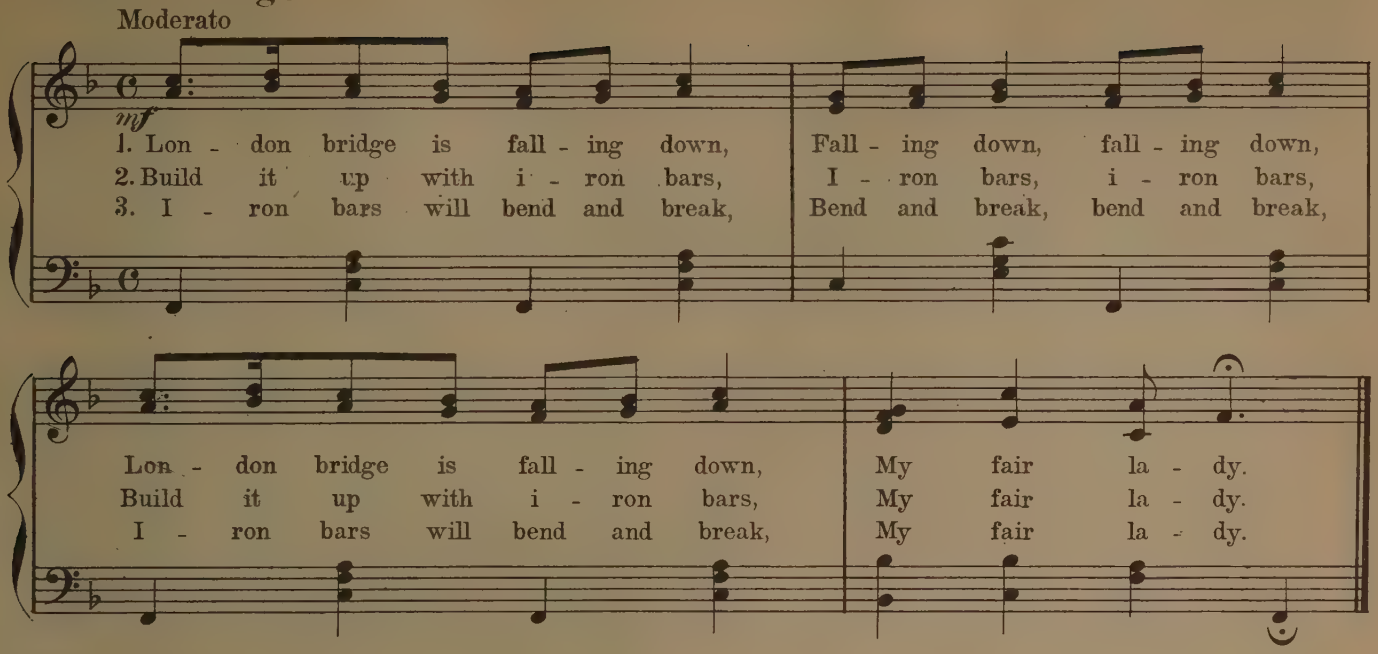
The Mulberry Bush


Lively
f
1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush:
2. This is the way we i-ron our clothes, we i-ron our clothes, we i ron our clothes,
Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, All on a frost-y morn-ing.
This is the way we i ron our clothes, So ear-ly Tues-day morn-ing.
This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,
This is the way we scrub the floor, we scrub the floor, we scrub the floor,
This is the way we clap our hands, All on a frost-y morn-ing.
This is the way we scrub the floor, So ear-ly Wednes-day morn-ing.

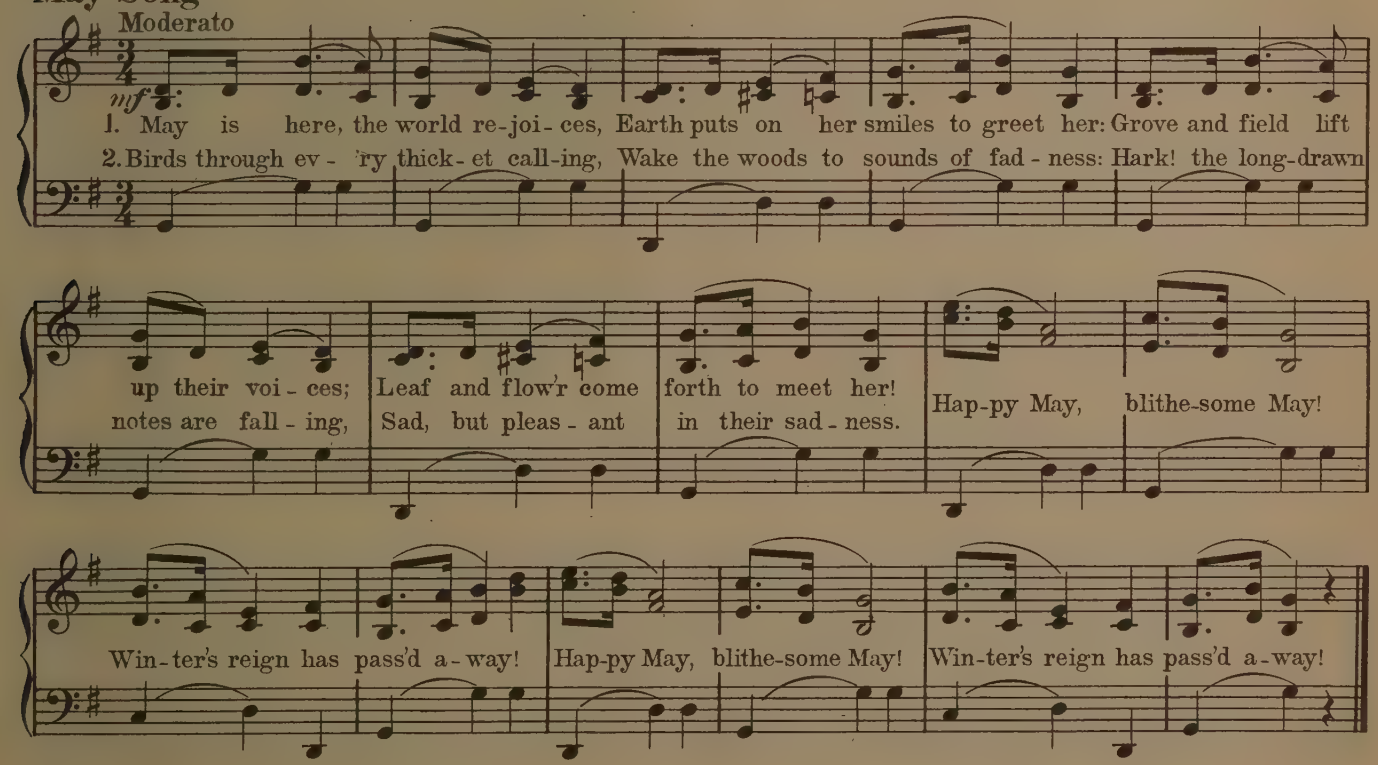
Little Things


Lively
mf
1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, Make the might-y
2. And the lit-tle mom-ents, Hum-ble tho they be, Make the might-y
o-cean And the beaut-eous land, And the beau-teous land.
a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty, Of e-ter-ni-ty.

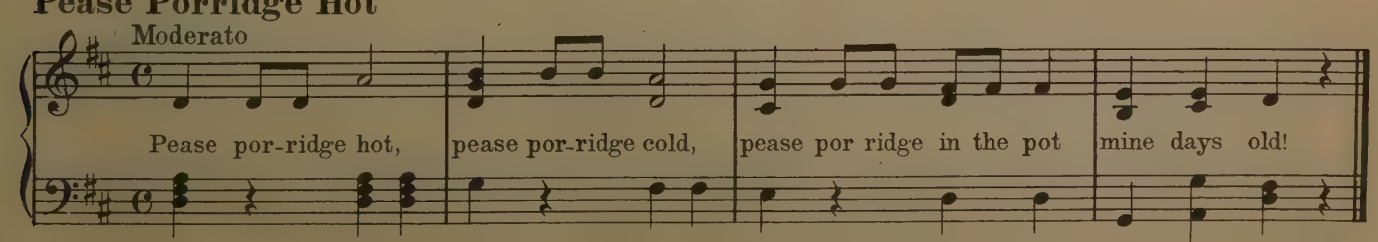
London Bridge


Moderato
mf
1. Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, Fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
2. Build it up with i - ron bars, I - ron bars, i - ron bars,
3. I - ron bars will bend and break, Bend and break, bend and break,
Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dy.
Build it up with i - ron bars, My fair la - dy.
I - ron bars will bend and break, My fair la - dy.

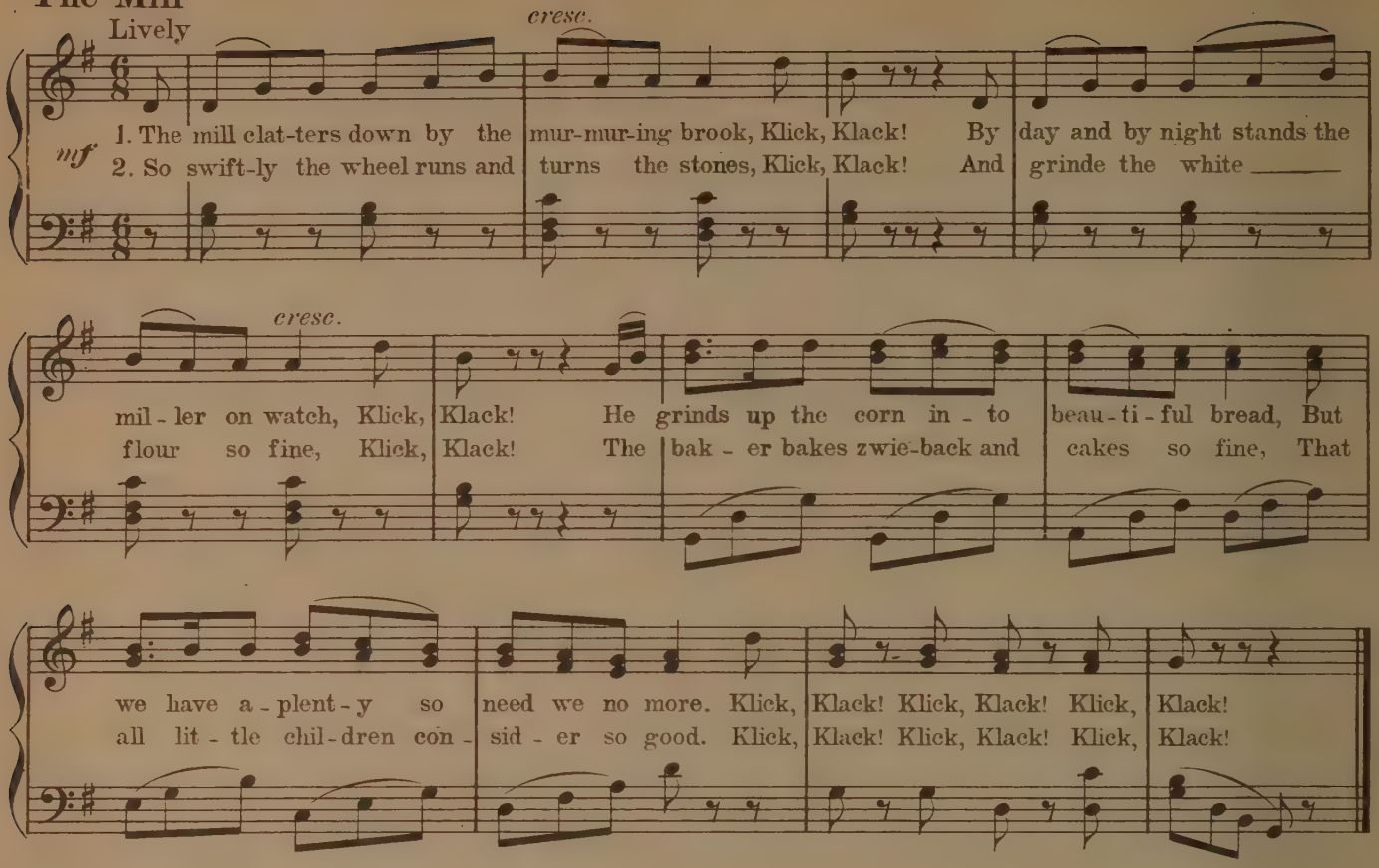
May Song


Moderato
mf
1. May is here, the world re-joi - ces, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her: Grove and field lift
2. Birds through ev - 'ry thick - et call-ing, Wake the woods to sounds of fad - ness: Hark! the long-drawn
up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her! Hap-py May, blithe-some May!
notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
Win-ter's reign has pass'd a - way! Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

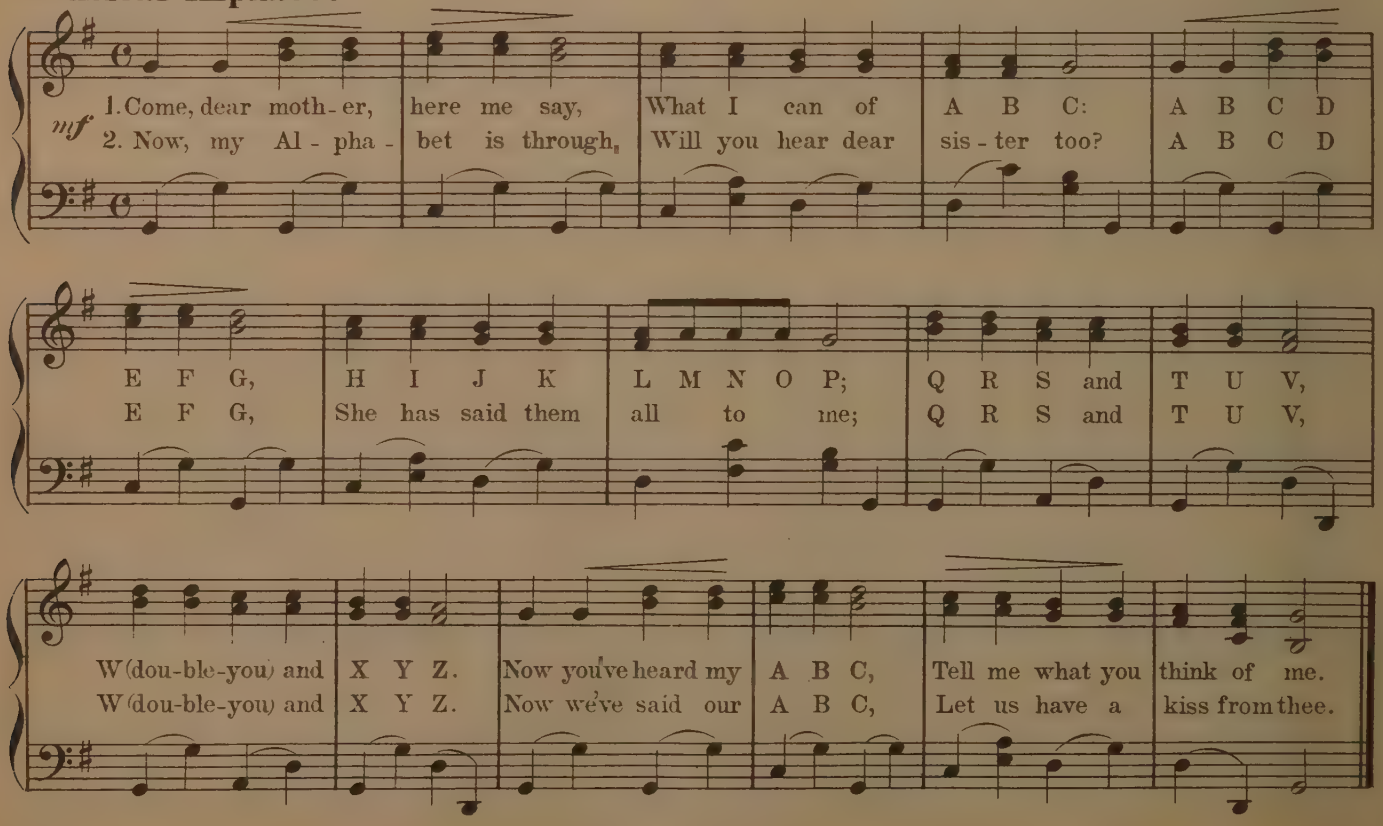
Pease Porridge Hot



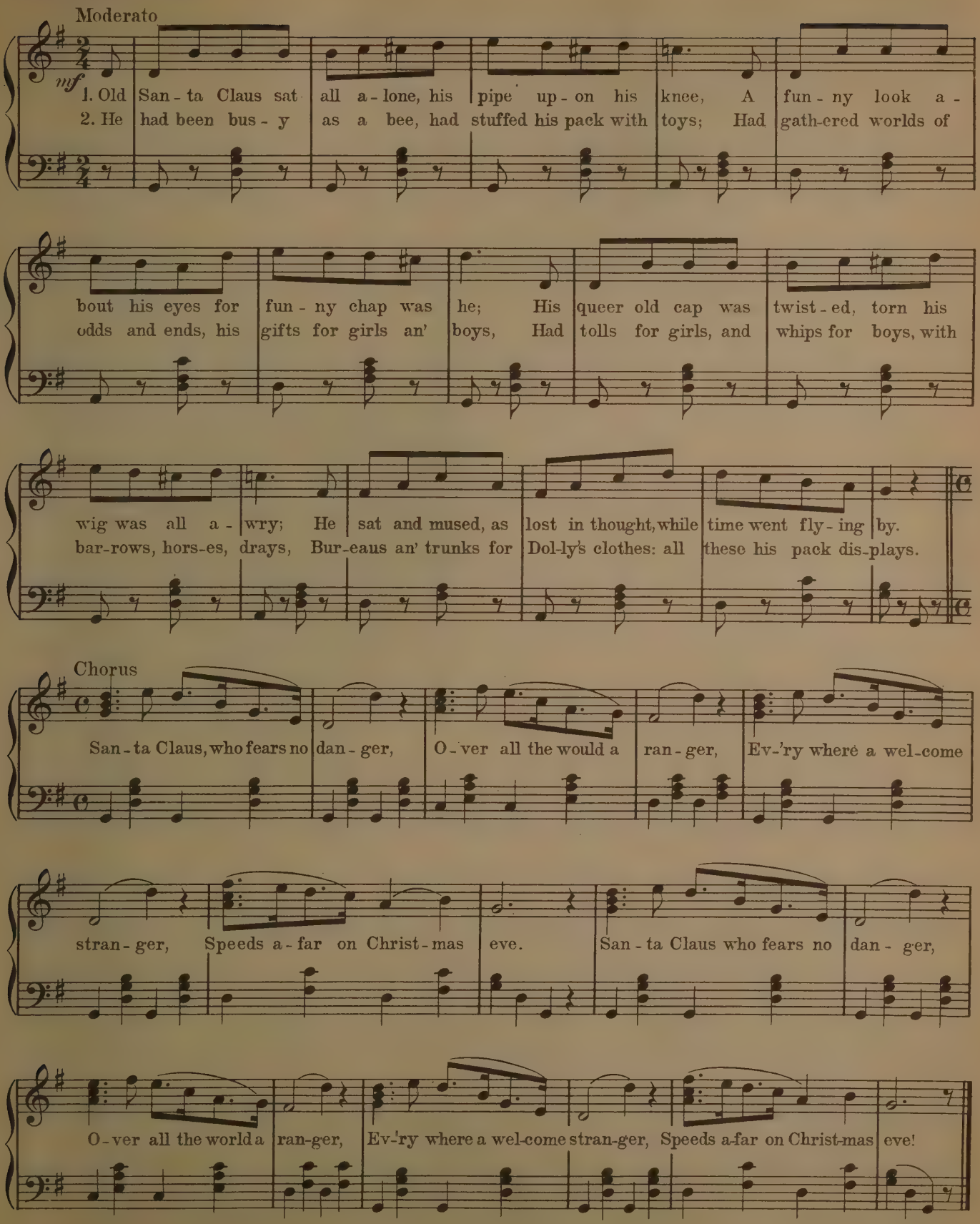
The Mill


Lively
cresc.
mf
1. The mill clat-ters down by the mur-mur-ing brook, Klick, Klack! By day and by night stands the
2. So swift-ly the wheel runs and turns the stones, Klick, Klack! And grinde the white ____
cresc.
mil-ler on watch, Klick, Klack! He grinds up the corn in-to beau-ti-ful bread, But
flour so fine, Klick, Klack! The bak-er bakes zwie-back and cakes so fine, That
we have a-plent-y so need we no more. Klick, Klack! Klick, Klack! Klick, Klack!
all lit-tle chil-dren con-sid-er so good. Klick, Klack! Klick, Klack! Klick, Klack!

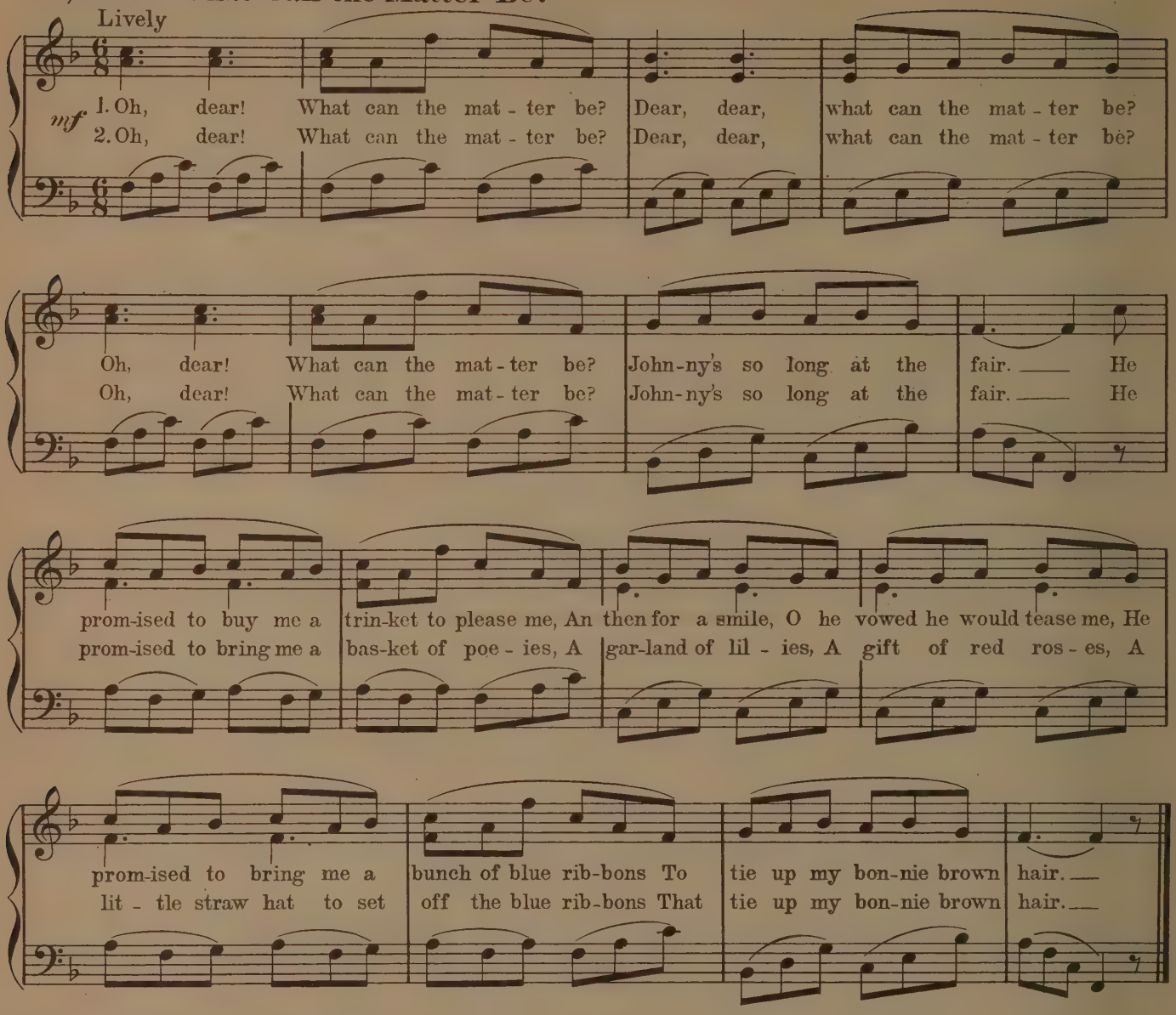
Musical Alphabet


mf
1. Come, dear moth-er, here me say, What I can of A B C: A B C D
2. Now, my Al-pha-bet is through, Will you hear dear sis-ter too? A B C D
E F G, H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V,
E F G, She has said them all to me; Q R S and T U V,
W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

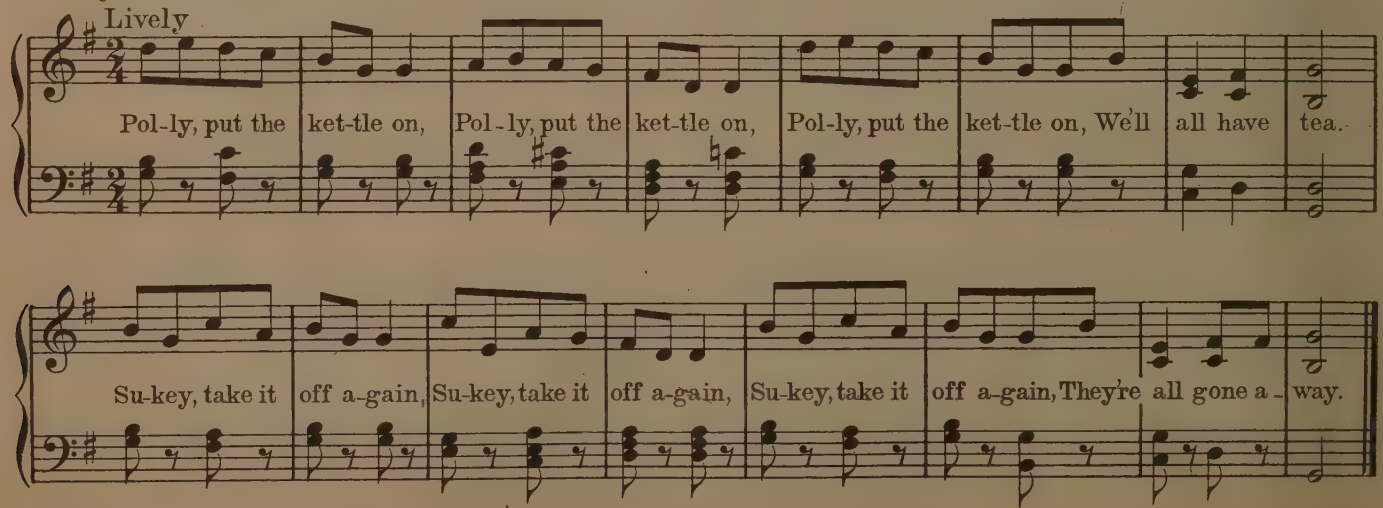
Old Santa Claus


Moderato
mf
1. Old San-ta Claus sat all a-lone, his pipe up-on his knee, A fun-ny look a-
2. He had been bus-y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys; Had gath-ered worlds of
bout his eyes for fun-ny chap was he; His queer old cap was twist-ed, torn his
odds and ends, his gifts for girls an' boys, Had tolls for girls, and whips for boys, with
wig was all a-wry; He sat and mused, as lost in thought, while time went fly-ing by.
bar-rows, hors-es, drays, Bur-eaus an' trunks for Dol-ly's clothes: all these his pack dis-plays.
Chorus
San-ta Claus, who fears no dan-ger, O-ver all the would a ran-ger, Ev-'ry where a wel-come
stran-ger, Speeds a-far on Christ-mas eve. San-ta Claus who fears no dan-ger,
O-ver all the world a ran-ger, Ev-'ry where a wel-come stran-ger, Speeds a-far on Christ-mas eve!

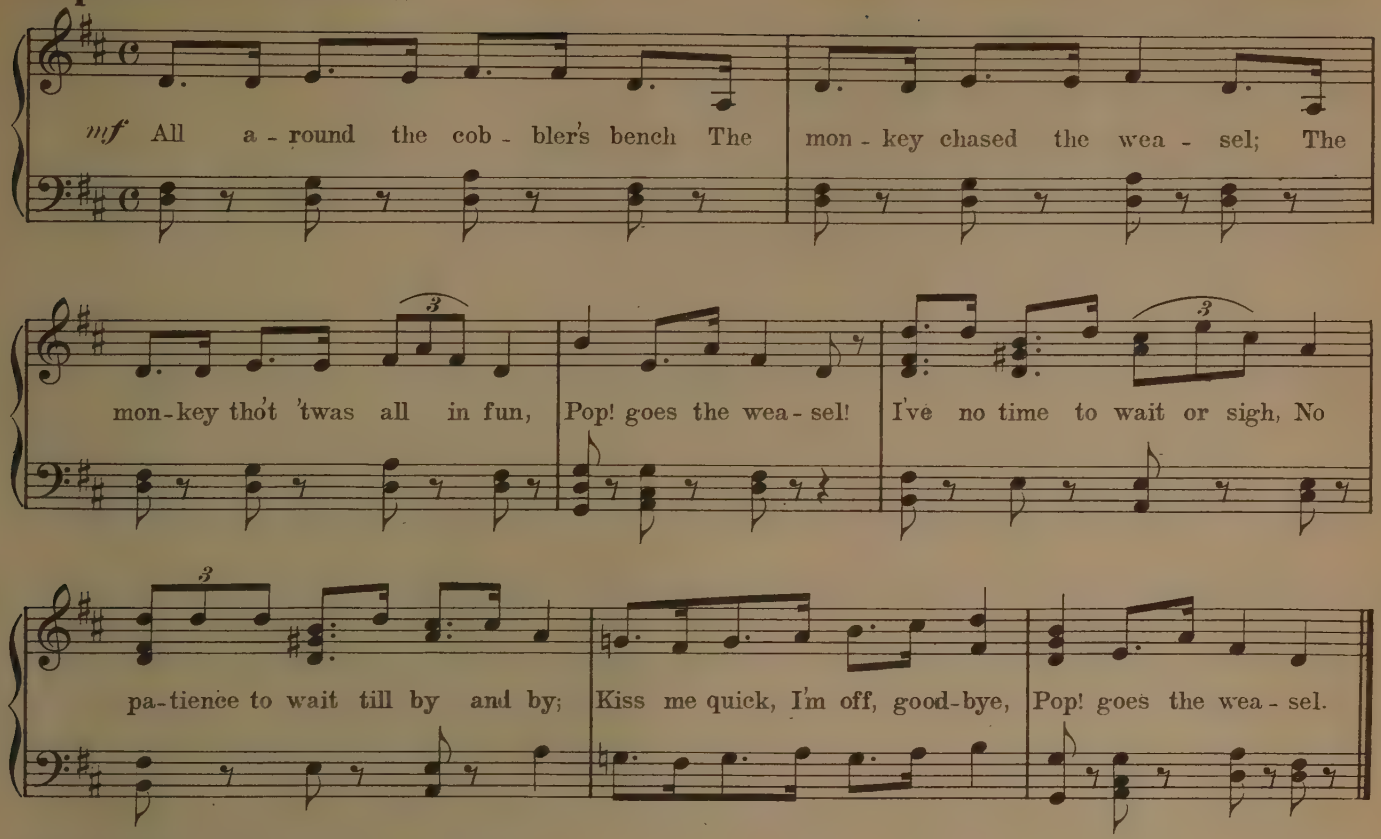
Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?


Lively
mf
1. Oh, dear! What can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat - ter be?
2. Oh, dear! What can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat - ter be?
Oh, dear! What can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair. He
Oh, dear! What can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair. He
prom - ised to buy me a trin - ket to please me, An then for a smile, O he vowed he would tease me, He
prom - ised to bring me a bas - ket of poe - ies, A gar - land of lil - ies, A gift of red ros - es, A
prom - ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

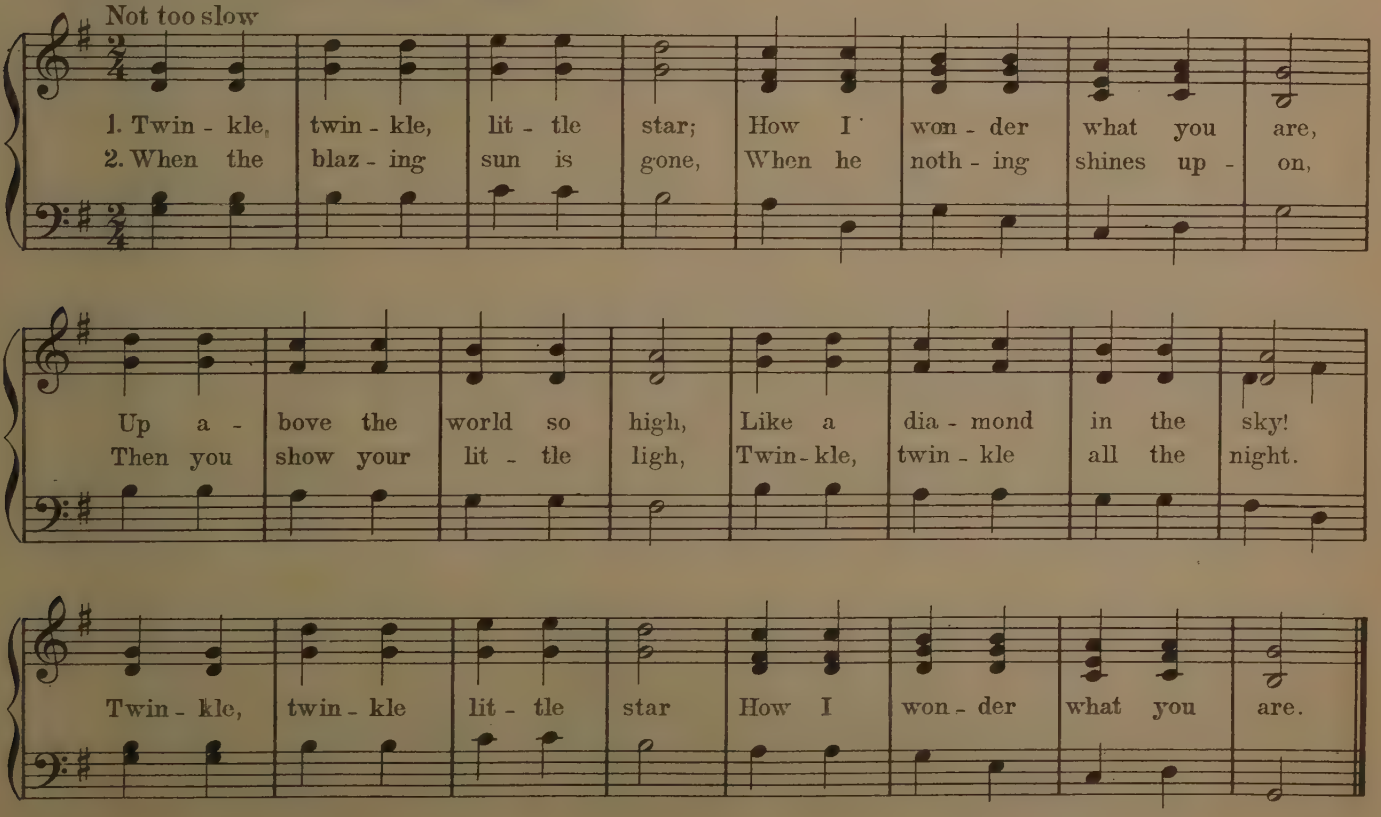
Polly, Put the Kettle On


Lively
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea.
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain, They're all gone a - way.

Pop! Goes the Weasel!

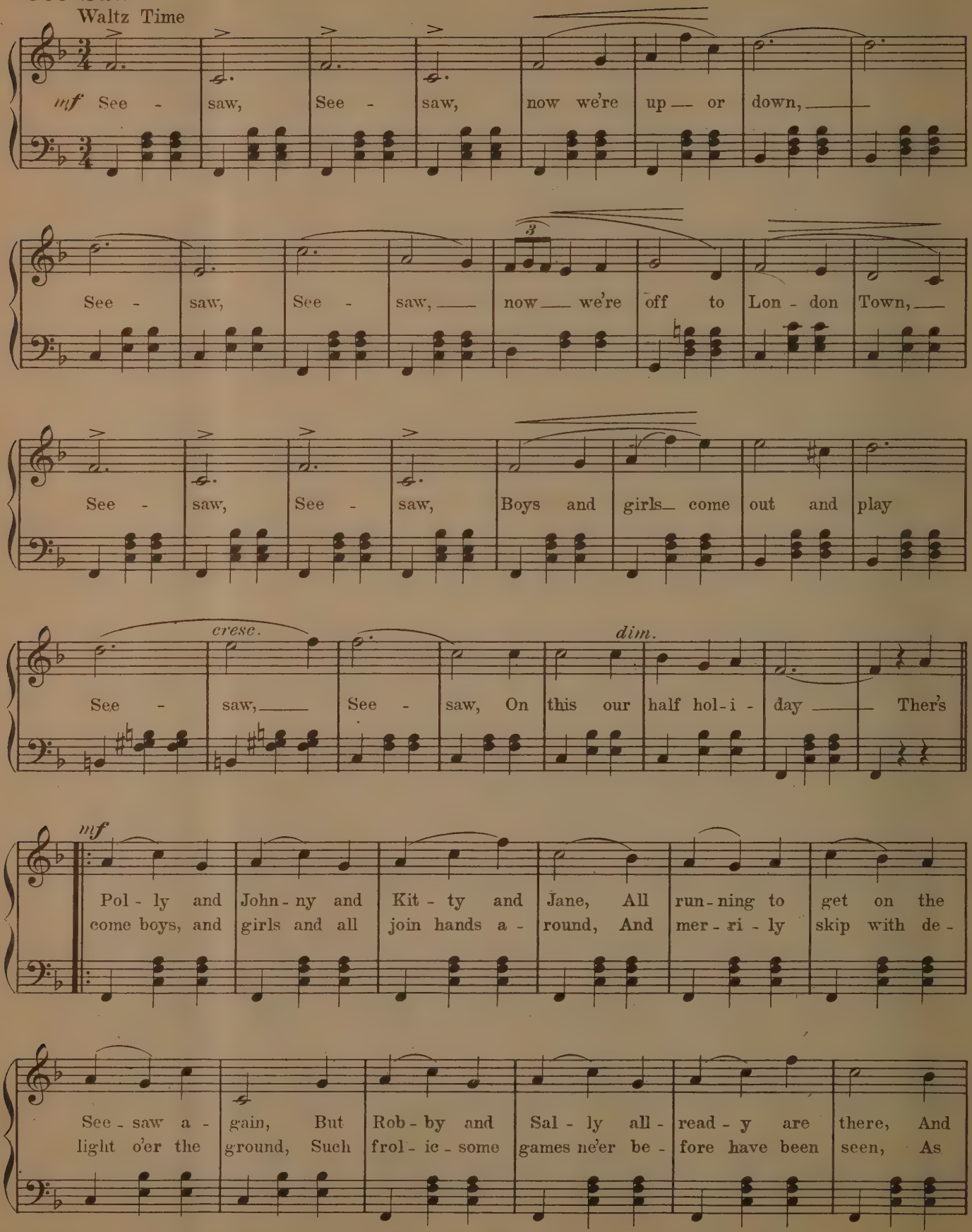

mf All a - round the cob - bler's bench The mon - key chased the wea - sel; The
mon - key thot 'twas all in fun, Pop! goes the wea - sel! I've no time to wait or sigh, No
pa - tience to wait till by and by; Kiss me quick, I'm off, good - bye, Pop! goes the wea - sel.

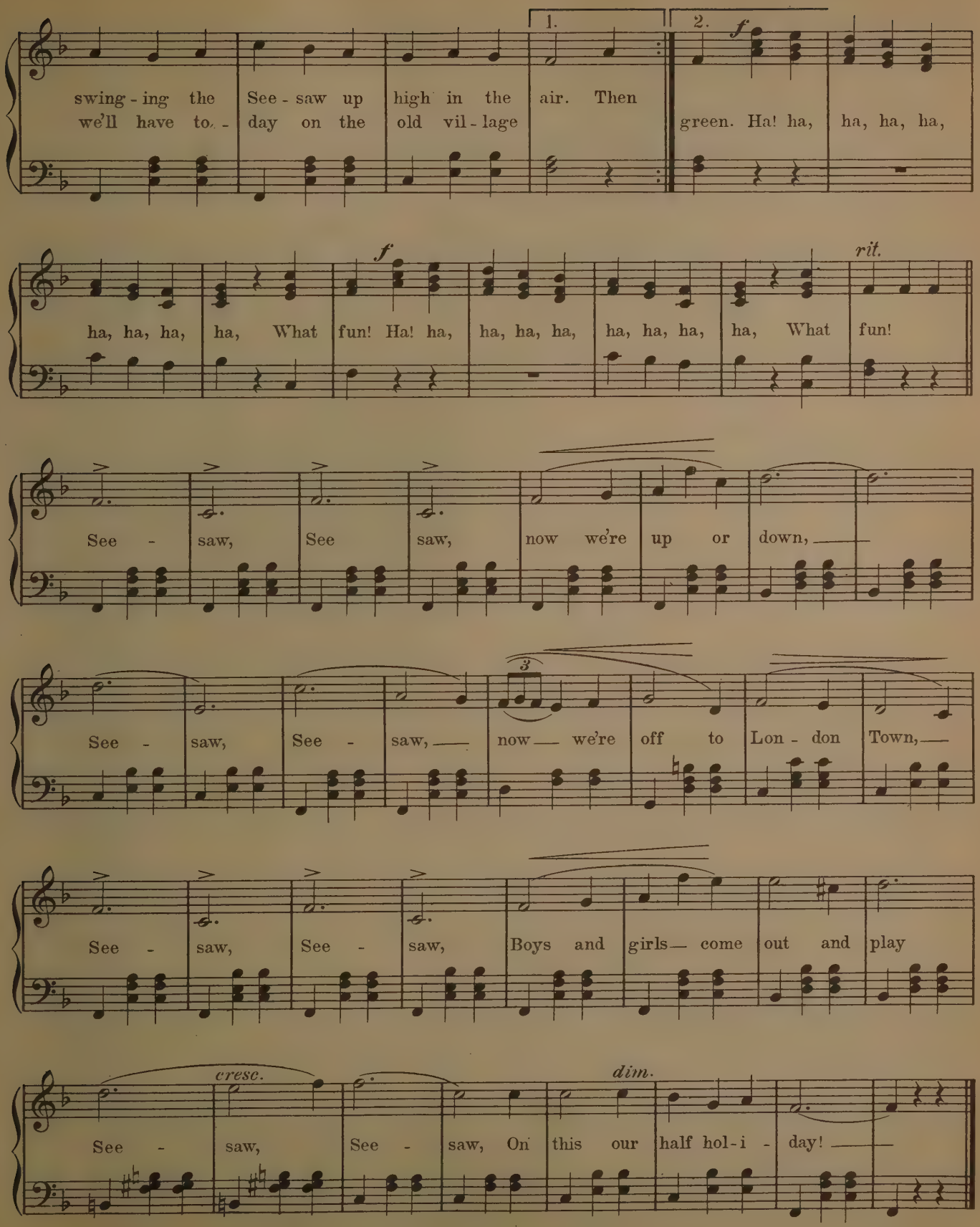
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star


Not too slow
1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star; How I won - der what you are,
2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he noth - ing shines up - on,
Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle ligh, Twin - kle, twin - kle all the night.
Twin - kle, twin - kle lit - tle star How I won - der what you are.

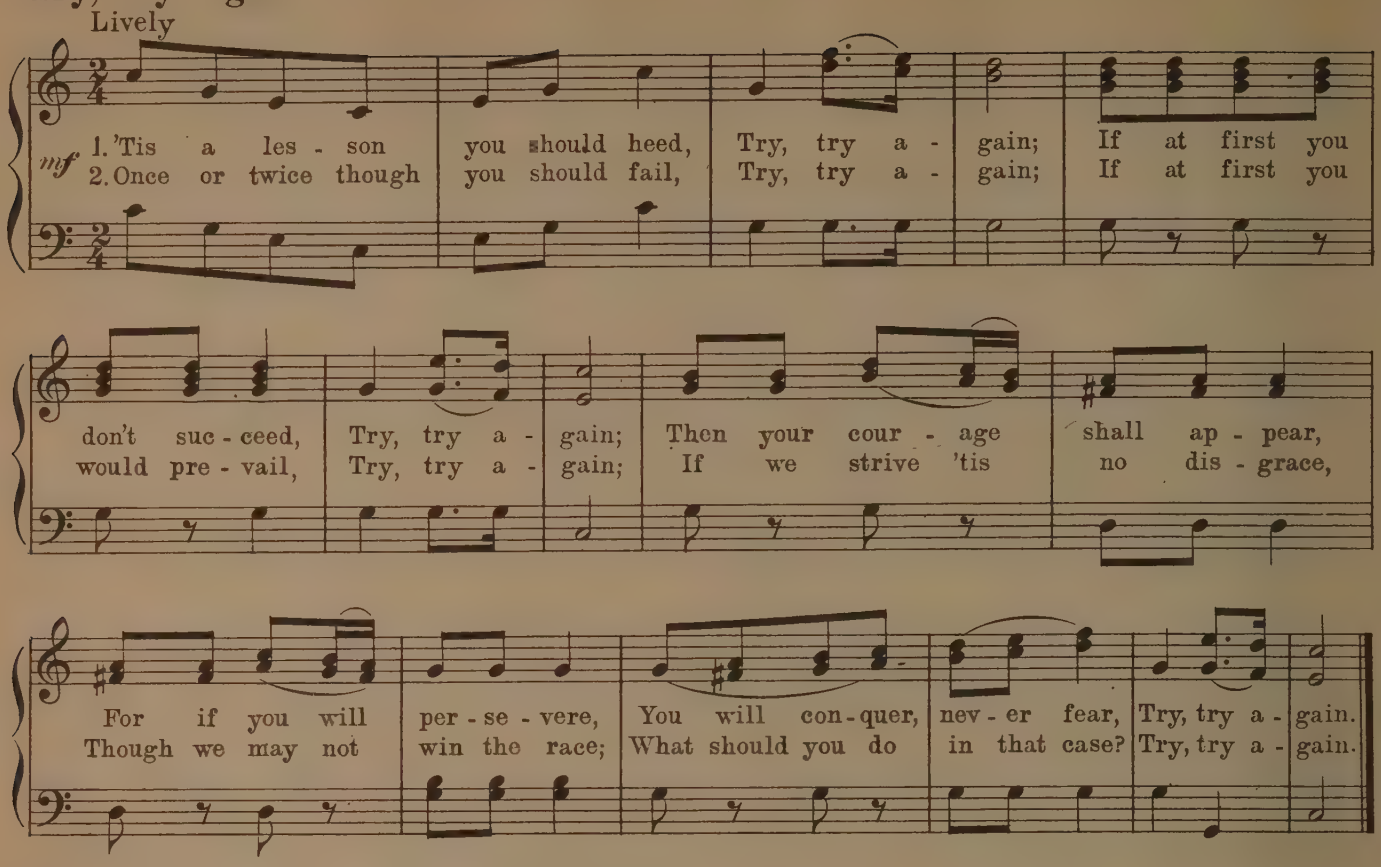
See-Saw

Waltz Time

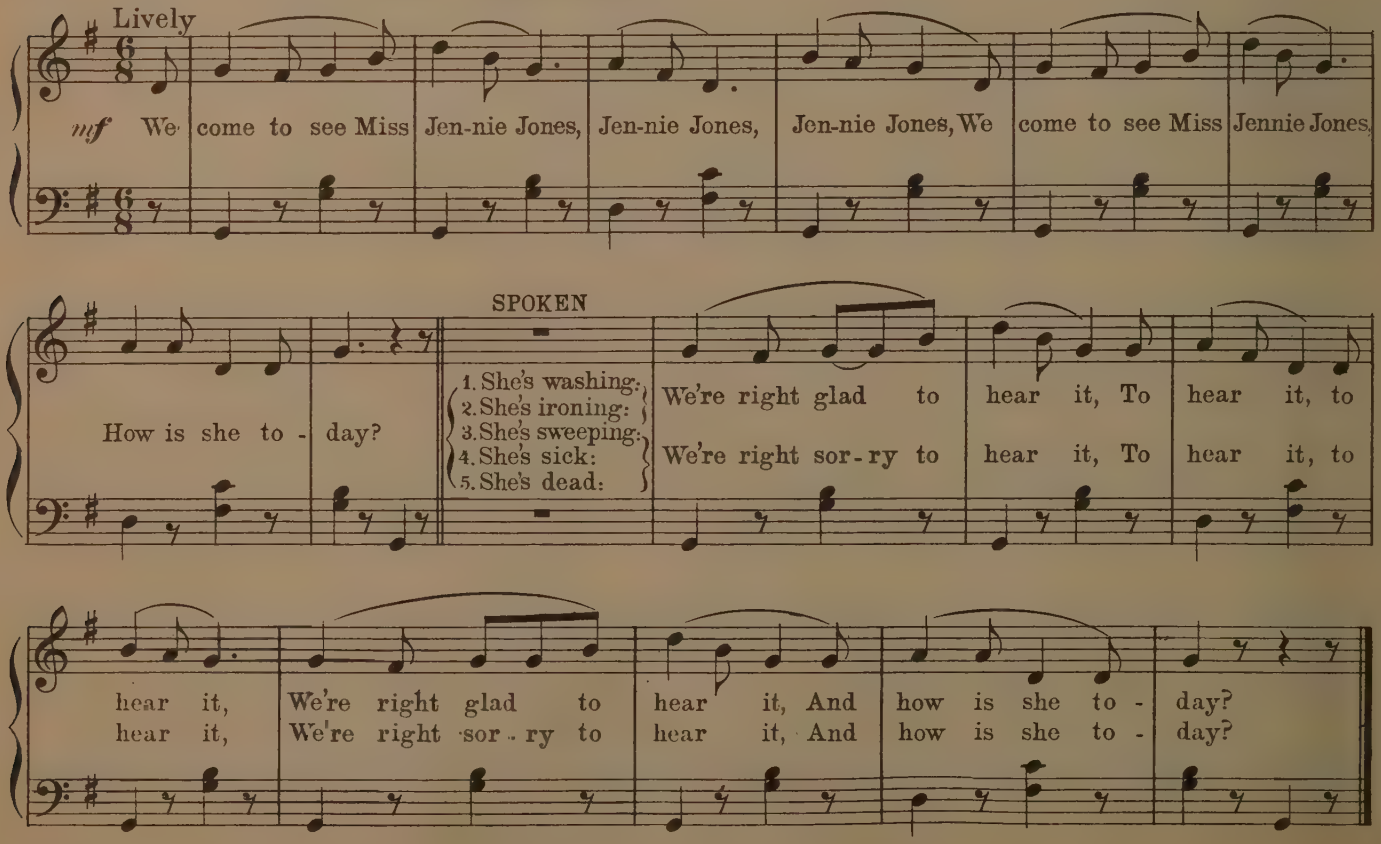

mf See - saw, See - saw, now we're up — or down,
See - saw, See - saw, now — we're off to Lon - don Town,
See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play
cresc.
dim.
See - saw, See - saw, On this our half hol-i - day Ther's
mf
Pol - ly and John - ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All run - ning to get on the
come boys, and girls and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de -
See - saw a - gain, But Rob - by and Sal - ly all - read - y are there, And
light o'er the ground, Such frol - ic - some games ne'er be - fore have been seen, As


1.
2.
f
swing - ing the See - saw up high in the air. Then
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
f
rit.
ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!
See - saw, See saw, now we're up or down,
3
See - saw, See - saw, now we're off to Lon - don Town,
See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play
cresc.
dim.
See - saw, See - saw, On this our half hol - i - day!

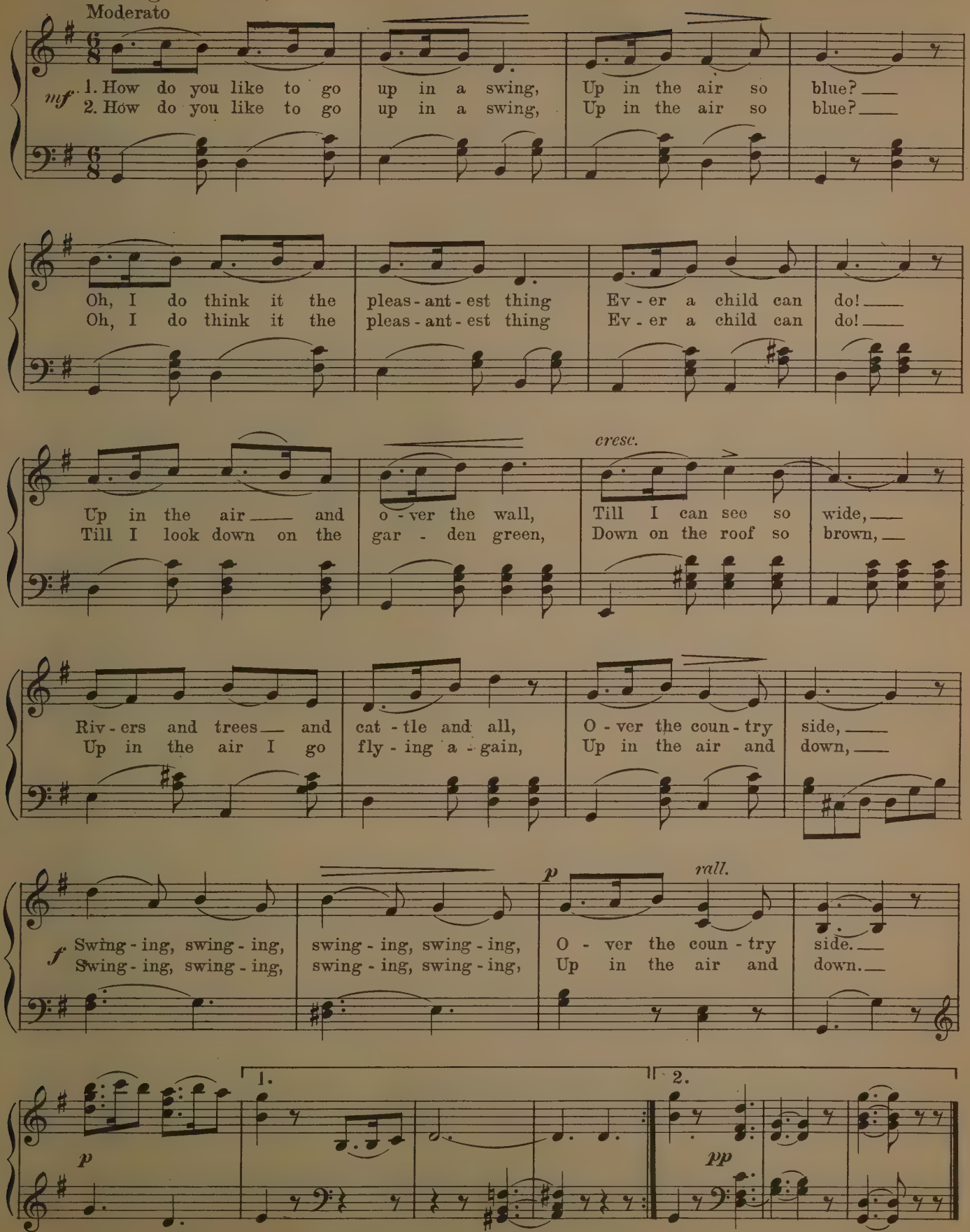
Try, Try Again


Lively
mf
1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain; If at first you
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain; If at first you
don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain; Then your cour - age shall ap - pear,
would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain; If we strive 'tis no dis - grace,
For if you will per - se - vere, You will con - quer, nev - er fear, Try, try a - gain.
Though we may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.

We Come To See Miss Jennie Jones


Lively
mf
We come to see Miss Jen-nie Jones, Jen-nie Jones, Jen-nie Jones, We come to see Miss Jennie Jones,
How is she to - day?
SPOKEN
1. She's washing:
2. She's ironing:
3. She's sweeping:
4. She's sick:
5. She's dead:
We're right glad to hear it, To hear it, to
We're right sor - ry to hear it, To hear it, to
hear it, We're right glad to hear it, And how is she to - day?
hear it, We're right sor - ry to hear it, And how is she to - day?

The Swing (De Koven)


Moderato
mf
1. How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue?
2. How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleas-ant-est thing Ev-er a child can do!
Oh, I do think it the pleas-ant-est thing Ev-er a child can do!
Up in the air and o-ver the wall, Till I can see so wide,
Till I look down on the gar-den green, Down on the roof so brown,
cresc.
Riv-ers and trees and cat-tle and all, O-ver the coun-try side,
Up in the air I go fly-ing a-gain, Up in the air and down,
f
Swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, O-ver the coun-try side.
Swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, Up in the air and down.
p
rall.
1.
2.
p
pp

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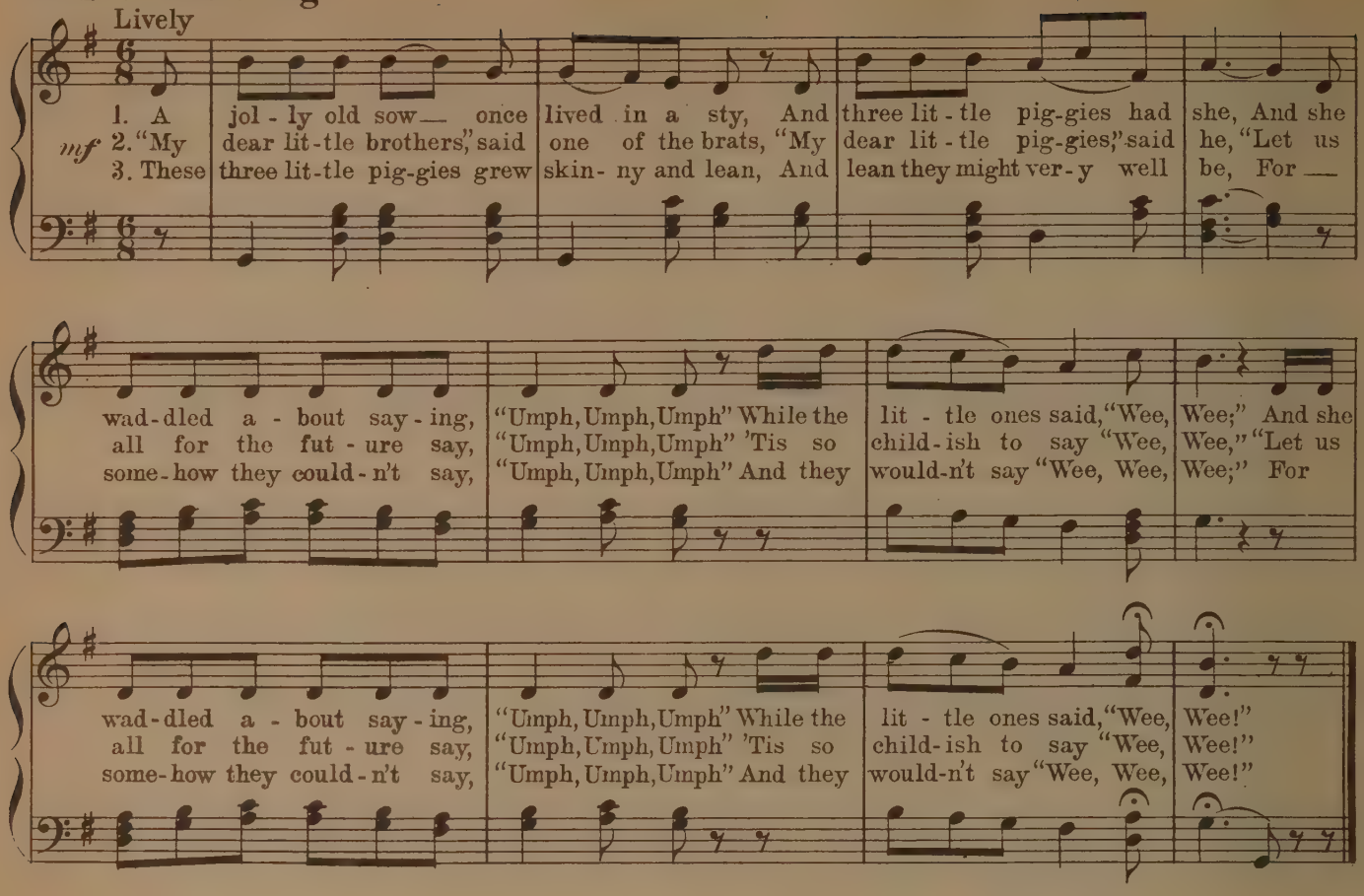
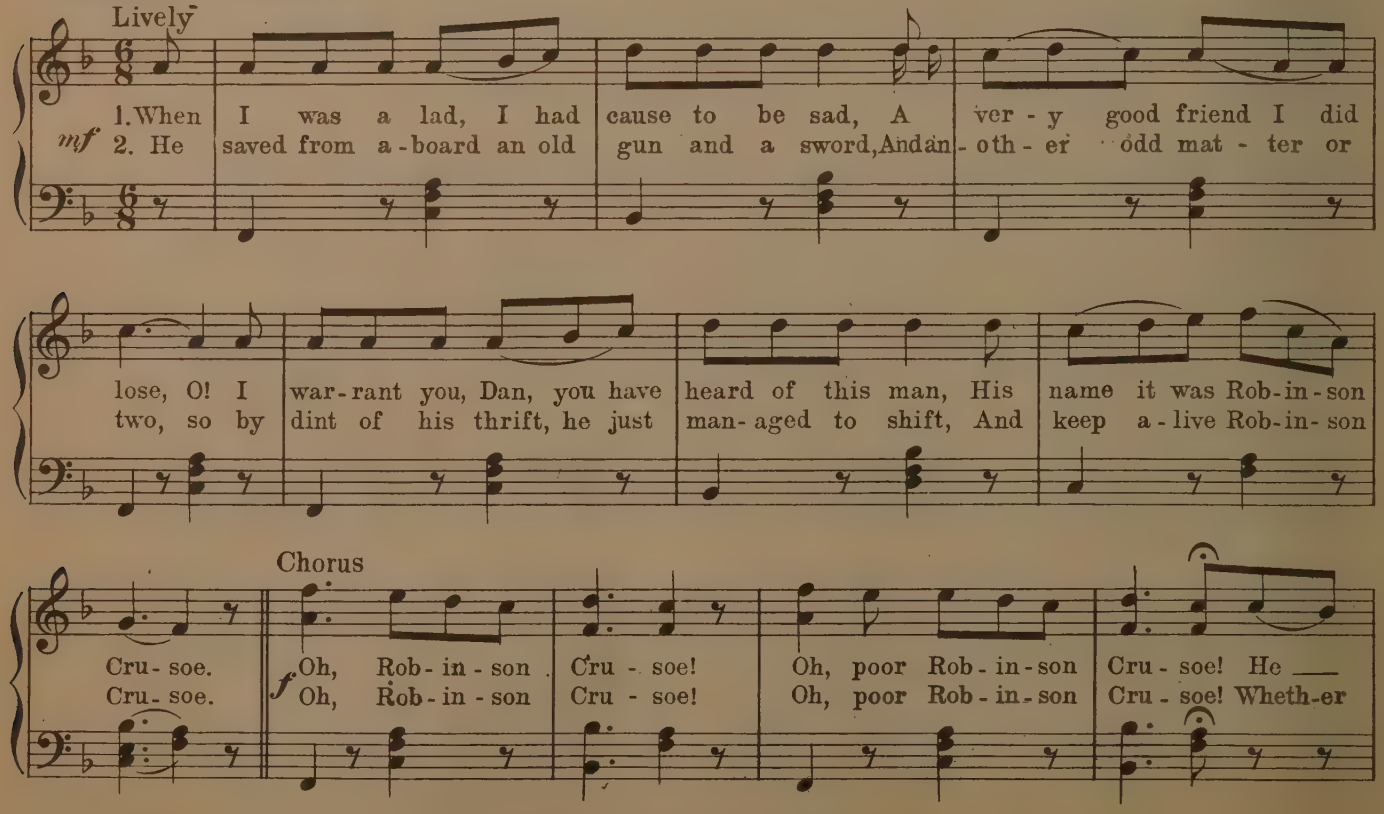
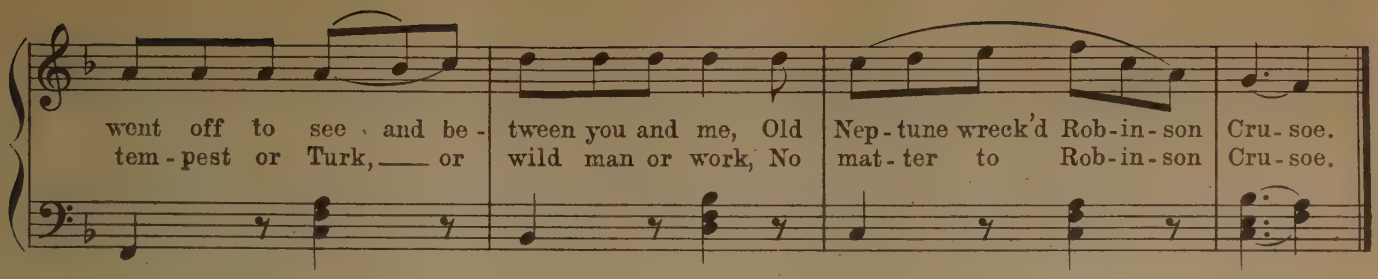
Three Little Pigs

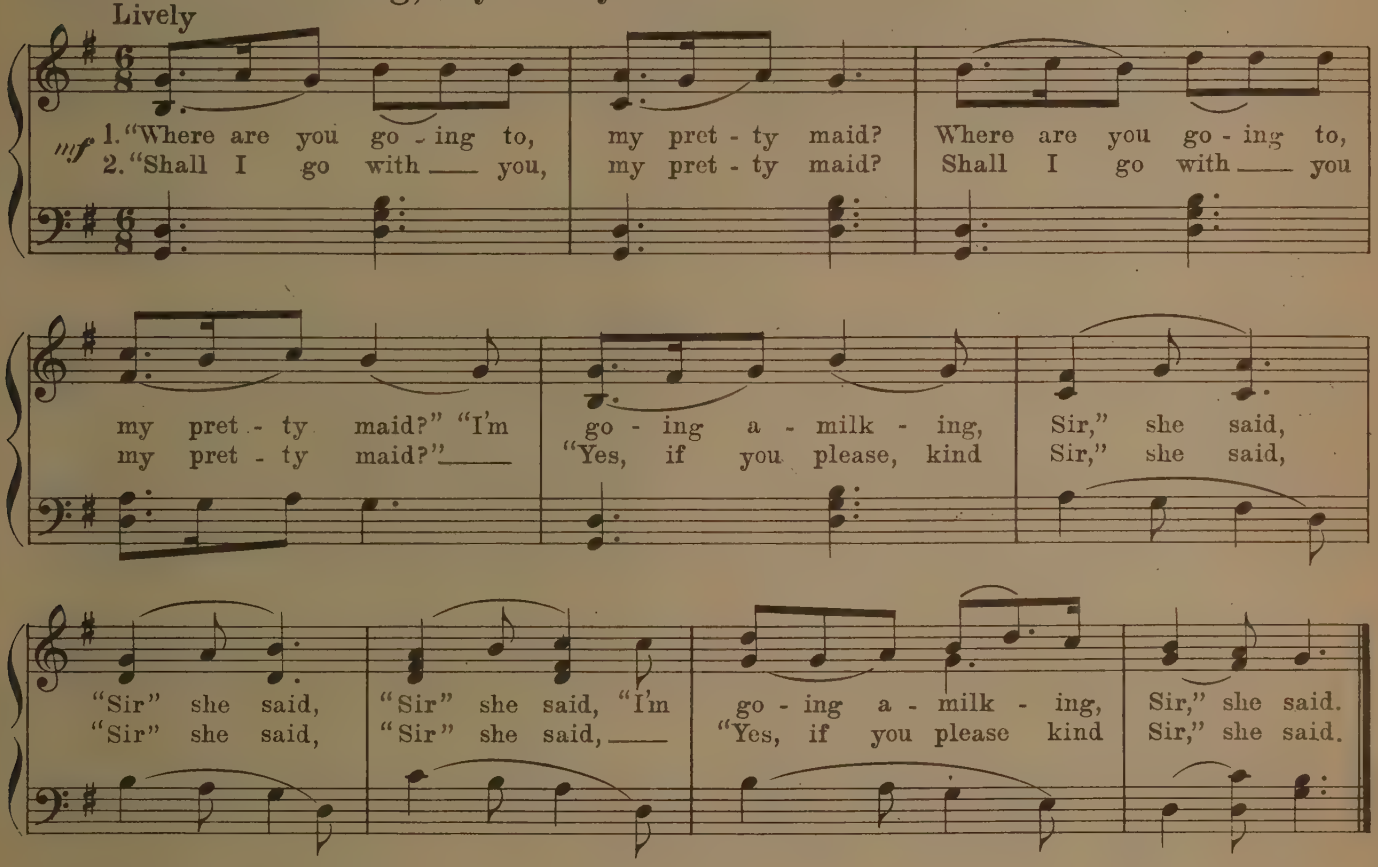

Lively
mf
1. A jol - ly old sow — once lived in a sty, And three lit - tle pig-gies had she, And she
2. "My dear lit-tle brothers," said one of the brats, "My dear lit - tle pig-gies," said he, "Let us
3. These three lit-tle pig-gies grew skin- ny and lean, And lean they might ver - y well be, For —
wad-dled a - bout say - ing, "Umph, Umph, Umph" While the lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee;" And she
all for the fut - ure say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so child - ish to say "Wee, Wee," "Let us
some-how they could - n't say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" And they would-n't say "Wee, Wee, Wee;" For
wad-dled a - bout say - ing, "Umph, Umph, Umph" While the lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee!"
all for the fut - ure say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so child - ish to say "Wee, Wee!"
some-how they could - n't say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" And they would-n't say "Wee, Wee, Wee!"

Robinson Crusoe

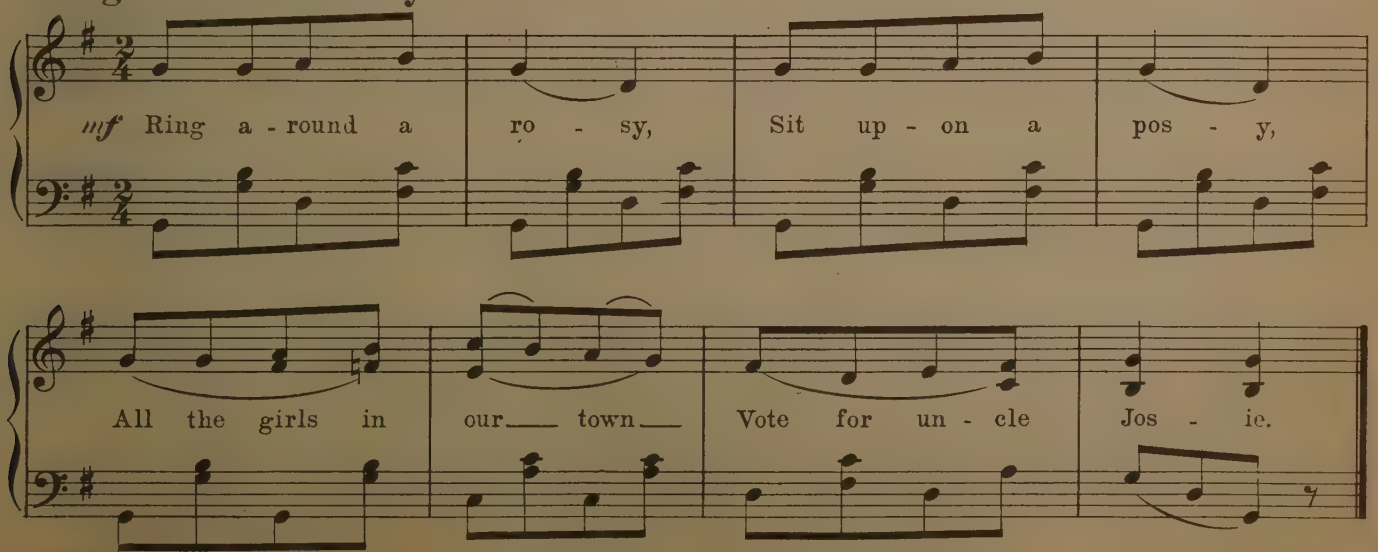

Lively
mf
1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ver - y good friend I did
2. He saved from a - board an old gun and a sword, And an - oth - er odd mat - ter or
lose, O! I war - rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob - in - son
two, so by dint of his thrift, he just man - aged to shift, And keep a - live Rob - in - son
Chorus
Cru - soe. f Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! He —
Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Wheth-er


went off to see and be - tween you and me, Old Nep - tune wreck'd Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
tem - pest or Turk, ___ or wild man or work, No mat - ter to Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

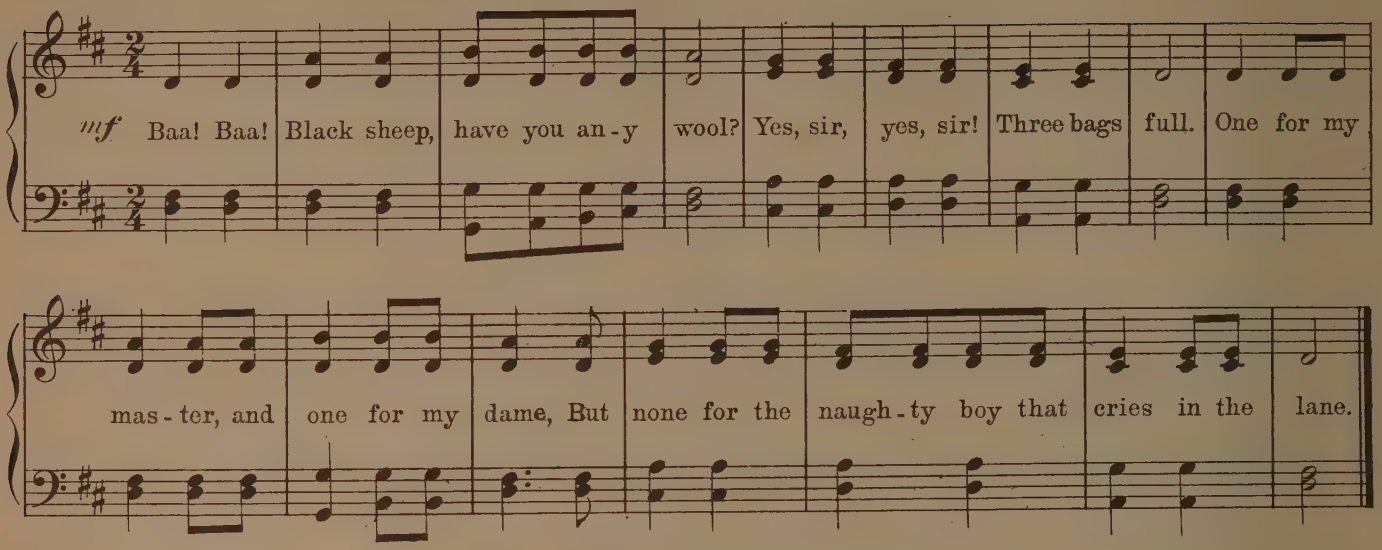

Lively
mf
1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you go - ing to,
2. "Shall I go with ___ you, my pret - ty maid? Shall I go with ___ you
my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" ___ "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said,
"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.
"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, ___ "Yes, if you please kind Sir," she said.

Ring-Around-A-Rosy

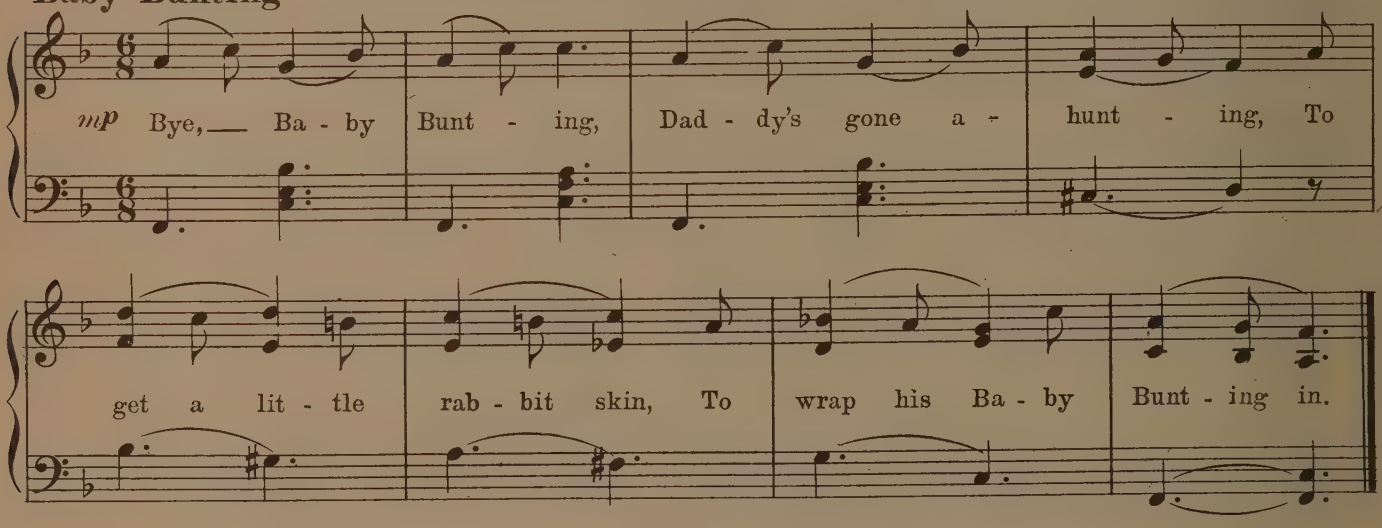


Nursery Rhymes In Song

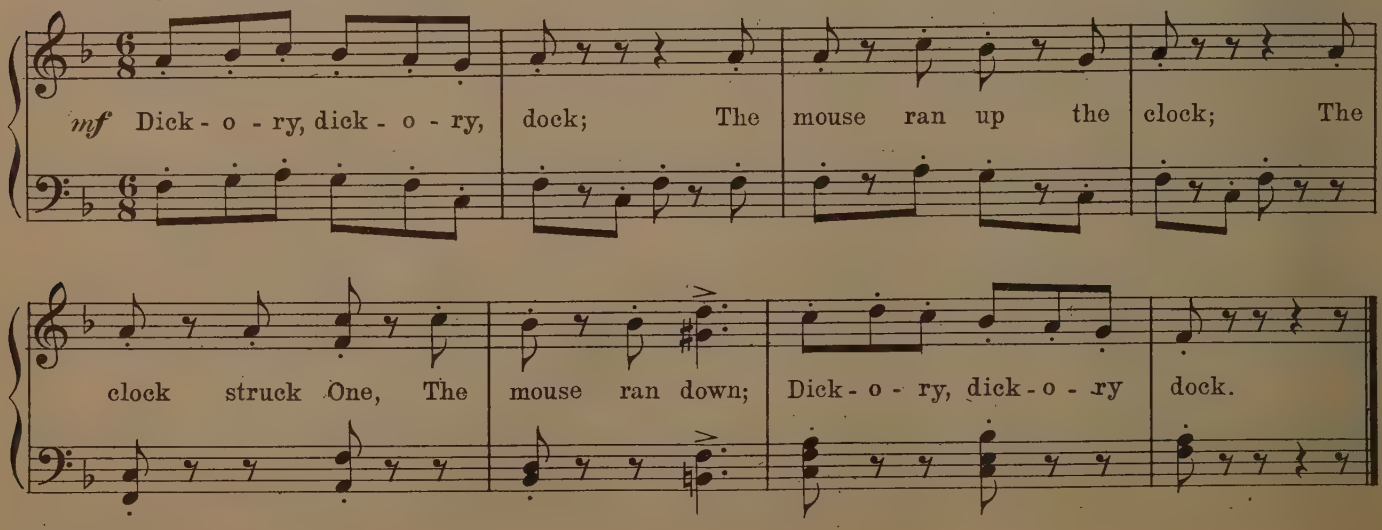
Baa! Baa! Black Sheep


mf Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full. One for my
mas-ter, and one for my dame, But none for the naugh-ty boy that cries in the lane.

Baby Bunting

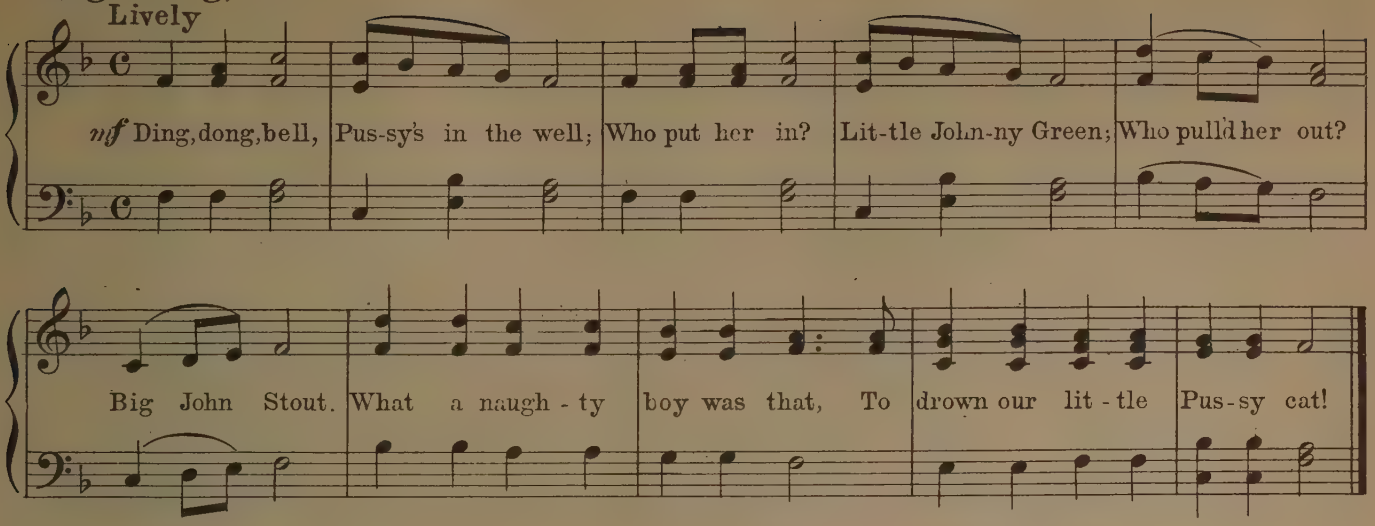


Dickory, Dickory Dock



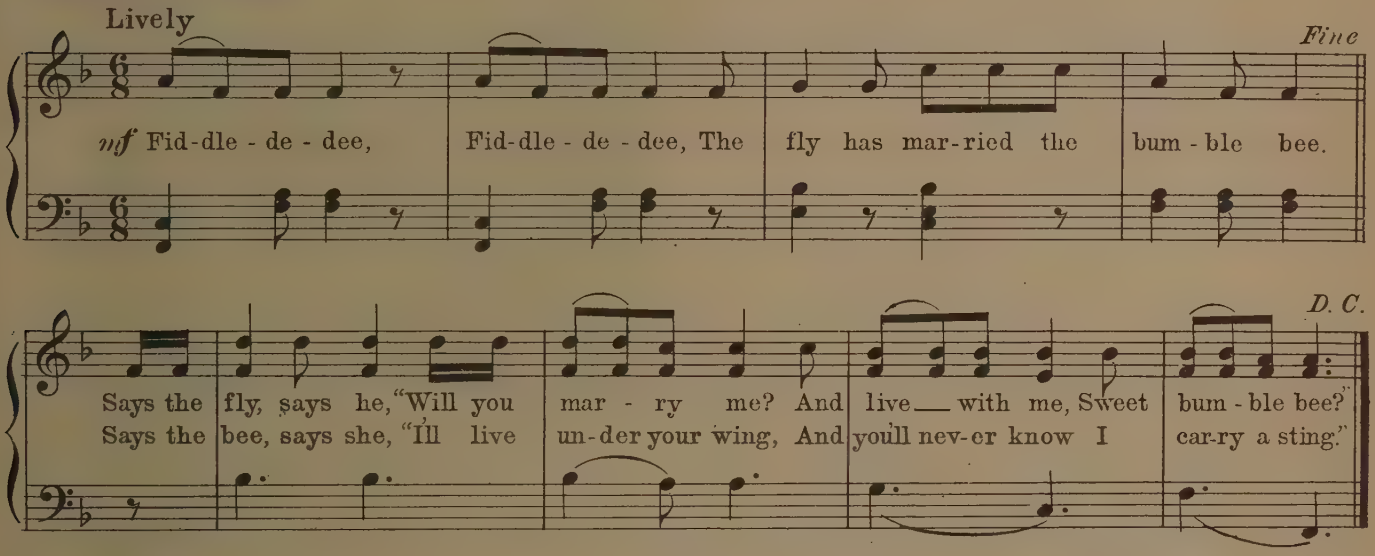
Ding, Dong, Bell

Lively


mf Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well; Who put her in? Lit-tle John-ny Green; Who pull'd her out?
Big John Stout. What a naugh - ty boy was that, To drown our lit - tle Pus-sy cat!

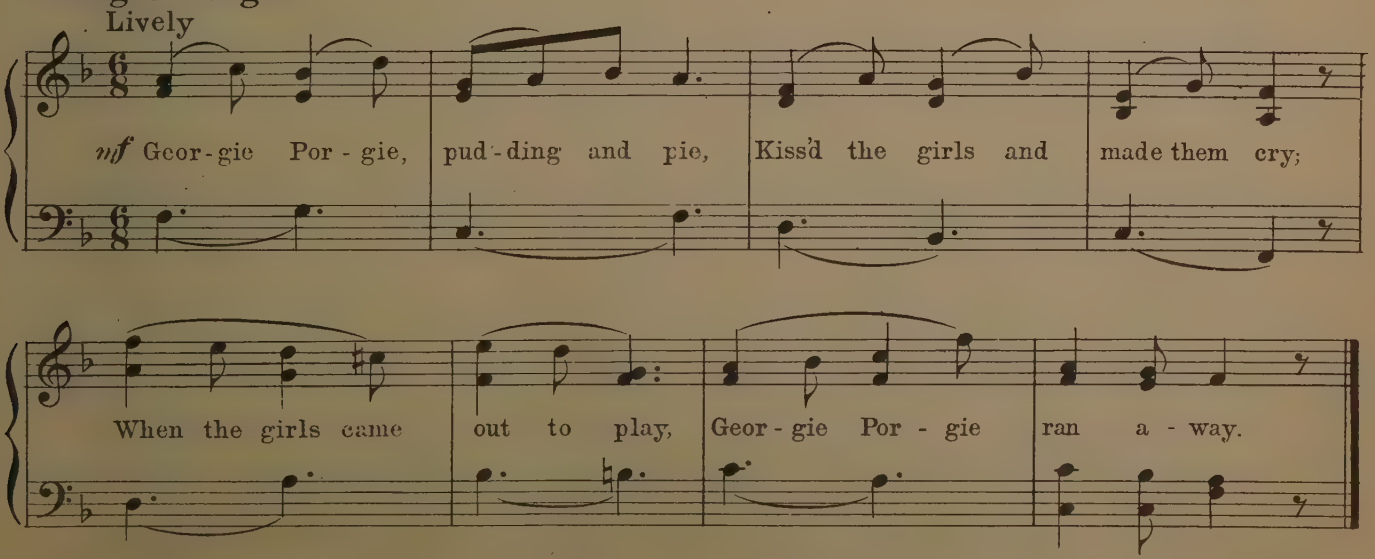
Fiddle-de-dee

Lively


Fine
mf Fid-dle - de - dee, Fid-dle - de - dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum - ble bee.
D. C.
Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum - ble bee?"
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un-der your wing, And you'll nev-er know I car-ry a sting."

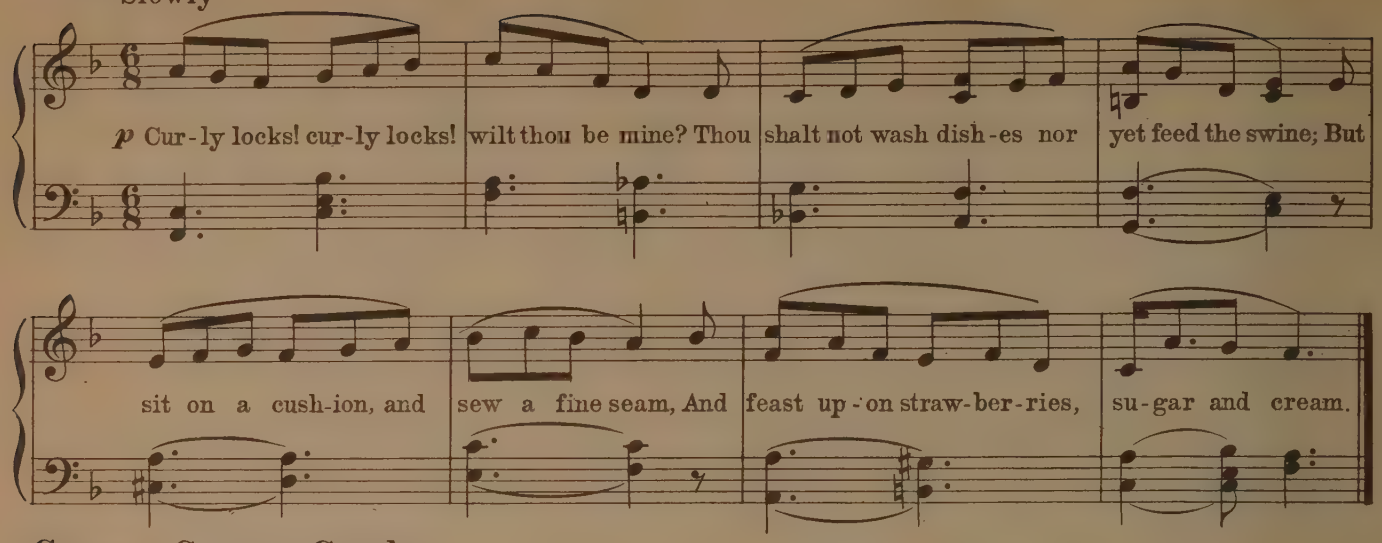
Georgie Porgie

Lively


mf Geor-gie Por - gie, pud-ding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play, Geor - gie Por - gie ran a - way.

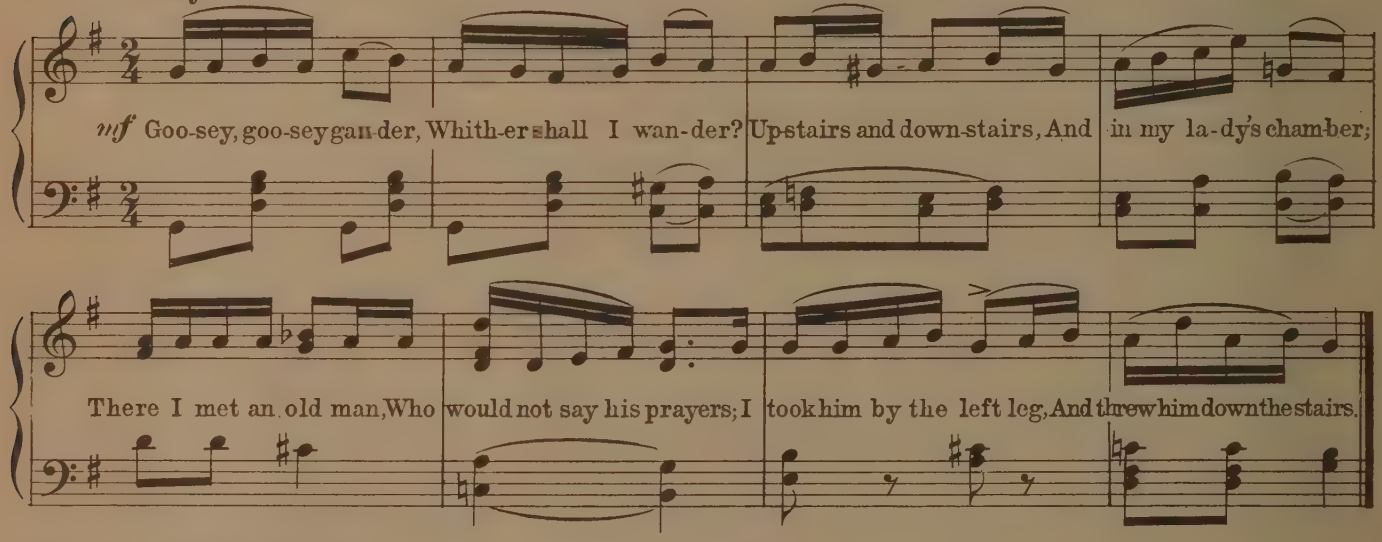
Curly Locks

Slowly


p Cur-ly locks! cur-ly locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dish-es nor yet feed the swine; But
sit on a cush-ion, and sew a fine seam, And feast up-on straw-ber-ries, su-gar and cream.

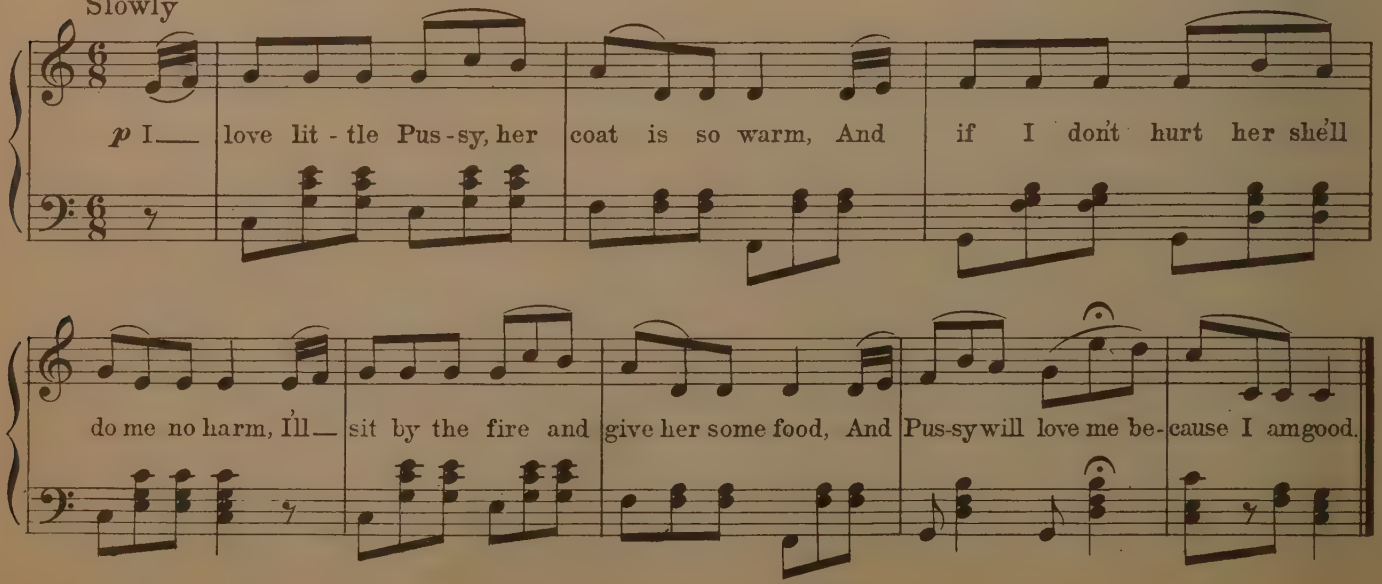
Goosey, Goosey, Gander

Lively


mf Goo-sey, goo-sey gan-der, Whith-er shall I wan-der? Up-stairs and down-stairs, And in my la-dy's cham-ber;
There I met an old man, Who would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

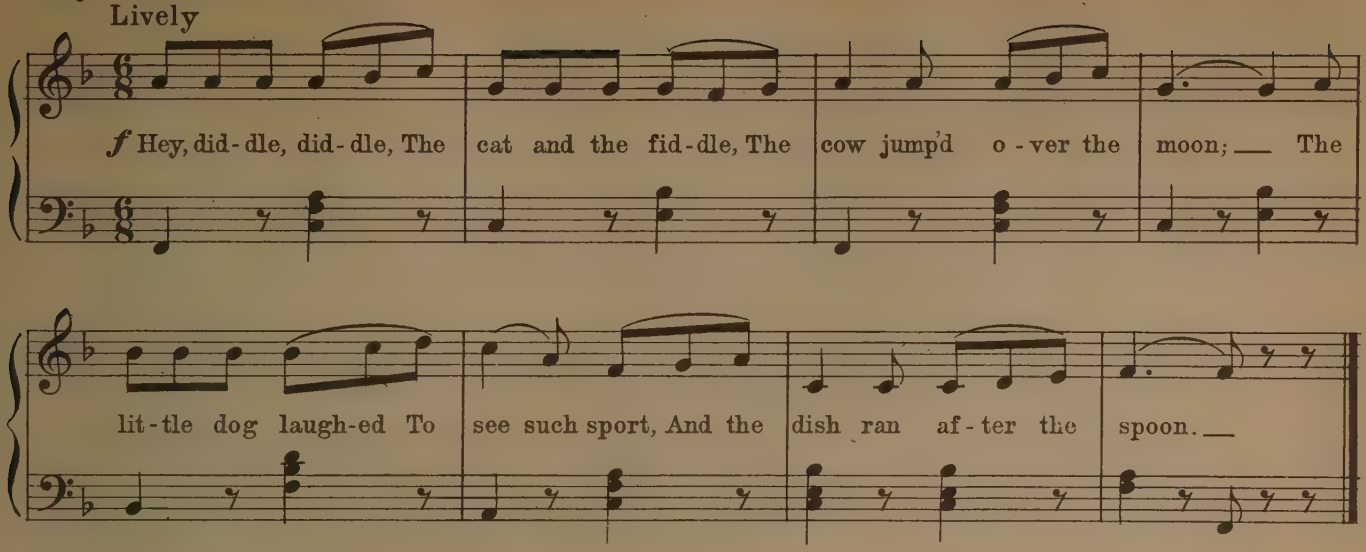
I love Little Pussy

Slowly


p I love lit-tle Pus-sy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her she'll
do me no harm, I'll sit by the fire and give her some food, And Pus-sy will love me be-cause I am good.

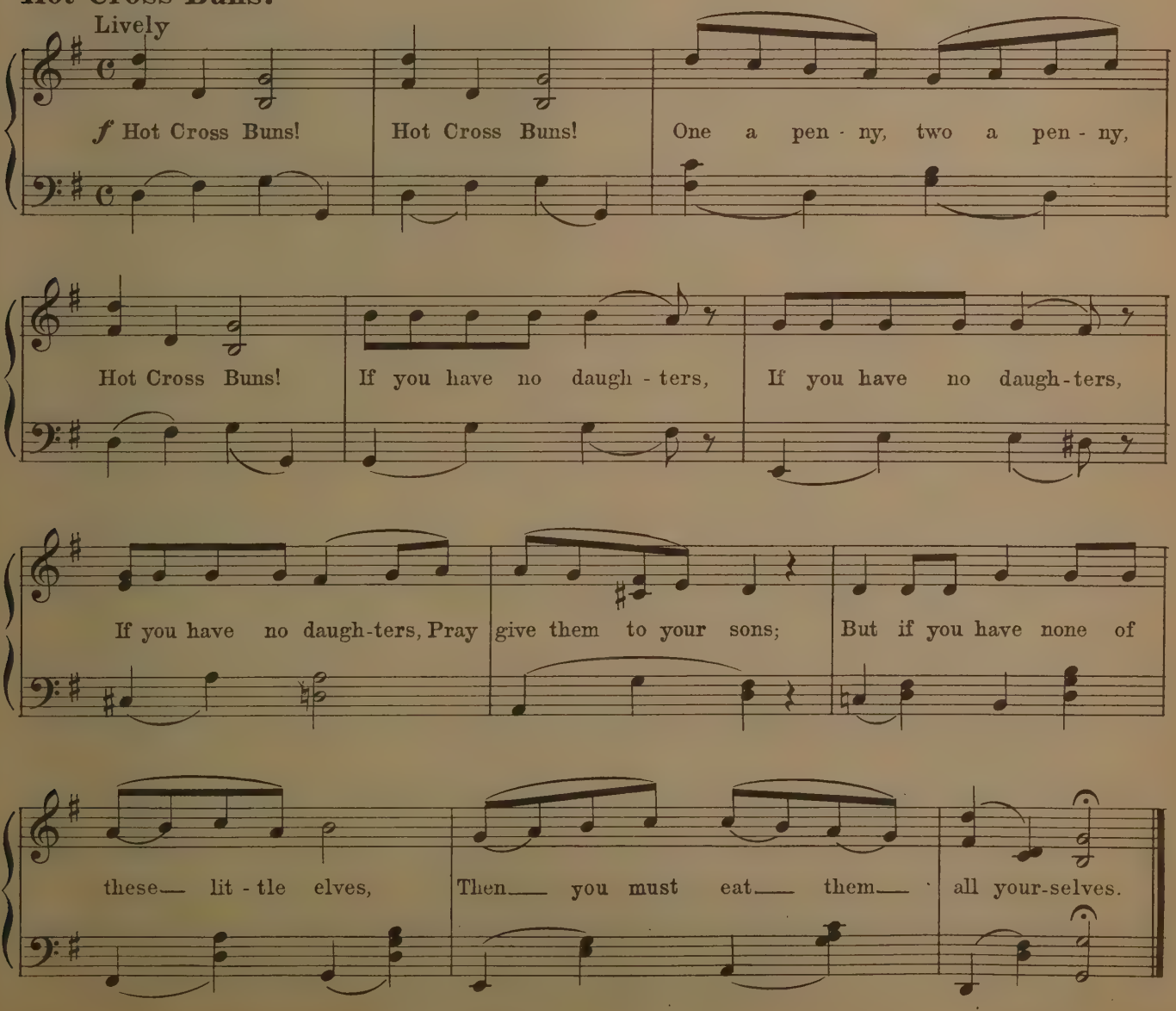
Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Lively

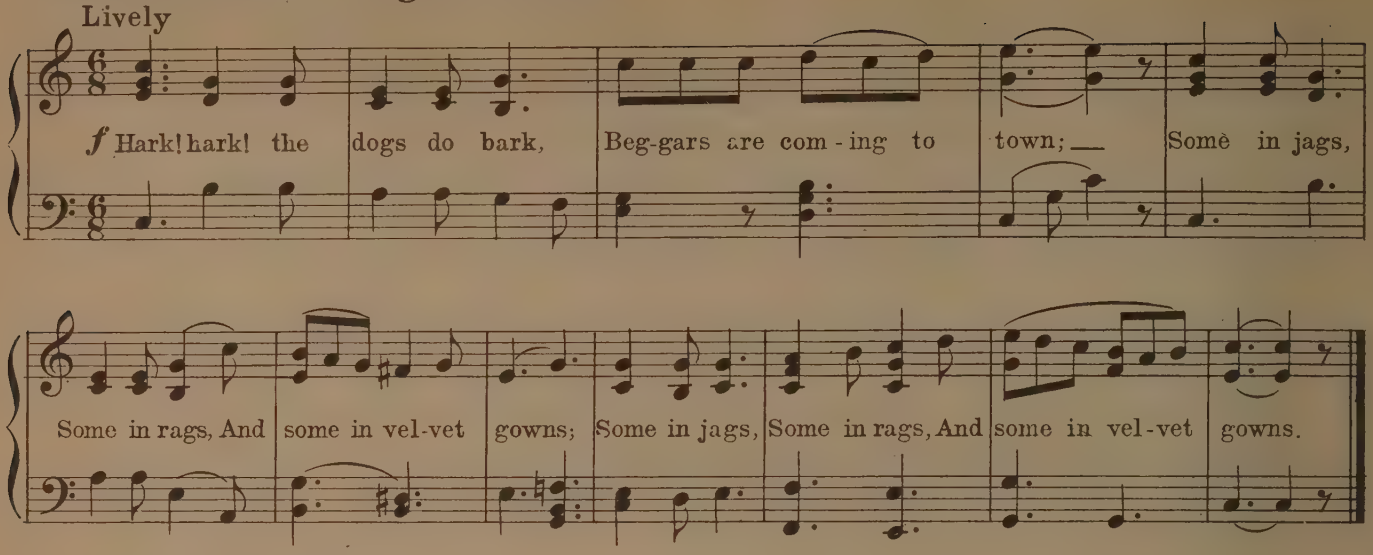

f Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; The
lit-tle dog laugh-ed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon.

Hot Cross Buns!

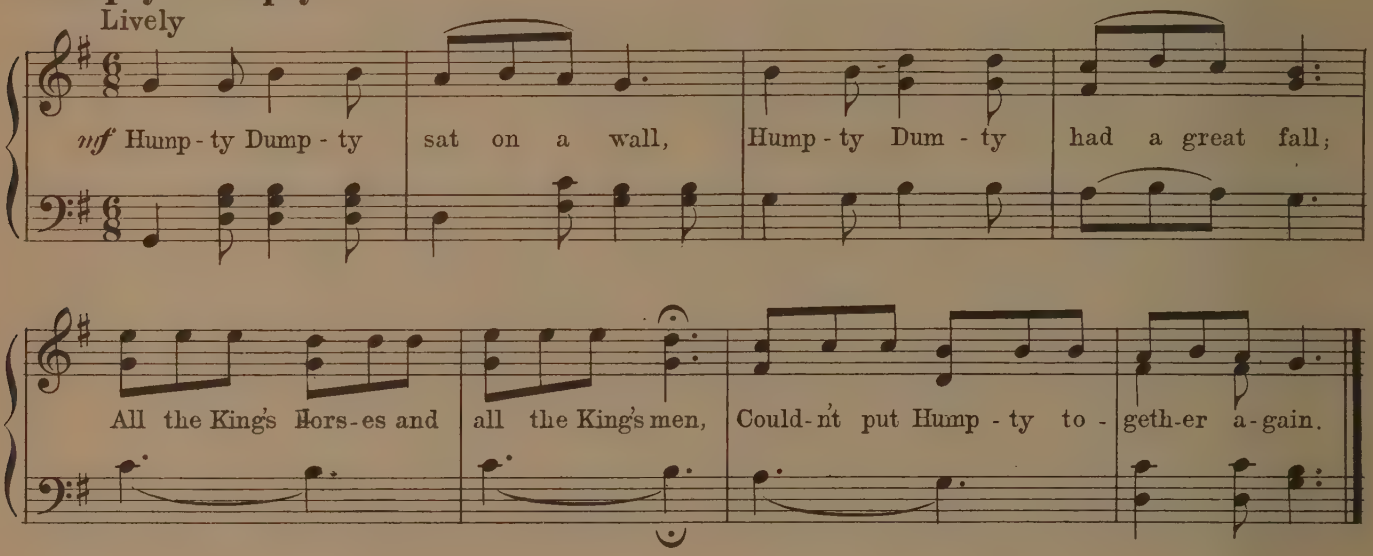
Lively


f Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns! One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,
Hot Cross Buns! If you have no daugh-ters, If you have no daugh-ters,
If you have no daugh-ters, Pray give them to your sons; But if you have none of
these lit-tle elves, Then you must eat them all your-selves.

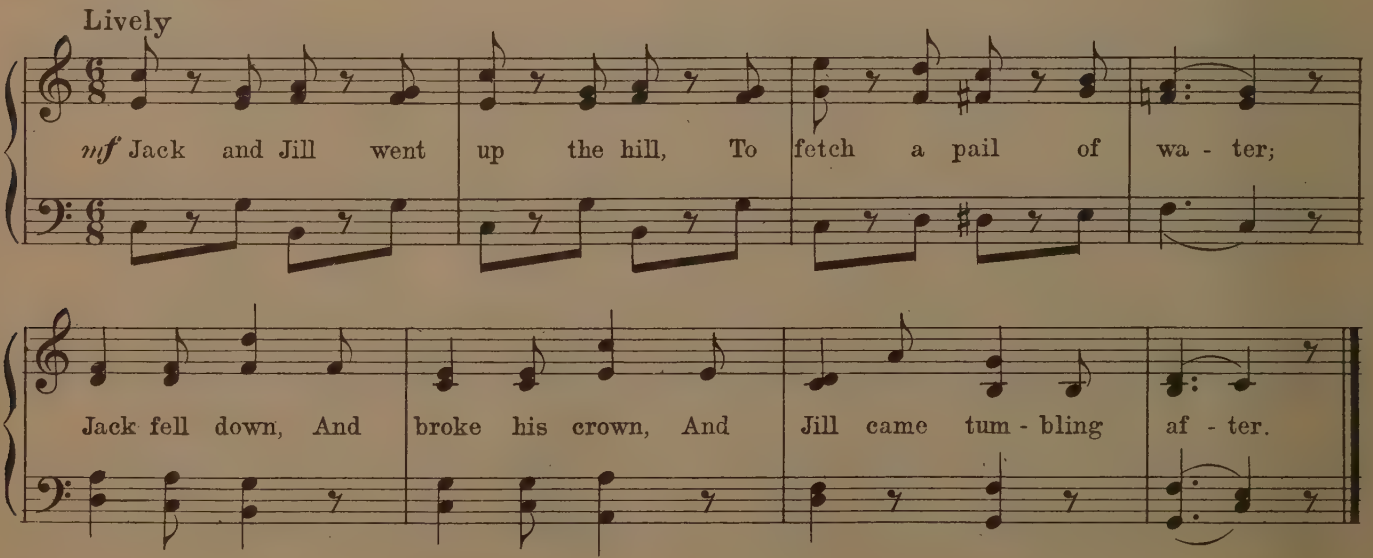
Hark! Hark! The Dogs Do Bark


Lively
f Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, Beg-gars are com-ing to town; Some in jags,
Some in rags, And some in vel-vet gowns; Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in vel-vet gowns.

Humpty Dumpty

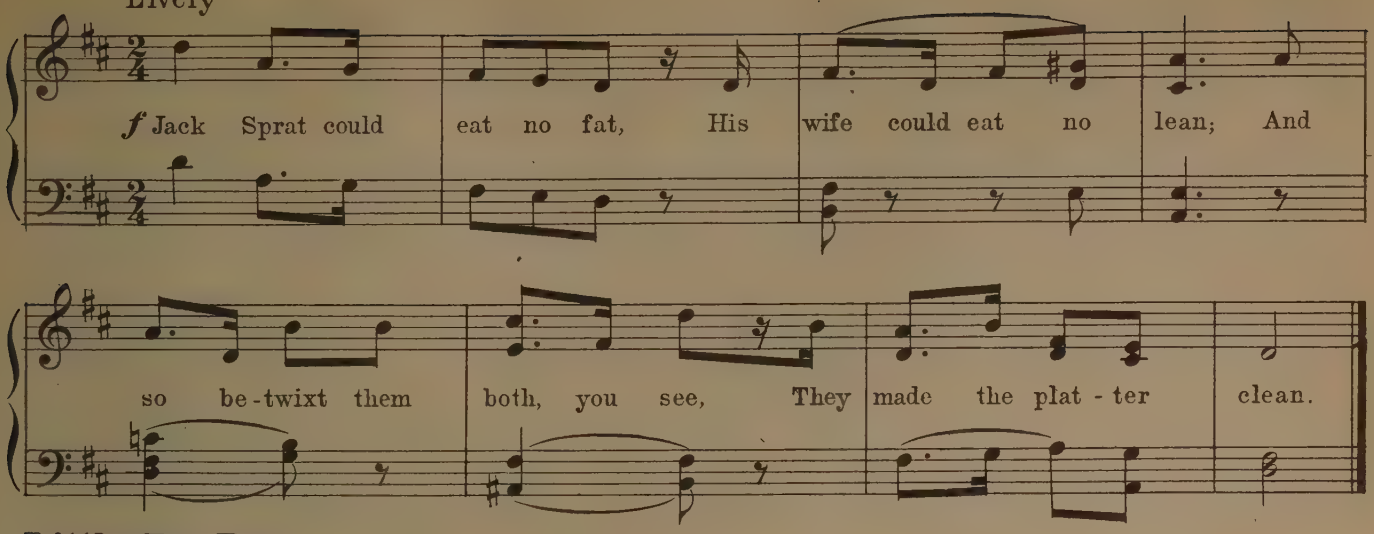

Lively
mf Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dum-ty had a great fall;
All the King's Hors-es and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to-geth-er a-gain.

Jack and Jill


Lively
mf Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa-ter;
Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af-ter.

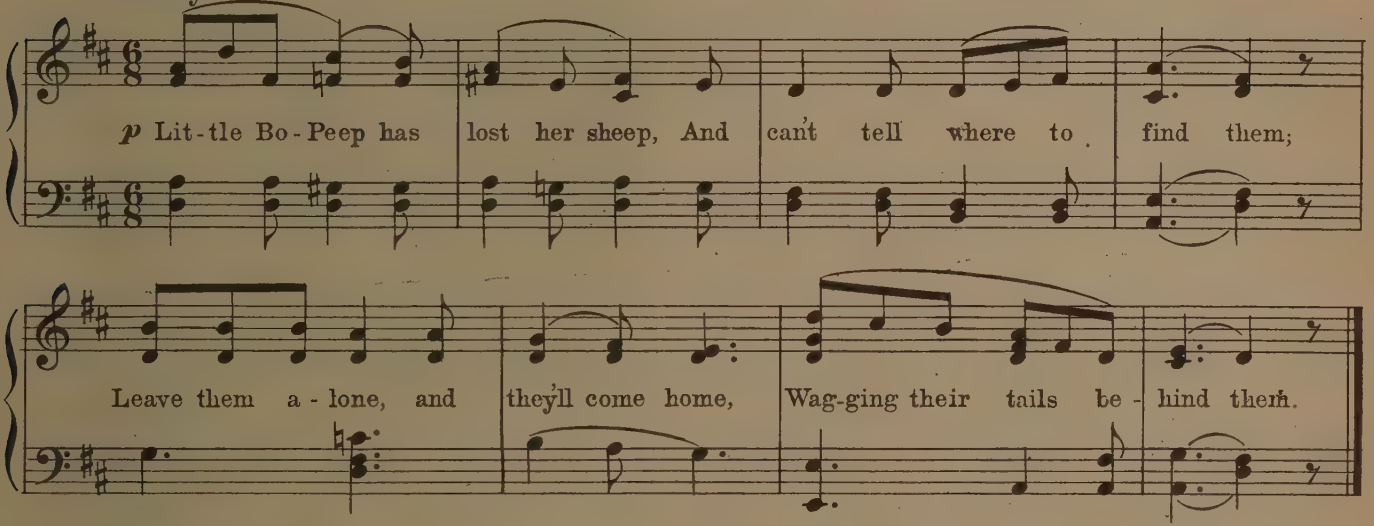
Jack Sprat

Lively



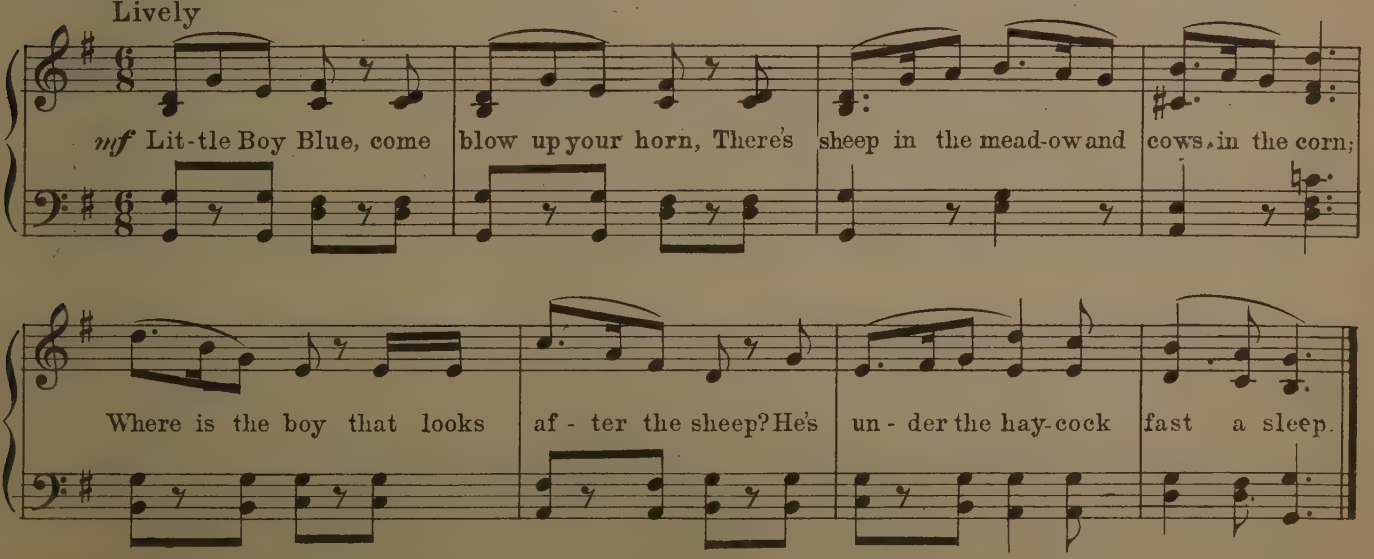
Little Bo-Peep

Slowly


p Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be-hind them.

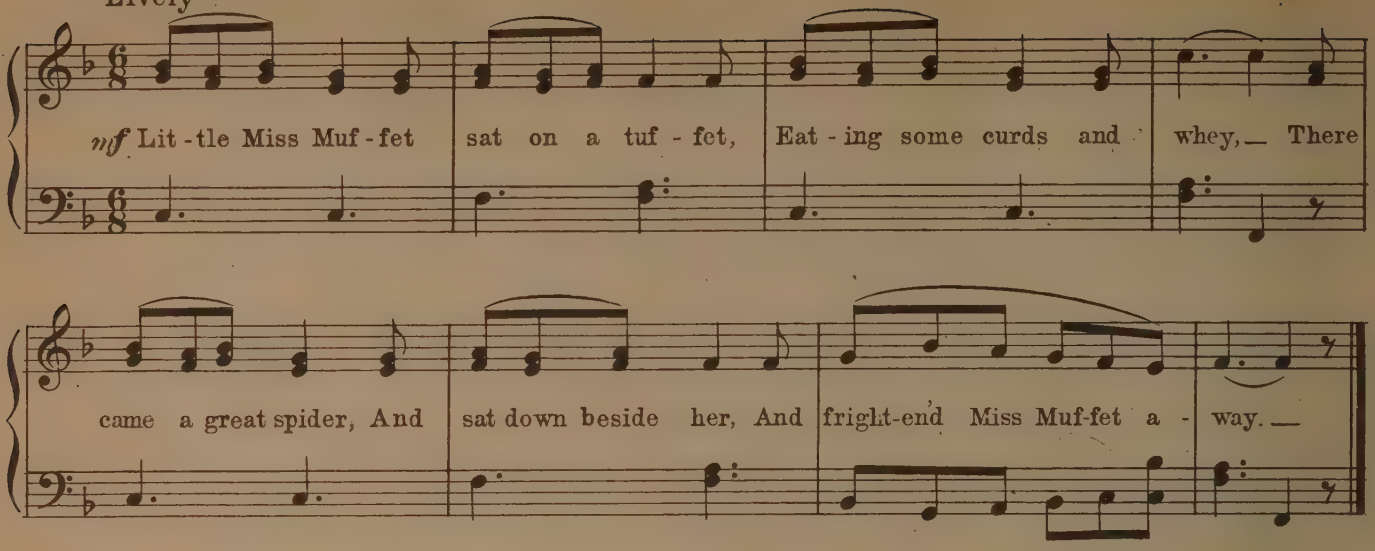
Little Boy Blue

Lively


mf Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the mead-ow and cows in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a sleep.

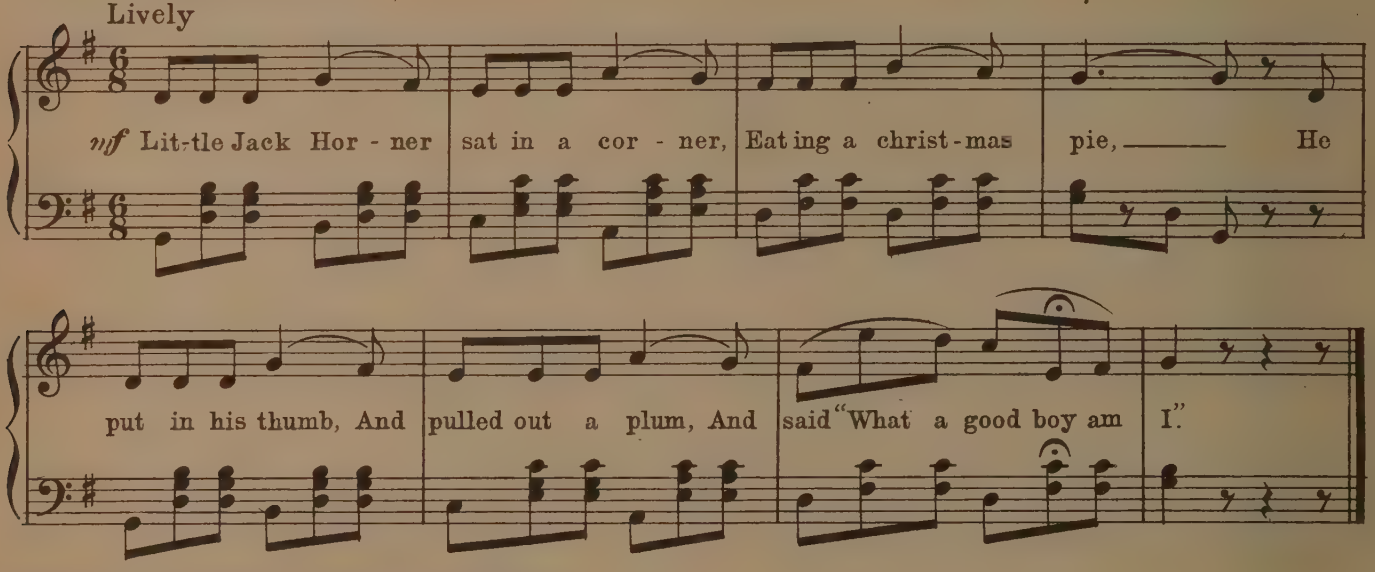
Little Miss Muffitt

Lively


mf Lit-tle Miss Muf-fet sat on a tuf-fet, Eat-ing some curds and whey, There
came a great spider, And sat down beside her, And fright-end Miss Muf-fet a-way.

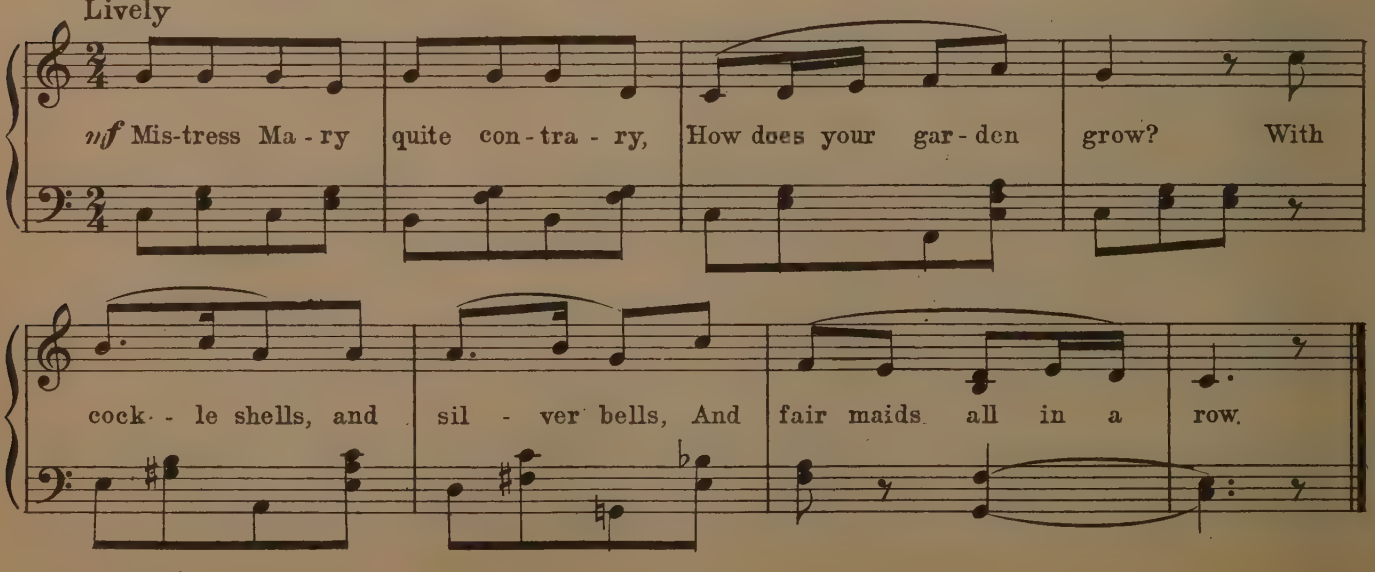
Little Jack Horner

Lively

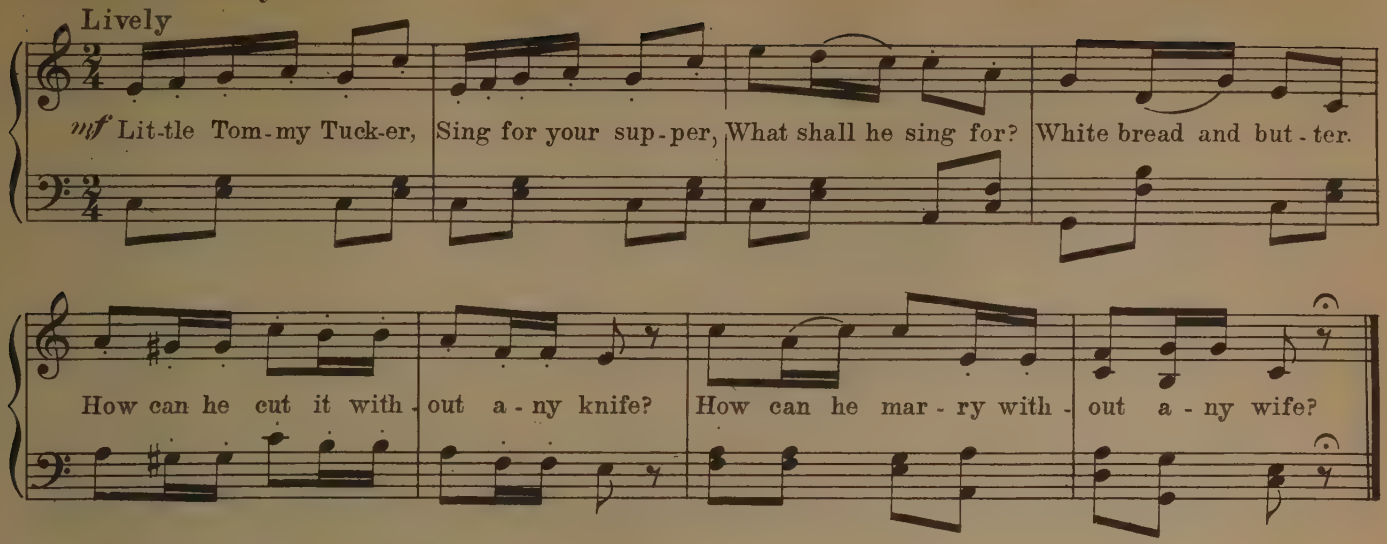

mf Lit-tle Jack Hor-ner sat in a cor-ner, Eating a christ-mas pie, He
put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "What a good boy am I."

Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary

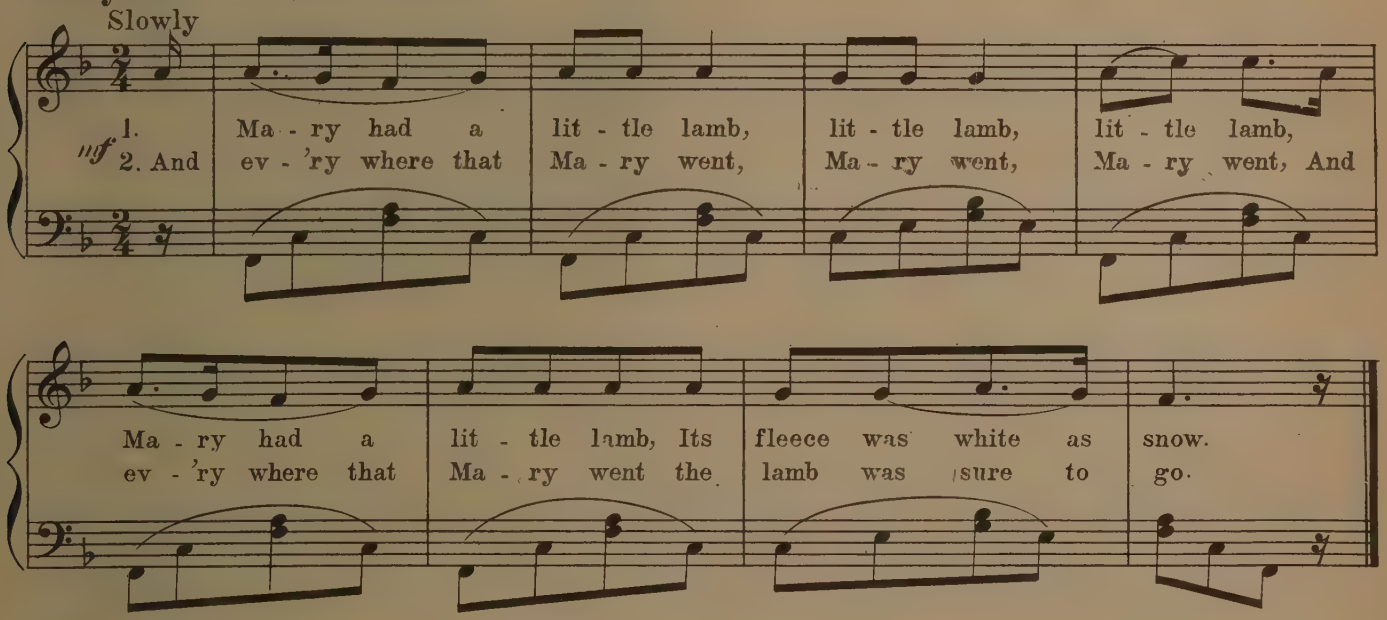
Lively



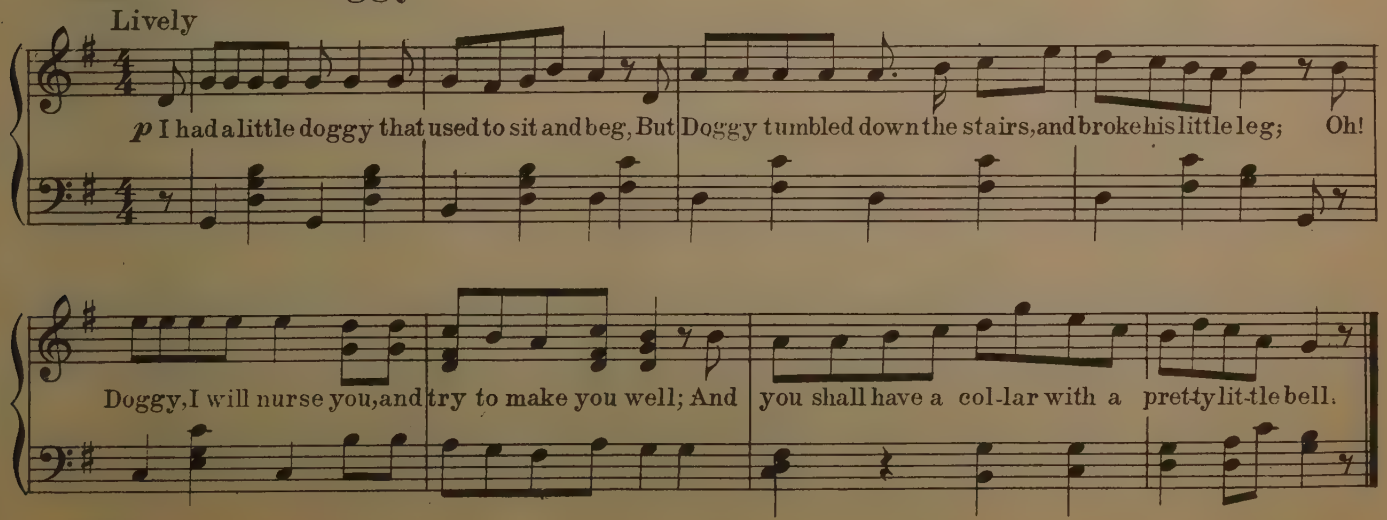
Little Tommy Tucker


Lively
mf Lit-tle Tom-my Tuck-er, Sing for your sup-per, What shall he sing for? White bread and but-ter.
How can he cut it with-out a-ny knife? How can he mar-ry with-out a-ny wife?

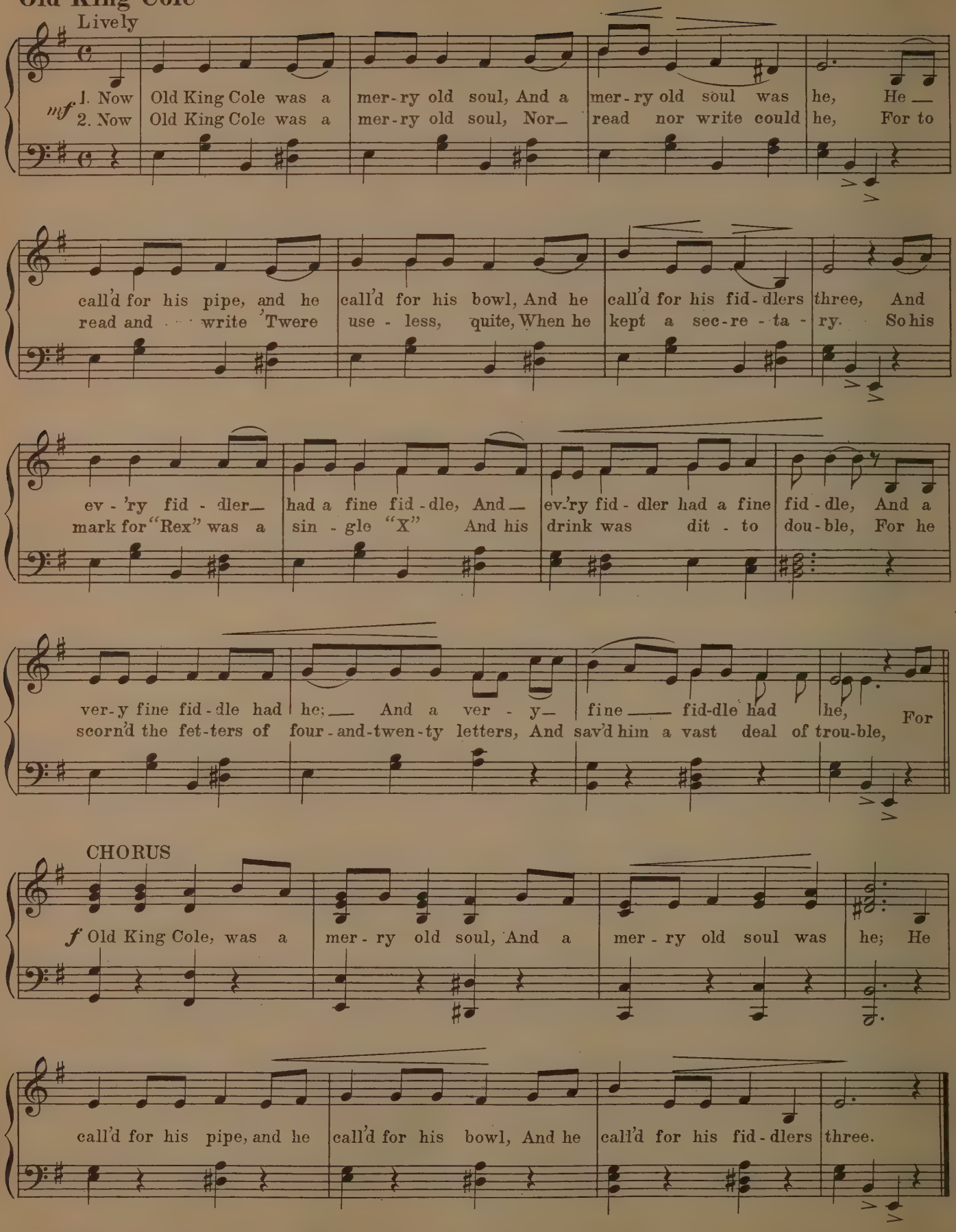
Mary Had a Little Lamb


Slowly
mf 1. Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb,
2. And ev-'ry where that Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went, And
Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
ev-'ry where that Ma-ry went the lamb was sure to go.

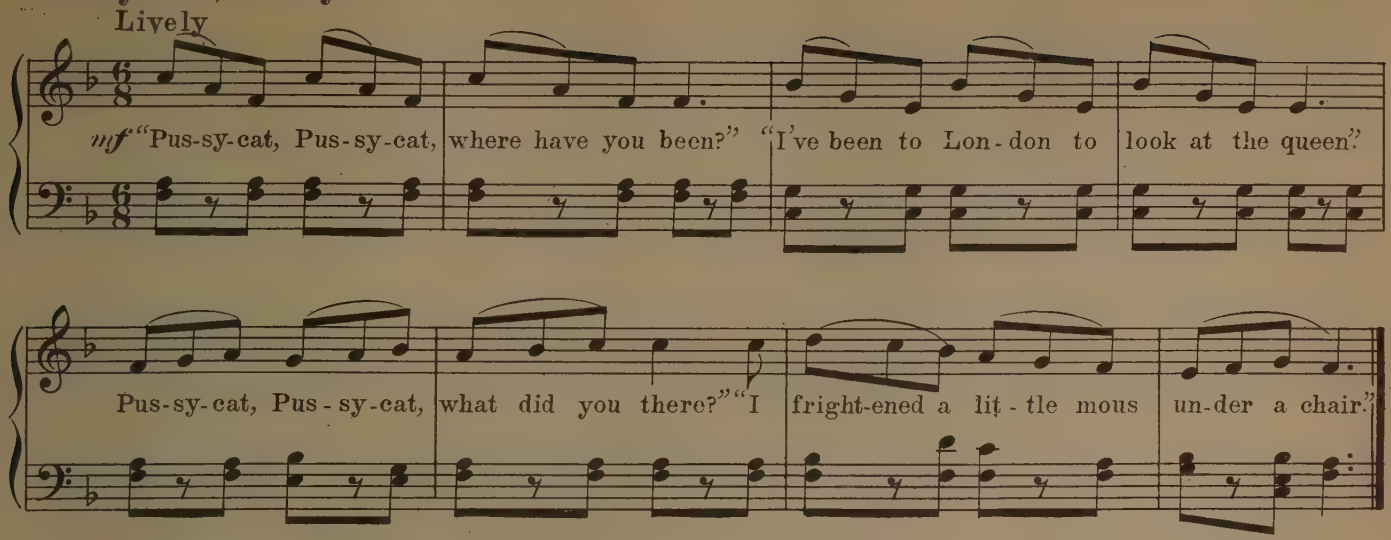
I Had a Little Doggy


Lively
p I had a little doggy that used to sit and beg, But Doggy tumbled down the stairs, and broke his little leg; Oh!
Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well; And you shall have a col-lar with a pret-ty lit-tle bell.

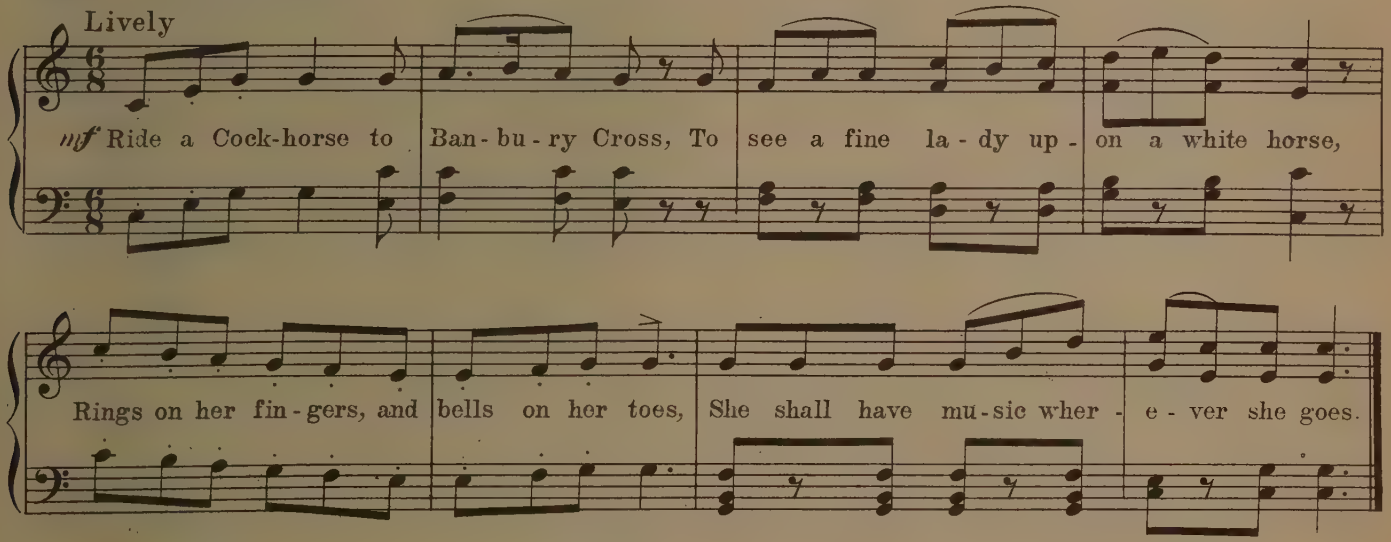
Old King Cole


Lively
mf
1. Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He
2. Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, Nor read nor write could he, For to
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three, And
read and write 'Twere use - less, quite, When he kept a secretary. So his
every fiddler had a fine fiddle, And every fiddler had a fine fiddle, And a
mark for "Rex" was a single "X" And his drink was ditto double, For he
very fine fiddle had he; And a very fine fiddle had he, For
scorn'd the fetters of four-and-twenty letters, And sav'd him a vast deal of trouble,
CHORUS
f Old King Cole, was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

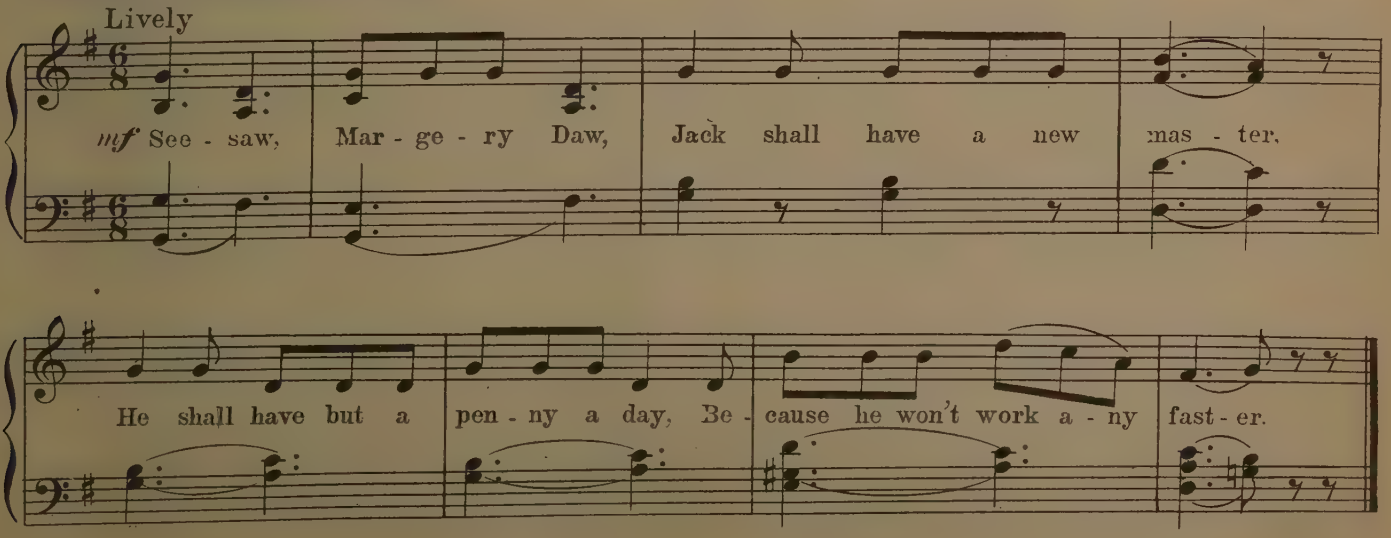
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat


Lively
mf "Pus-sy-cat, Pus-sy-cat, where have you been?" "I've been to Lon-don to look at the queen."
Pus-sy-cat, Pus-sy-cat, what did you there?" "I fright-ened a lit-tle mous un-der a chair."

Ride a Cock-horse

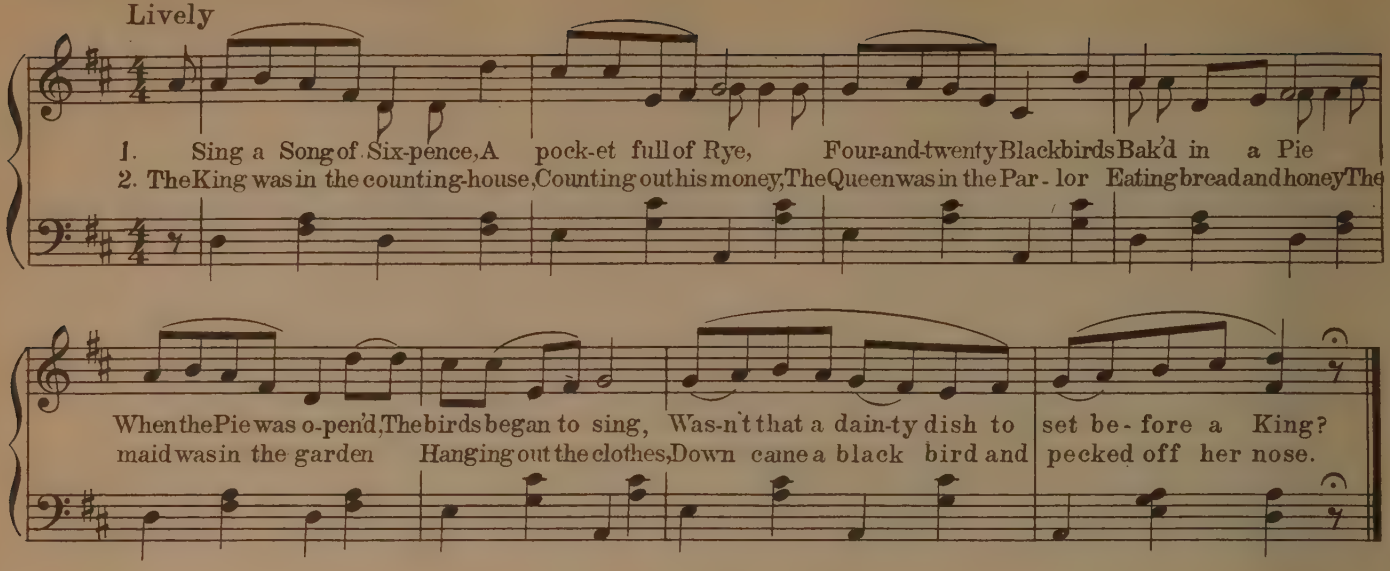

Lively
mf Ride a Cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy up-on a white horse,
Rings on her fin-gers, and bells on her toes, She shall have mu-sic wher-e-ver she goes.

See-Saw, Margery Daw



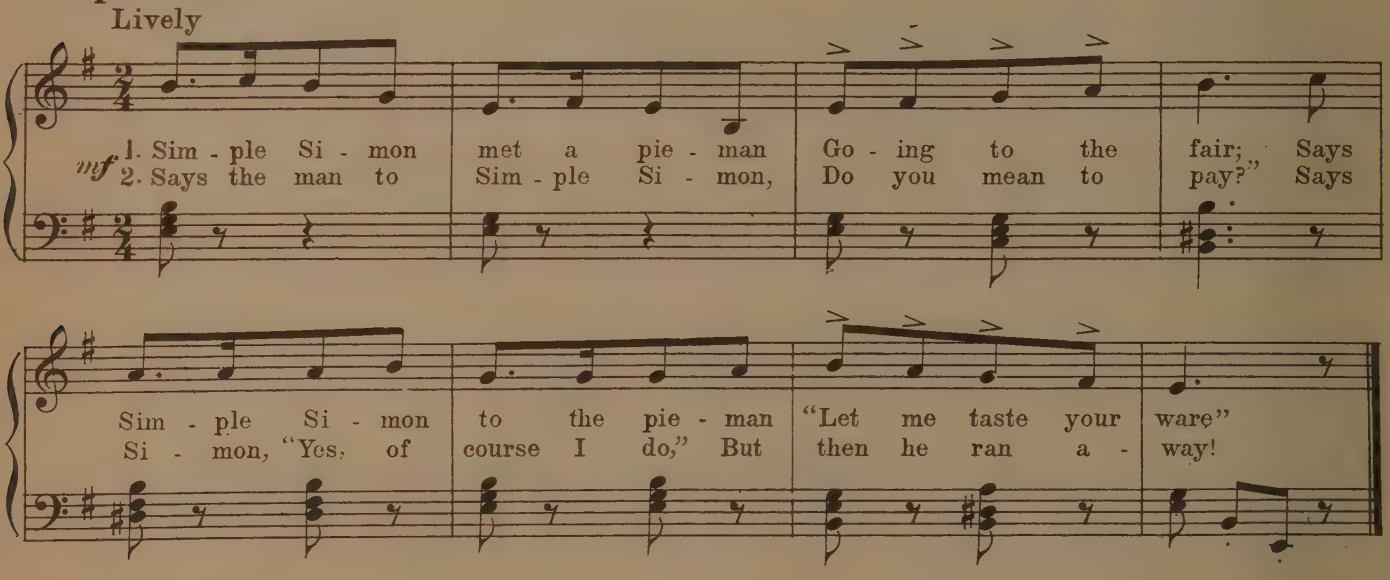
Sing A Song of Sixpence

Lively


1. Sing a Song of Six-pence, A pock-et full of Rye, Four-and-twenty Blackbirds Bak'd in a Pie
2. The King was in the counting-house, Counting out his money, The Queen was in the Par - lor Eating bread and honey The
When the Pie was o-pen'd, The birds began to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be - fore a King?
maid was in the garden Hanging out the clothes, Down came a black bird and pecked off her nose.

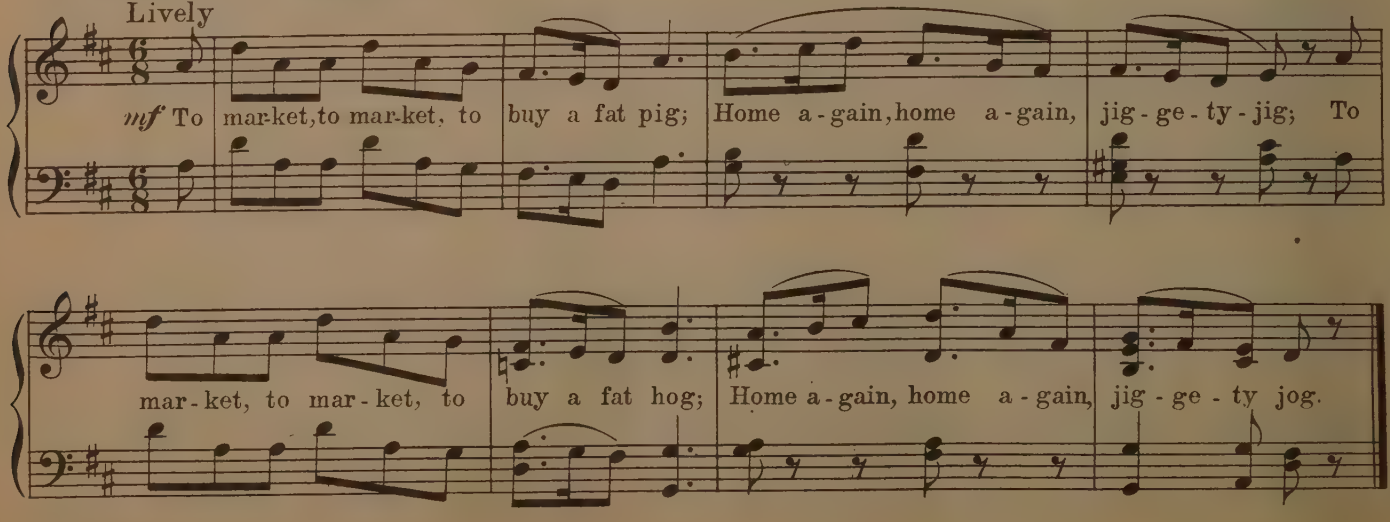
Simple Simon

Lively

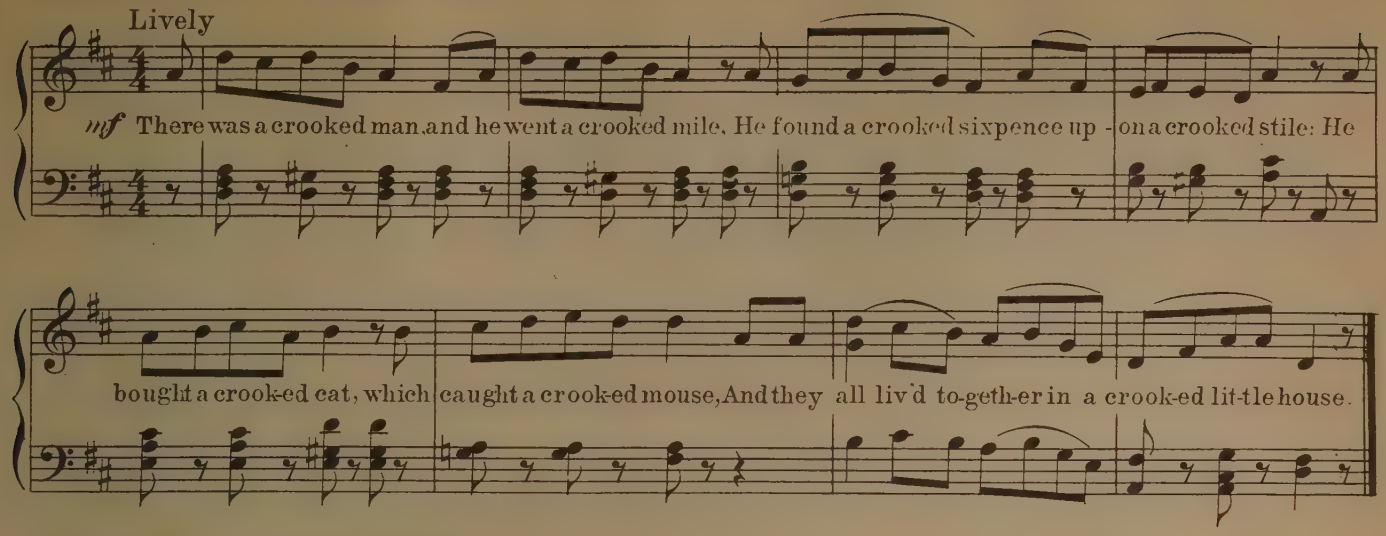

mf 1. Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie - man Go - ing to the fair; Says
2. Says the man to Sim - ple Si - mon, Do you mean to pay?" Says
Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man "Let me taste your ware"
Si - mon, "Yes, of course I do," But then he ran a - way!

To Market, To Market

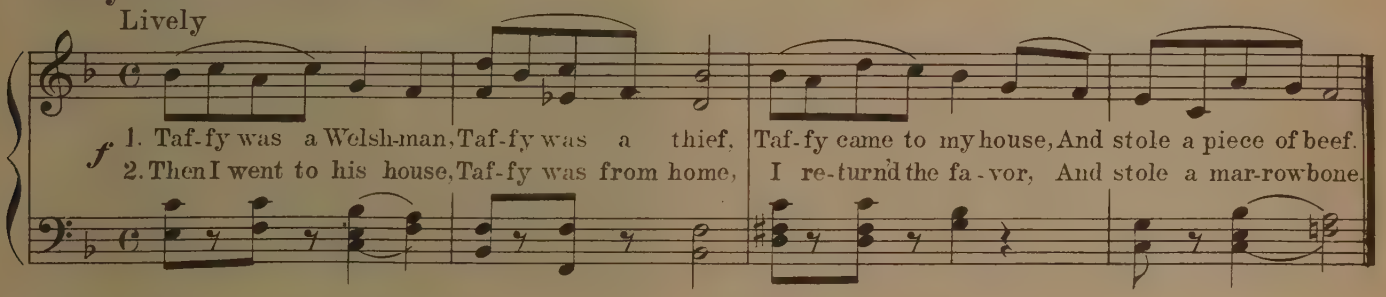
Lively


mf To mar-ket, to mar-ket, to buy a fat pig; Home a - gain, home a - gain, jig - ge - ty - jig; To
mar - ket, to mar - ket, to buy a fat hog; Home a - gain, home a - gain, jig - ge - ty jog.

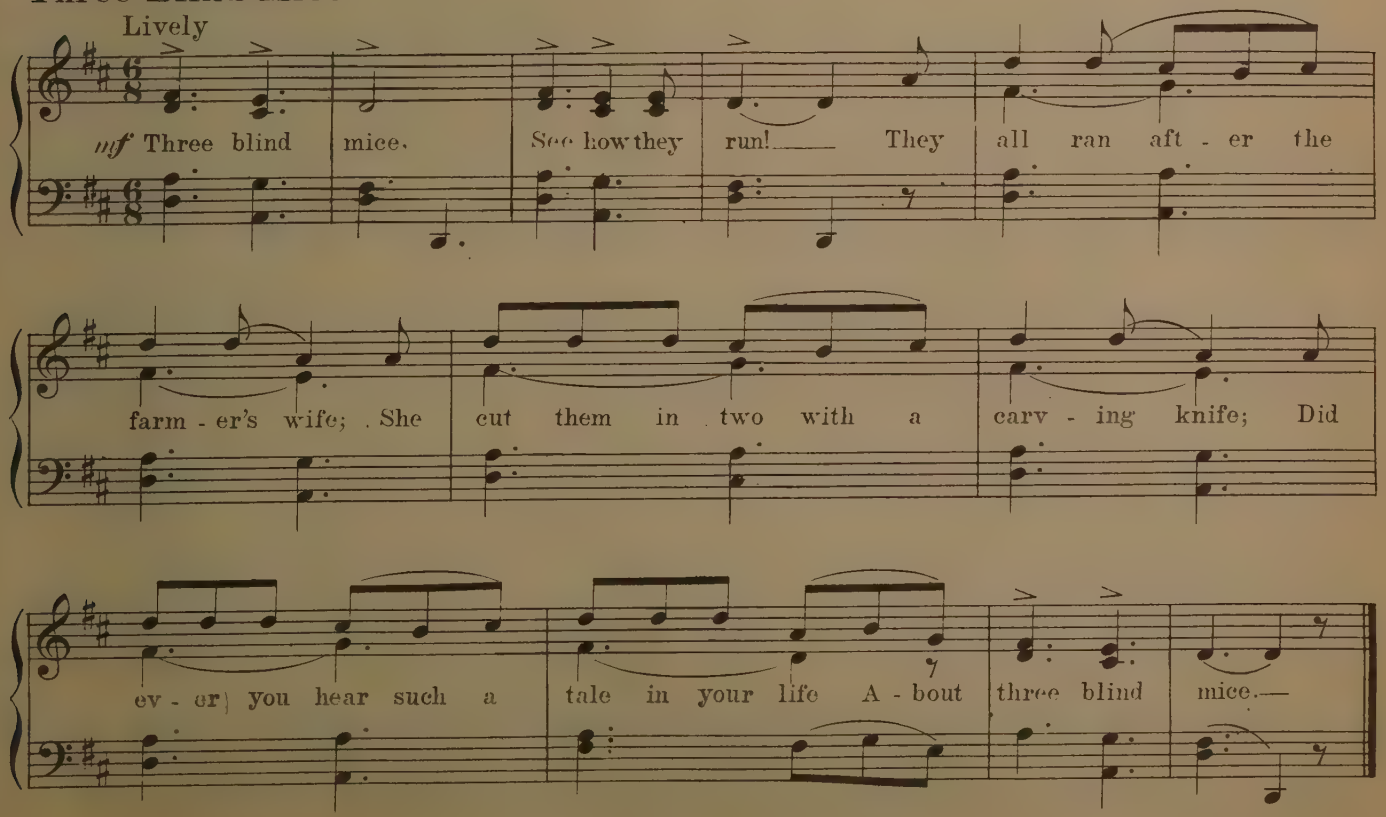
There Was A Crooked Man


Lively
mf There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile. He found a crooked sixpence up - on a crooked stile: He
bought a crook-ed cat, which caught a crook-ed mouse, And they all liv'd to-geth-er in a crook-ed lit-tle house.

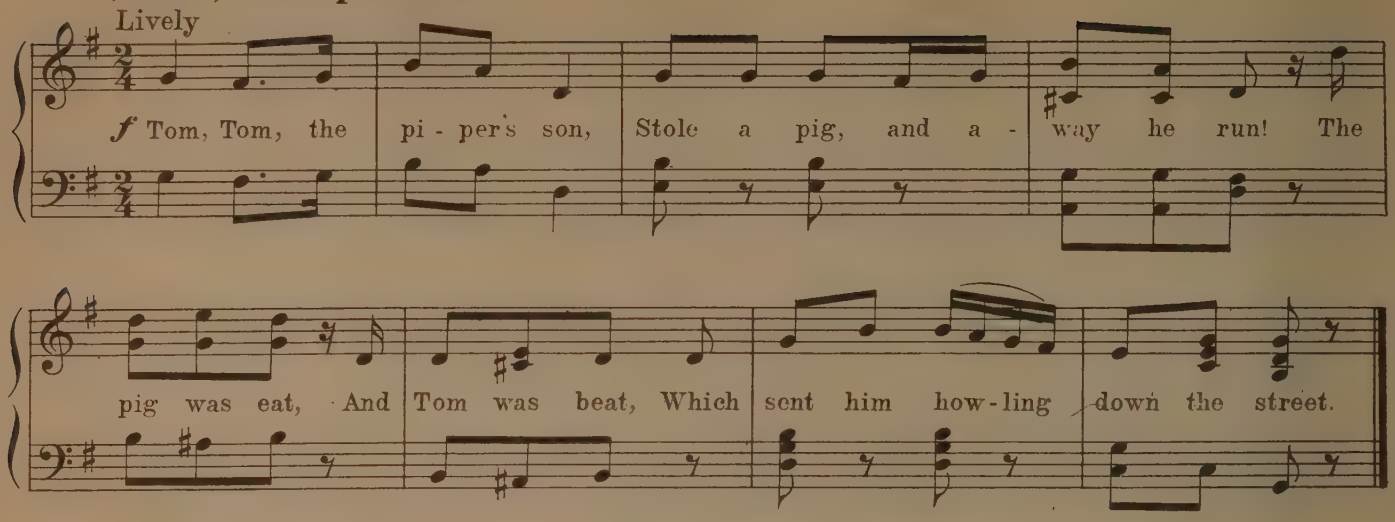
Taffy Was A Welshman


Lively
f 1. Taf-fy was a Welsh-man, Taf-fy was a thief. Taf-fy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef.
2. Then I went to his house, Taf-fy was from home, I re-turn'd the fa-vor, And stole a mar-row bone.

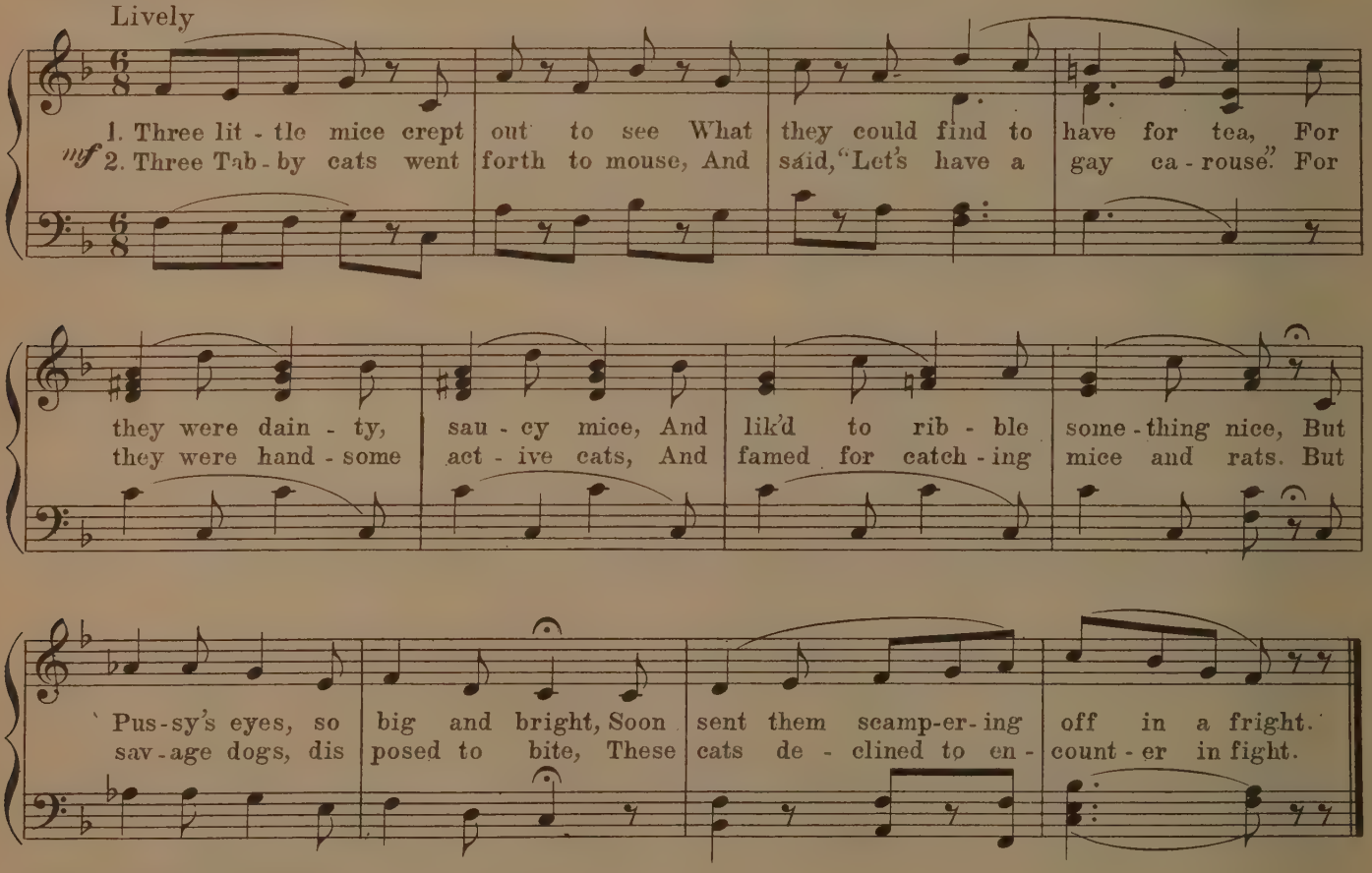
Three Blind Mice


Lively
mf Three blind mice. See how they run! They all ran aft - er the
farm - er's wife; She cut them in two with a carv - ing knife; Did
ev - er you hear such a tale in your life A - bout three blind mice.

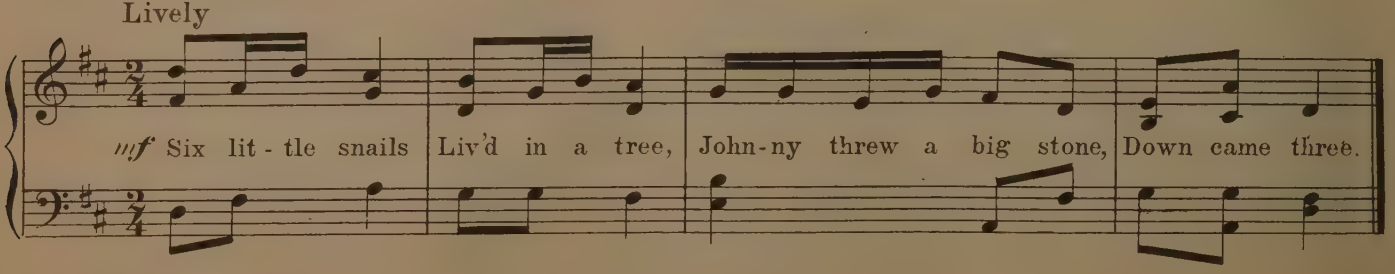
Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son


Lively
f Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he run! The
pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him how - ling down the street.

Three Little Mice

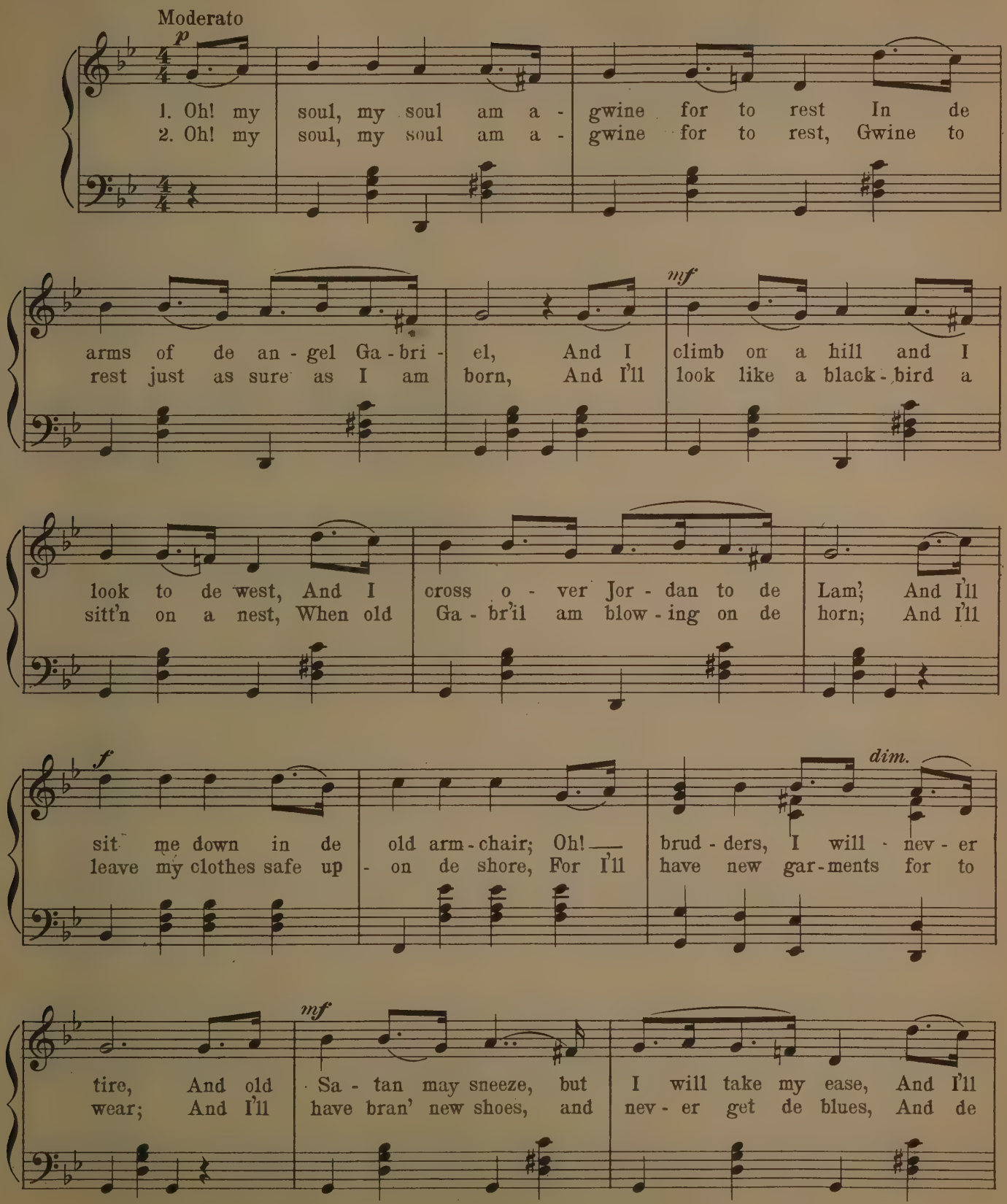

Lively
1. Three lit - tle mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea, For
mf 2. Three Tab - by cats went forth to mouse, And said, "Let's have a gay ca - rouse." For
they were dain - ty, sau - cy mice, And lik'd to rib - ble some - thing nice, But
they were hand - some act - ive cats, And famed for catch - ing mice and rats. But
Pus - sy's eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scamp - er - ing off in a fright.
sav - age dogs, dis posed to bite, These cats de - clined to en - count - er in fight.

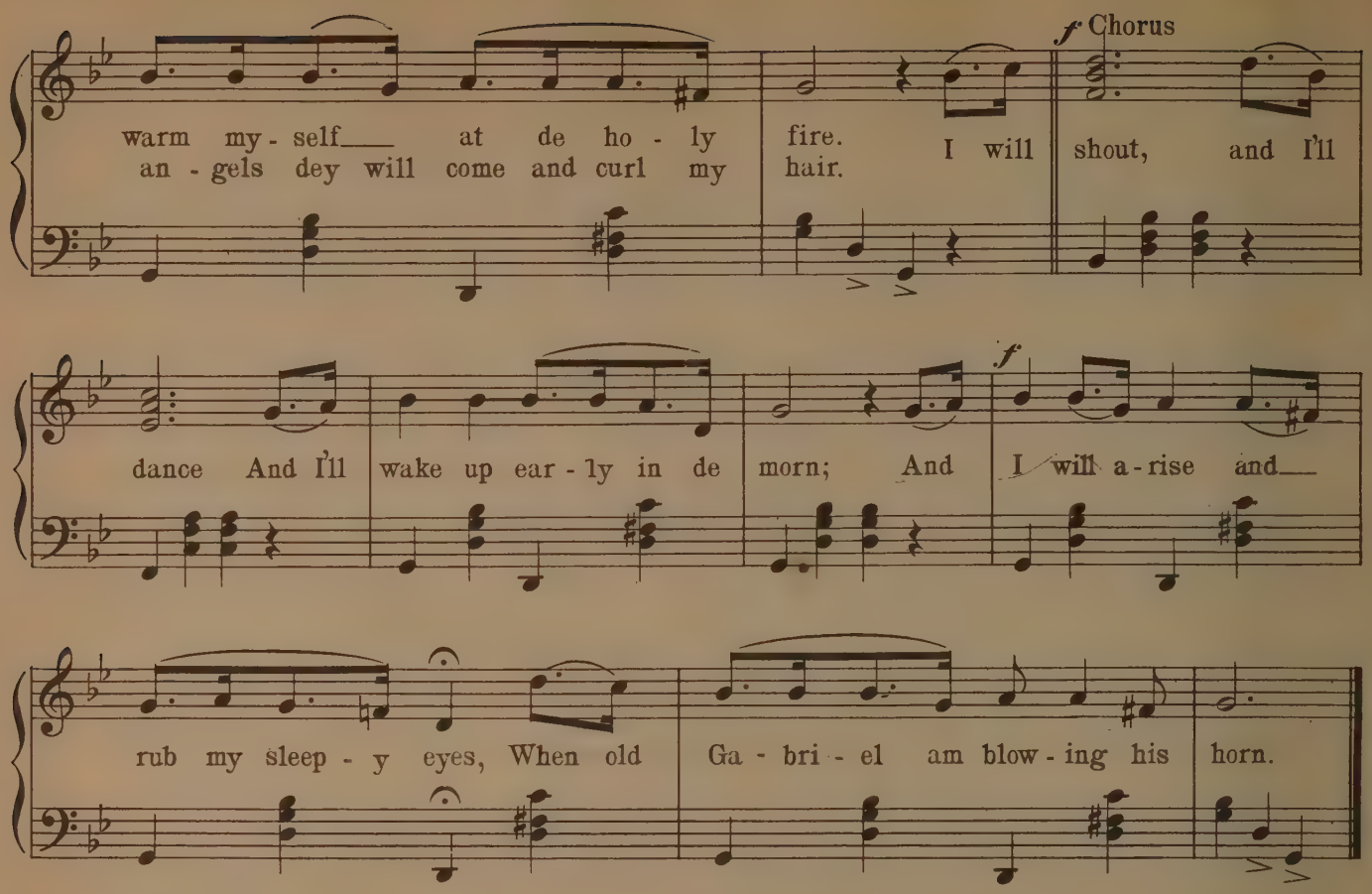
Six Little Snails



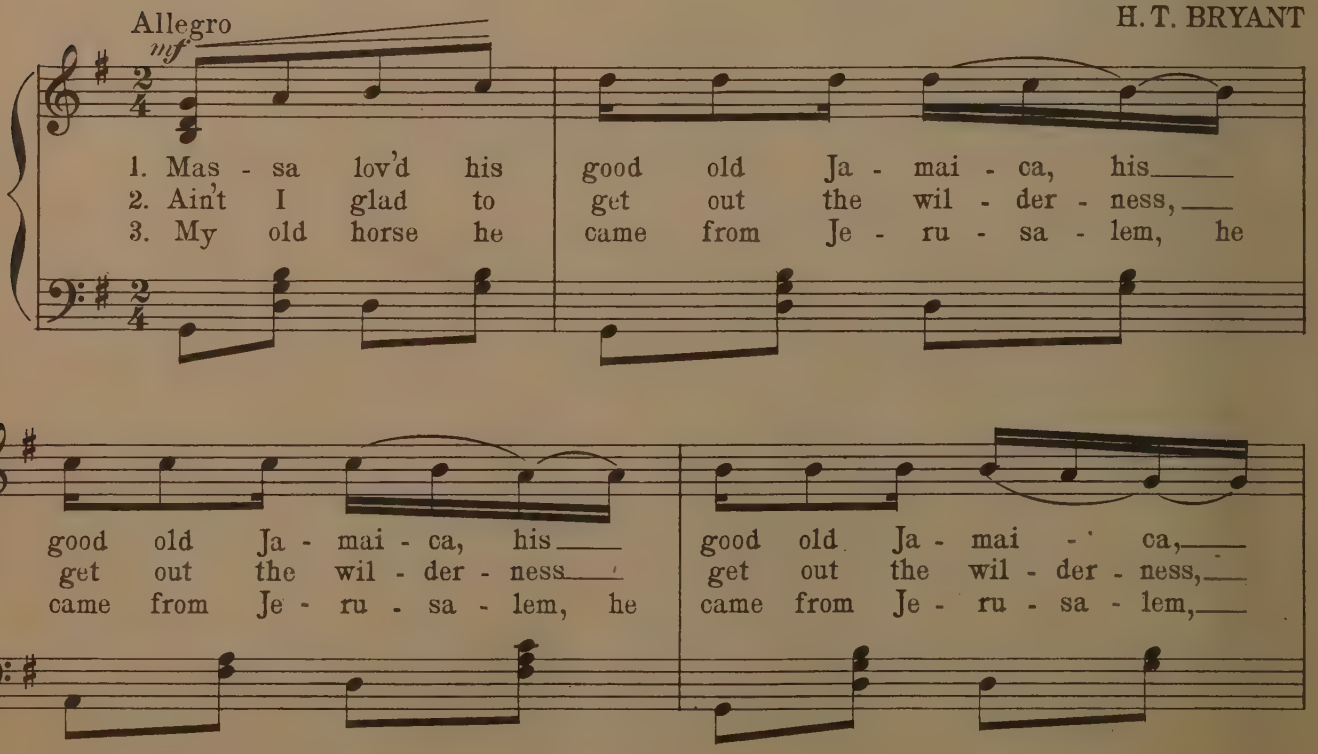
Angel Gabriel

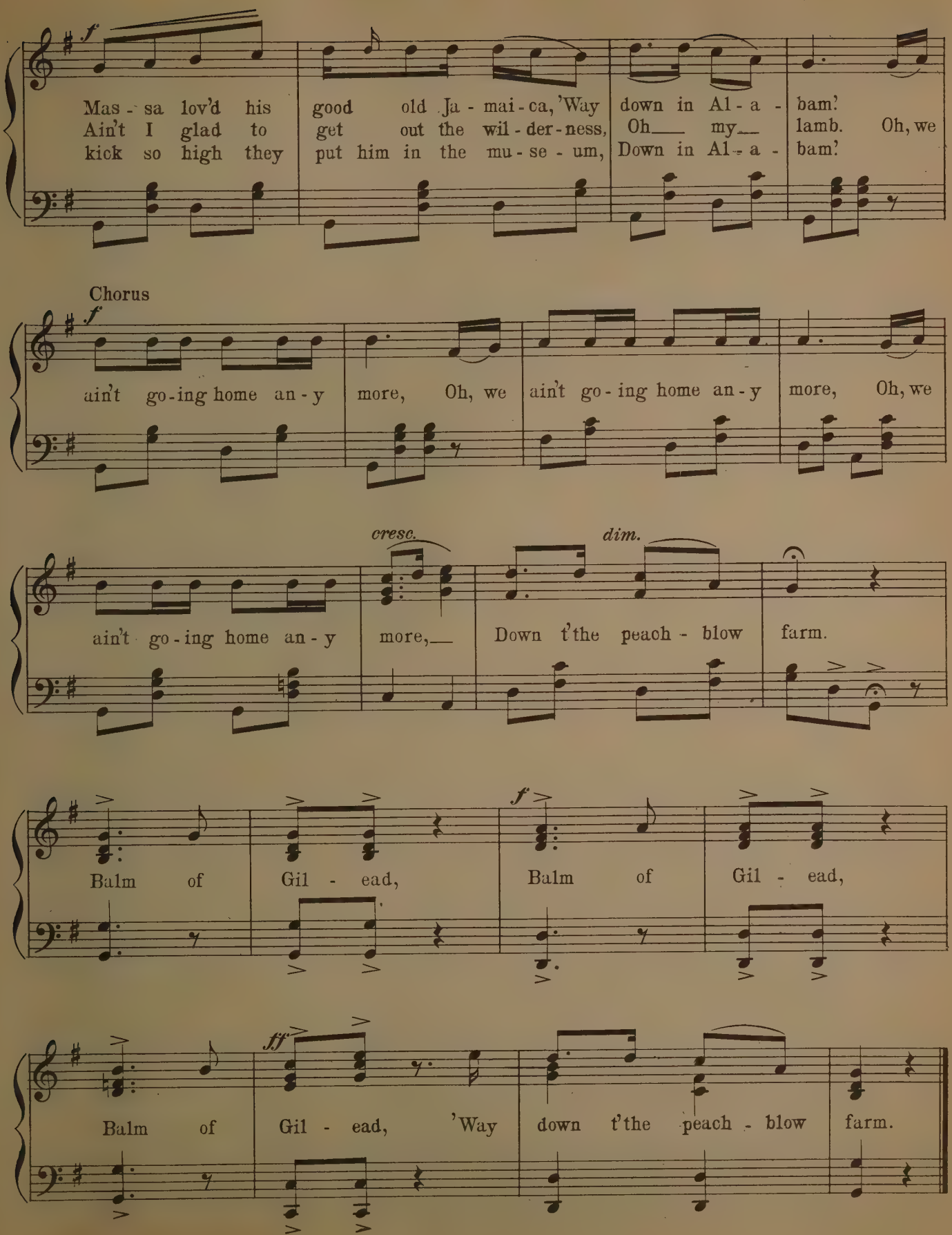
FRANK DUMONT J. E. STEWART


Moderato
p
1. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest In de
2. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest, Gwine to
arms of de an - gel Ga - bri - el, And I climb on a hill and I
rest just as sure as I am born, And I'll look like a black - bird a
mf
look to de west, And I cross o - ver Jor - dan to de Lam'; And I'll
sitt'n on a nest, When old Ga - br'il am blow - ing on de horn; And I'll
f
sit me down in de old arm - chair; Oh! brud - ders, I will - nev - er
leave my clothes safe up - on de shore, For I'll have new gar - ments for to
dim.
tire, And old Sa - tan may sneeze, but I will take my ease, And I'll
wear; And I'll have bran' new shoes, and nev - er get de blues, And de
mf

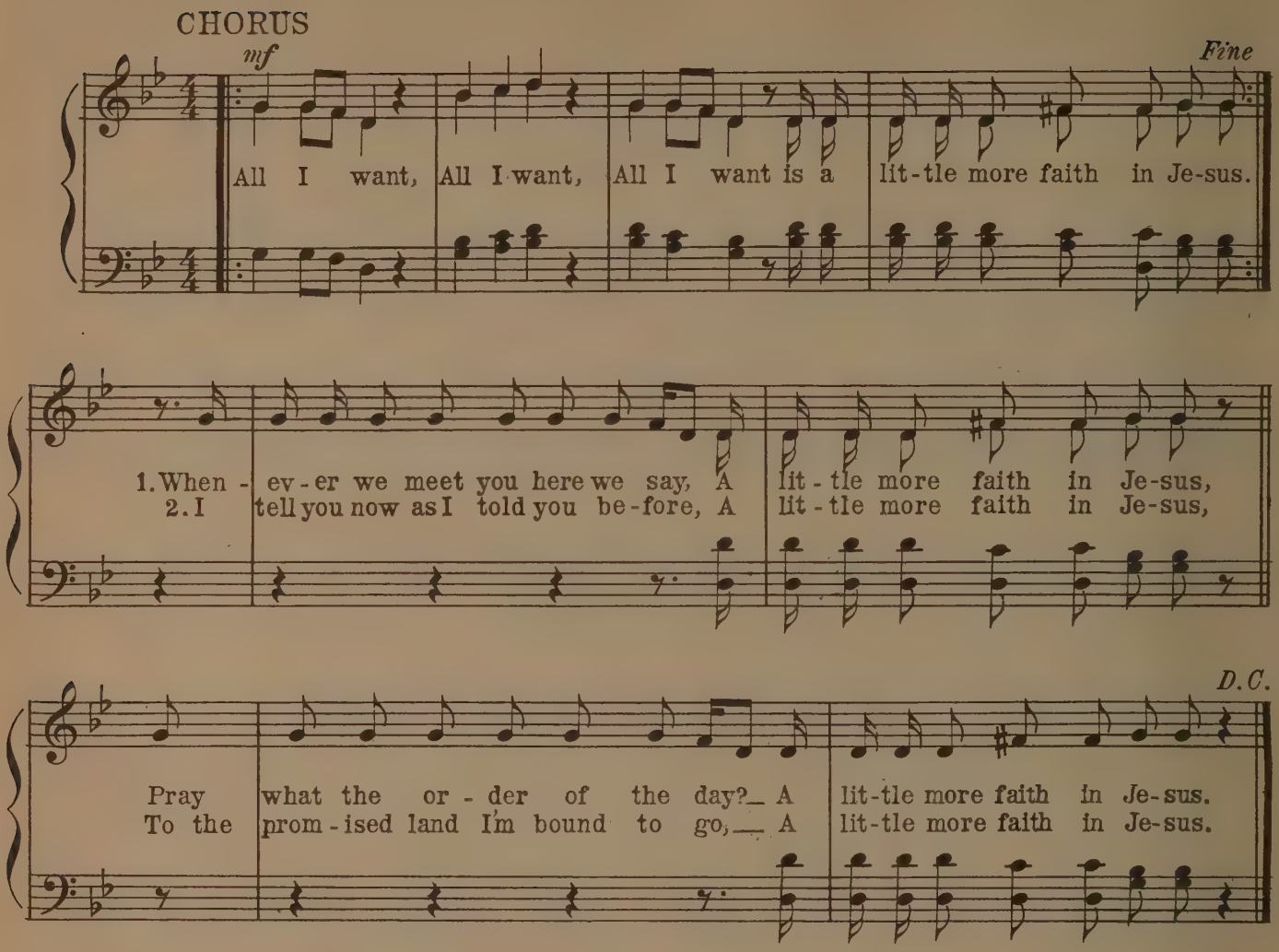

f Chorus
warm my - self at de ho - ly fire. I will shout, and I'll
an - gels dey will come and curl my hair.
dance And I'll wake up ear - ly in de morn; And I will a - rise and
f
rub my sleep - y eyes, When old Ga - bri - el am blow - ing his horn.

Balm of Gilead

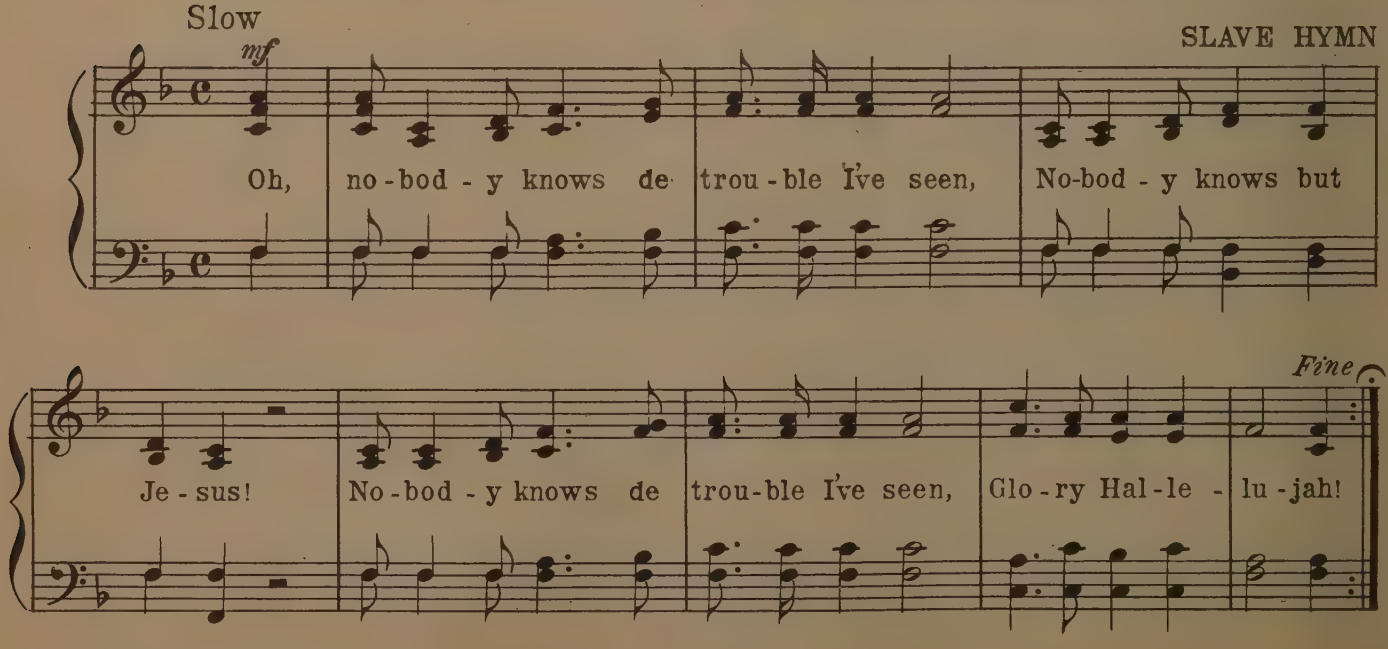

Allegro
mf
H. T. BRYANT
1. Mas - sa lov'd his good old Ja - mai - ca, his
2. Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness,
3. My old horse he came from Je - ru - sa - lem, he
good old Ja - mai - ca, his
get out the wil - der - ness
came from Je - ru - sa - lem, he
good old Ja - mai - ca,
get out the wil - der - ness,
came from Je - ru - sa - lem,

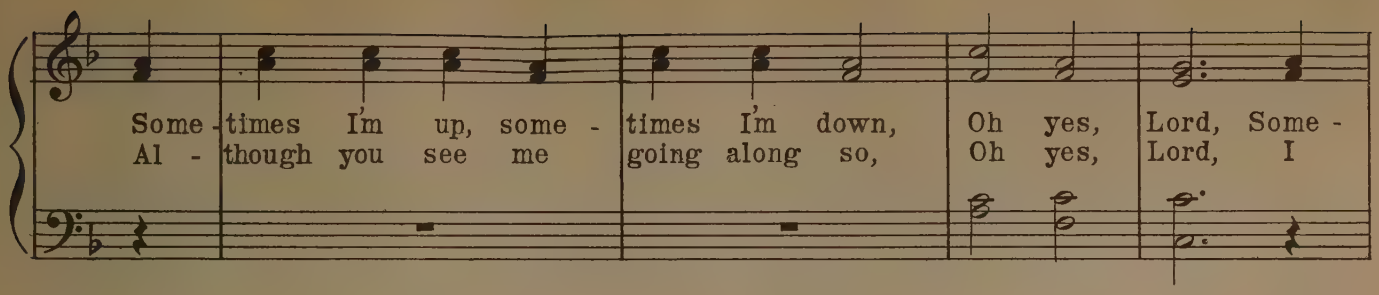

f
Mas - sa lov'd his good old Ja - mai - ca, 'Way down in Al - a - bam!
Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Oh___ my___ lamb. Oh, we
kick so high they put him in the mu - se - um, Down in Al - a - bam!
Chorus
f
ain't go - ing home an - y more, Oh, we ain't go - ing home an - y more, Oh, we
cresc.
dim.
ain't go - ing home an - y more,___ Down t'the peach - blow farm.
Balm of Gil - ead, Balm of Gil - ead,
f
ff
Balm of Gil - ead, 'Way down t'the peach - blow farm.

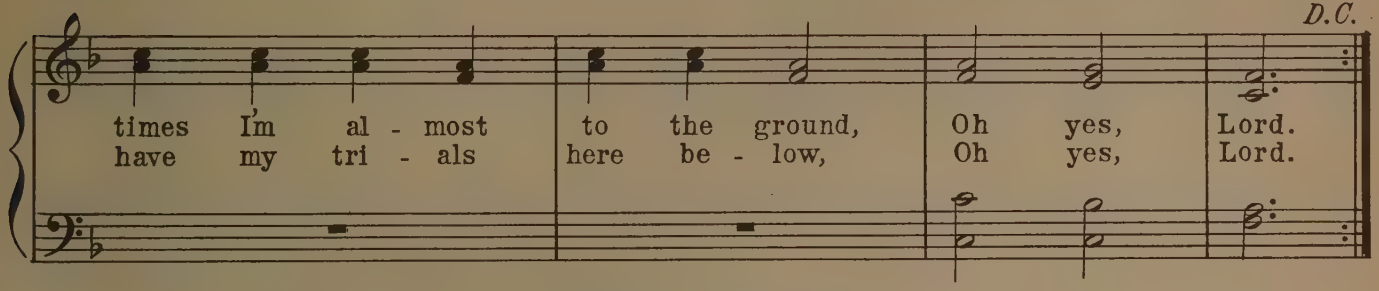
A Little More Faith In Jesus


CHORUS
mf
Fine
All I want, All I want, All I want is a lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.
1. When - ev-er we meet you here we say, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,
2. I tell you now as I told you be-fore, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,
D.C.
Pray what the or-der of the day?_ A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.
To the prom-ised land I'm bound to go,_ A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.

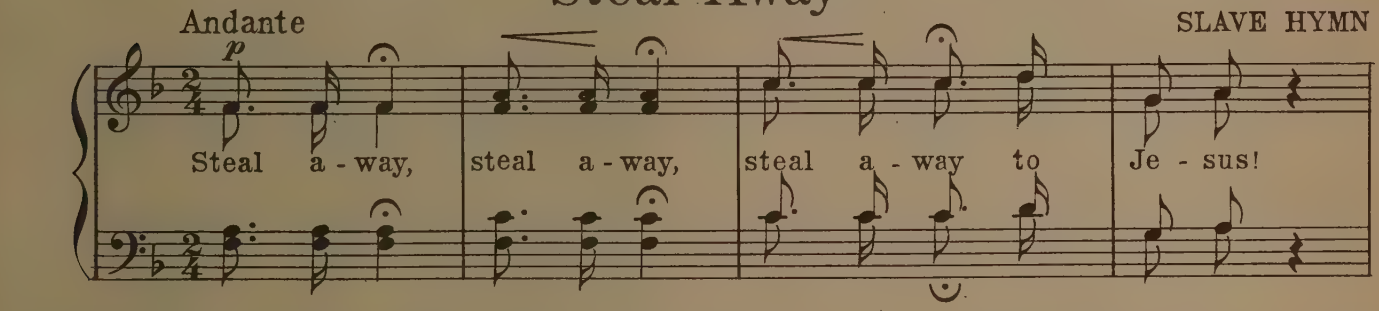
Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen

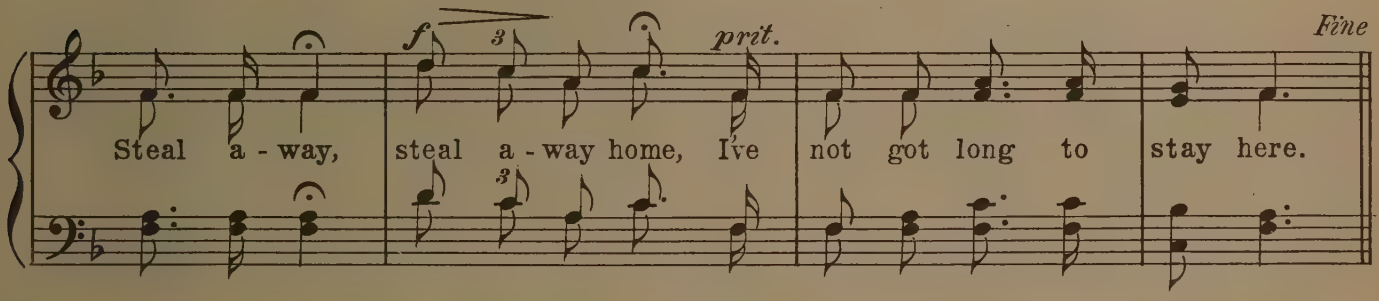

Slow
mf
SLAVE HYMN
Oh, no-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but
Fine
Je-sus! No-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

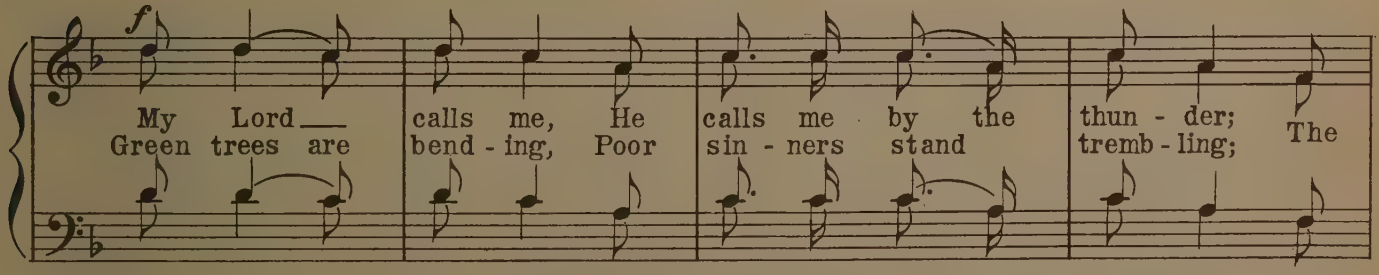
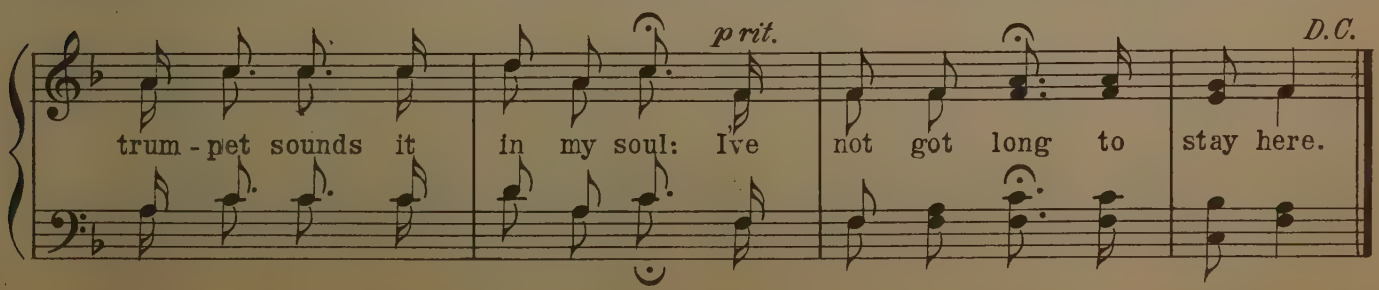

Some - times I'm up, some - times I'm down, Oh yes, Lord, Some -
Al - though you see me going along so, Oh yes, Lord, I


D.C.
times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.
have my tri - als here be - low, Oh yes, Lord.

Steal Away


Andante
p
SLAVE HYMN
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

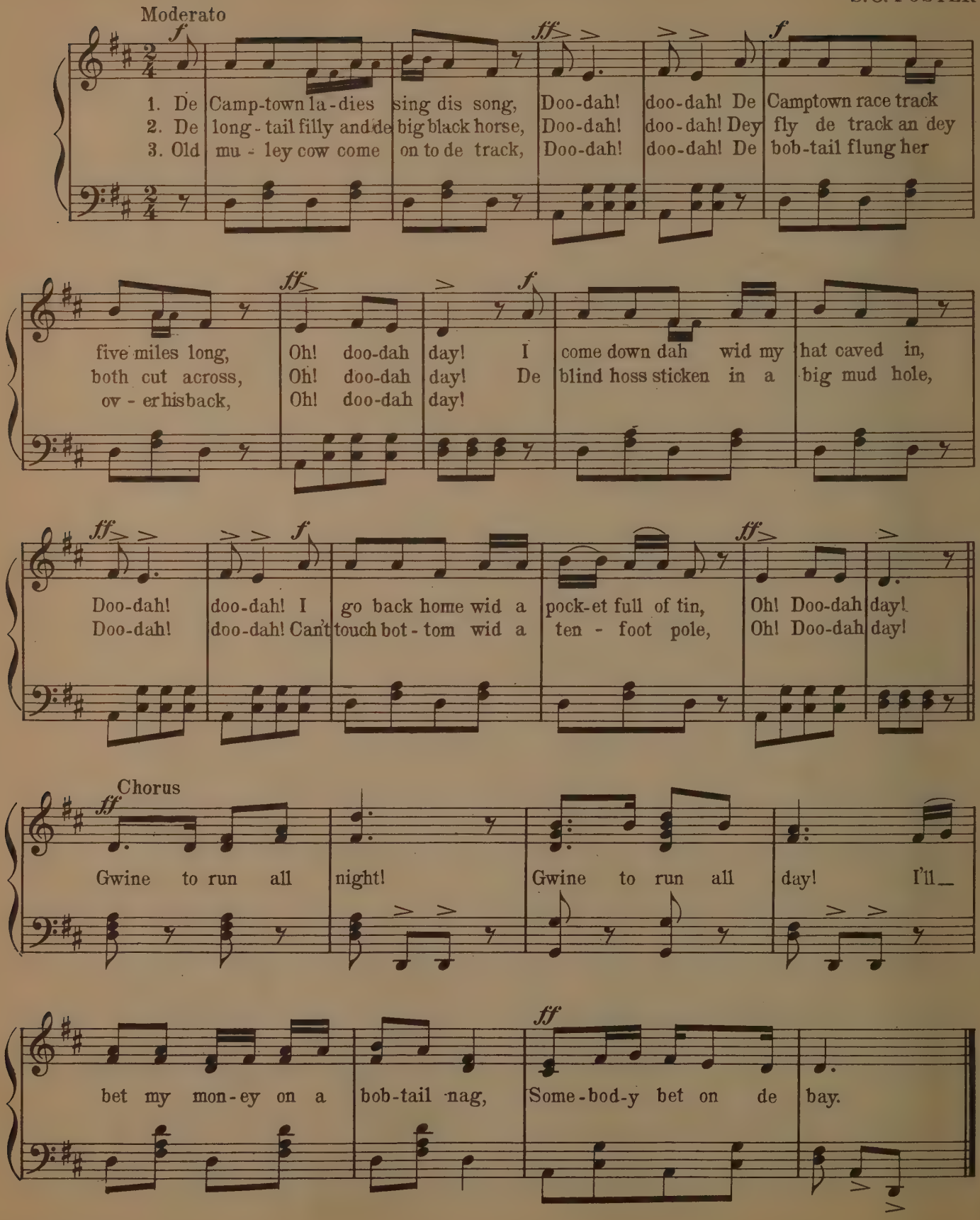

f
prit.
Fine
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.


f
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand tremb - ling; The

prit.
D.C.
trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

Camptown Races

(Gwine to Run All Night)

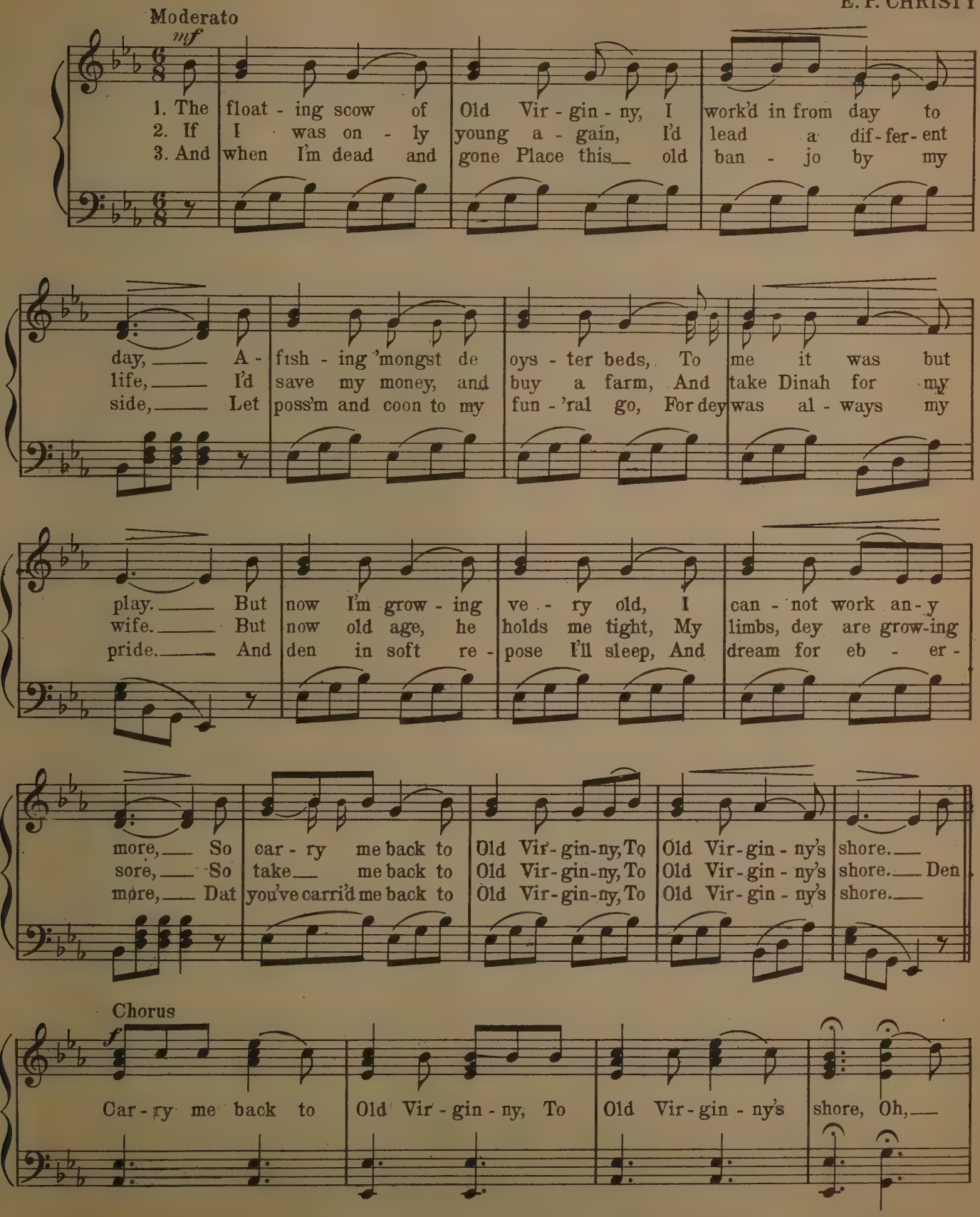
S. C. FOSTER

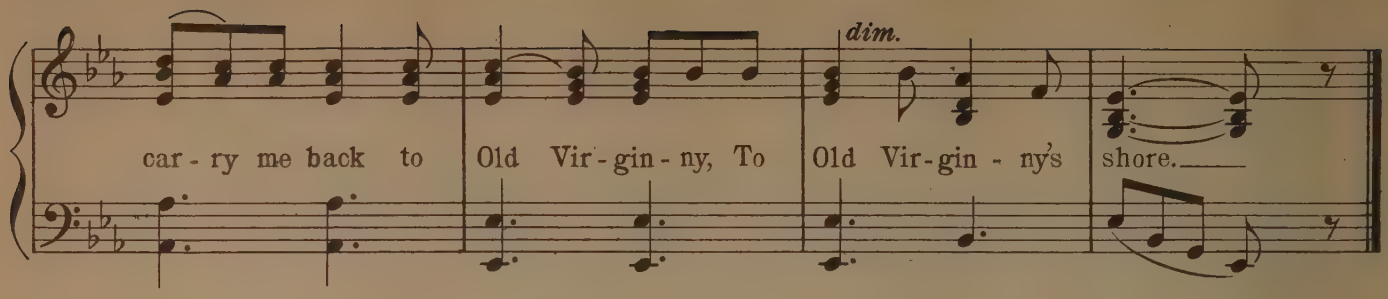

Moderato
1. De Camp-town la-dies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Camptown race track
2. De long-tail filly and de big black horse, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey fly de track an dey
3. Old mu-ley cow come on to de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De bob-tail flung her
five miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
both cut across, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole,
ov-er his back, Oh! doo-dah day!
Doo-dah! doo-dah! I go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! Doo-dah day!
Doo-dah! doo-dah! Can't touch bot-tom wid a ten-foot pole, Oh! Doo-dah day!
Chorus
Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll
bet my mon-ey on a bob-tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

(Floating Scow of Old Virginny)

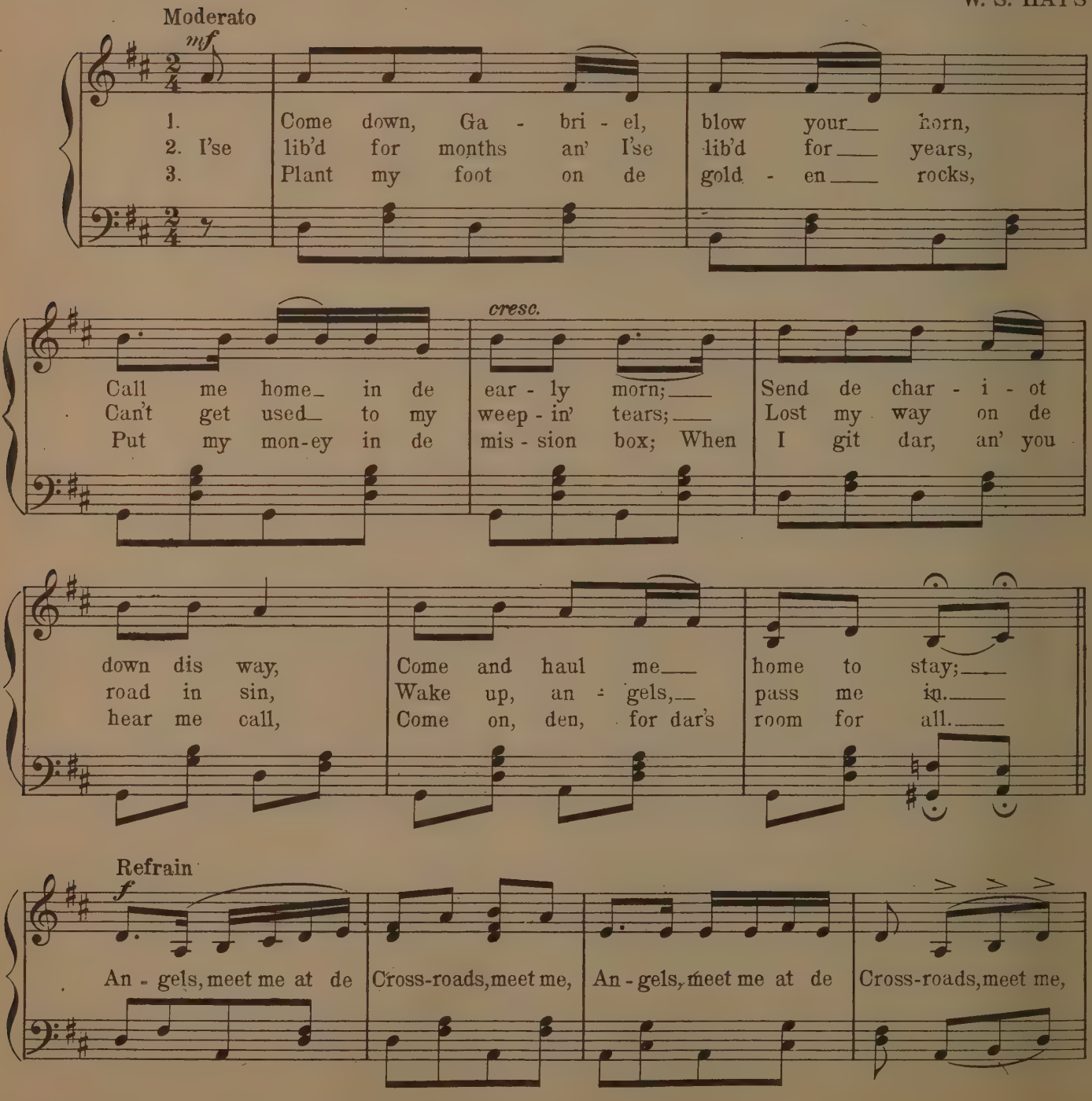
E. P. CHRISTY

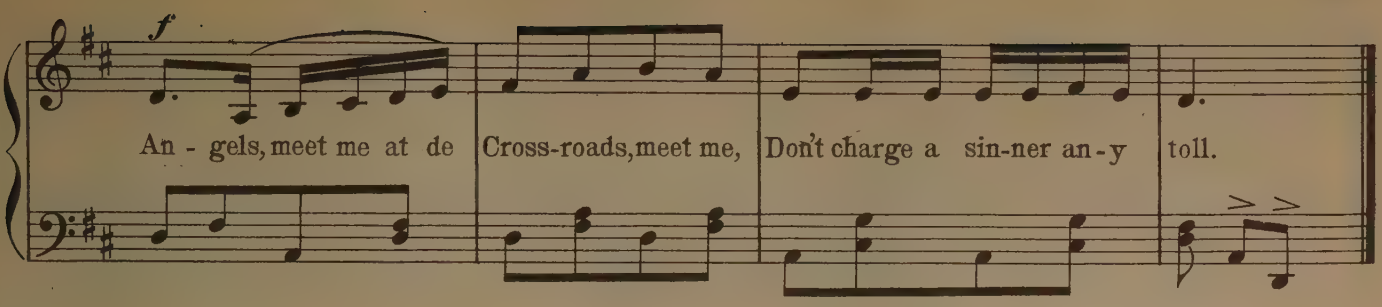

Moderato
mf
1. The floating scow of Old Virginny, I work'd in from day to
2. If I was only young again, I'd lead a different
3. And when I'm dead and gone Place this old banjo by my
day, A-fishing 'mongst de oysters beds, To me it was but
life, I'd save my money, and buy a farm, And take Dinah for my
side, Let possum and coon to my funeral go, For dey was always my
play. But now I'm growing very old, I cannot work any
wife. But now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs, dey are growing
pride. And den in soft repose I'll sleep, And dream for eb-er-
more, So carry me back to Old Virginny, To Old Virginny's shore.
sore, So take me back to Old Virginny, To Old Virginny's shore. Den
more, Dat you've carried me back to Old Virginny, To Old Virginny's shore.
Chorus
f
Carry me back to Old Virginny, To Old Virginny's shore, Oh,



Angels Meet Me at de Cross-roads

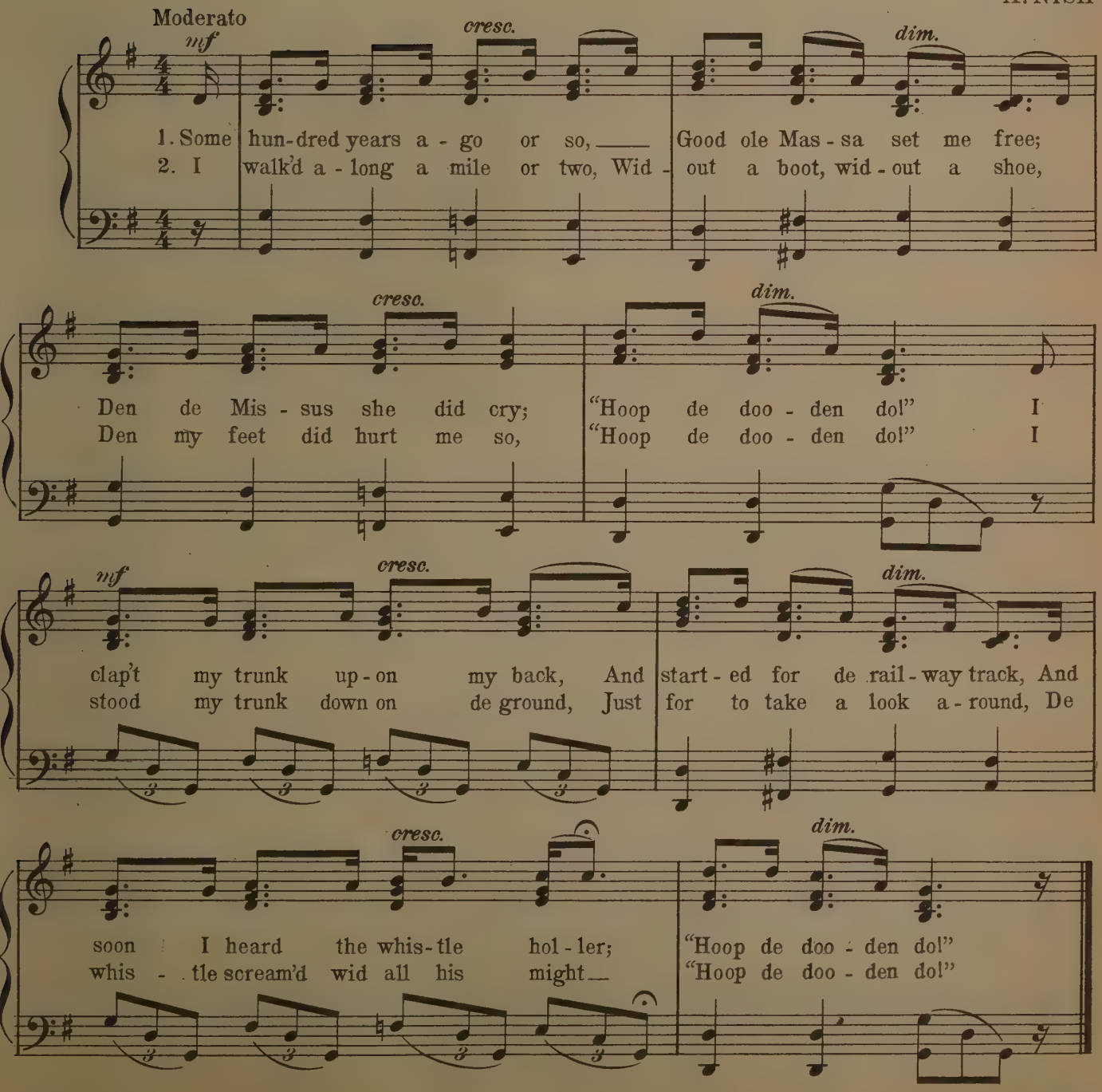
W. S. HAYS


Moderato
mf
1. Come down, Ga - bri - el, blow your horn,
2. I'se lib'd for months an' I'se lib'd for years,
3. Plant my foot on de gold - en rocks,
cresc.
Call me home in de ear - ly morn;
Can't get used to my weep - in' tears;
Put my mon-ey in de mis - sion box; When
Send de char - i - ot down dis way,
Lost my way on de road in sin,
I git dar, an' you hear me call,
Come and haul me home to stay;
Wake up, an - gels, pass me in.
Come on, den, for dar's room for all.
Refrain
f
An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me,
An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me,



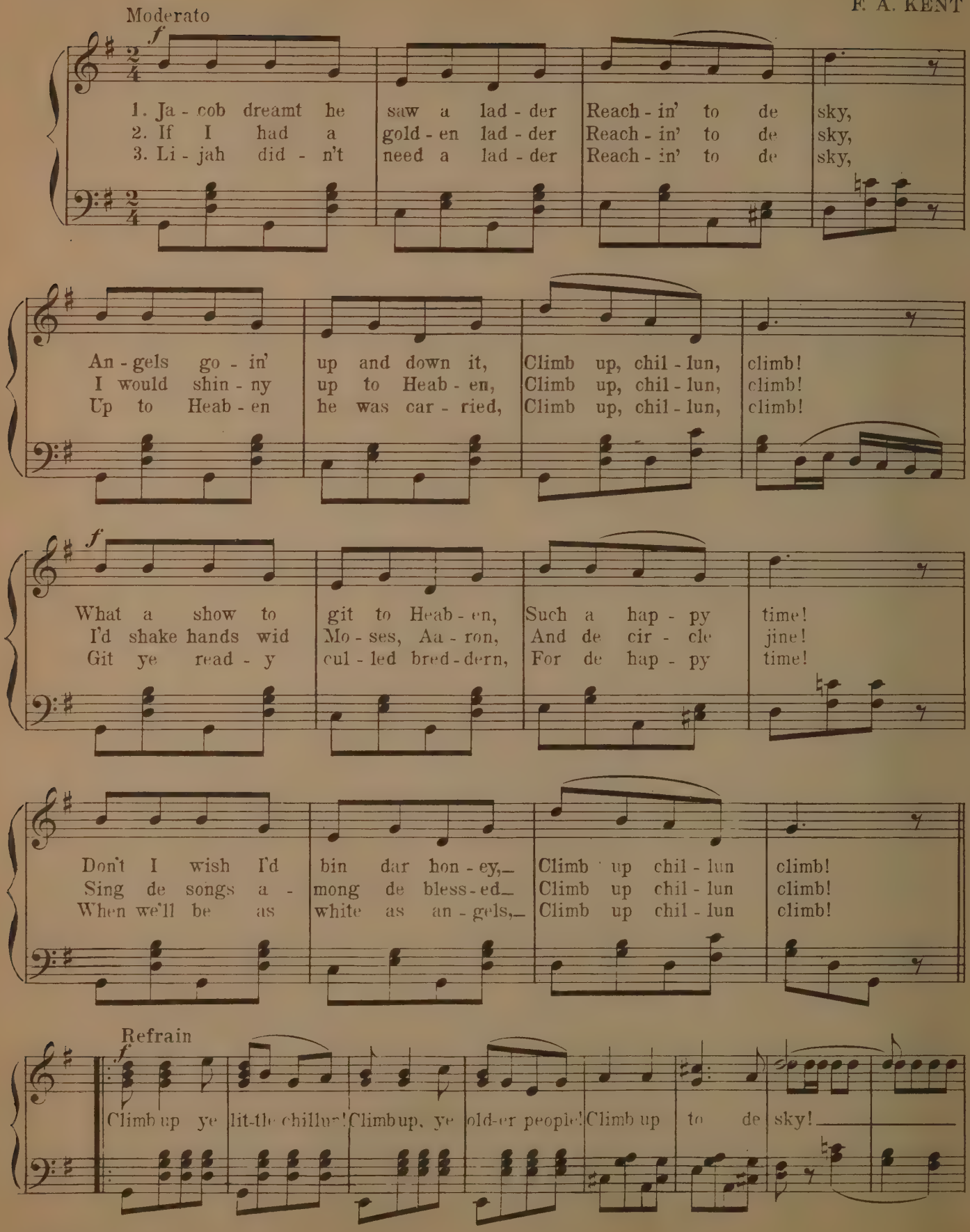
Hoop de Dooden Do

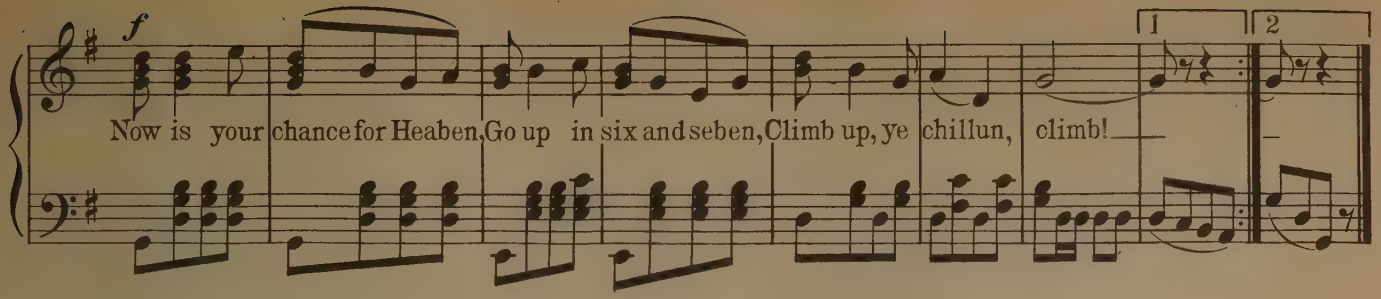
A. NISH


Moderato
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Some hun-dred years a - go or so, Good ole Mas - sa set me free;
2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid - out a boot, wid - out a shoe,
Den de Mis - sus she did cry; "Hoop de doo - den dol" I
Den my feet did hurt me so, "Hoop de doo - den dol" I
mf
clap't my trunk up - on my back, And start - ed for de rail - way track, And
stood my trunk down on de ground, Just for to take a look a - round, De
soon I heard the whis - tle hol - ler; "Hoop de doo - den dol"
whis - tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo - den dol"

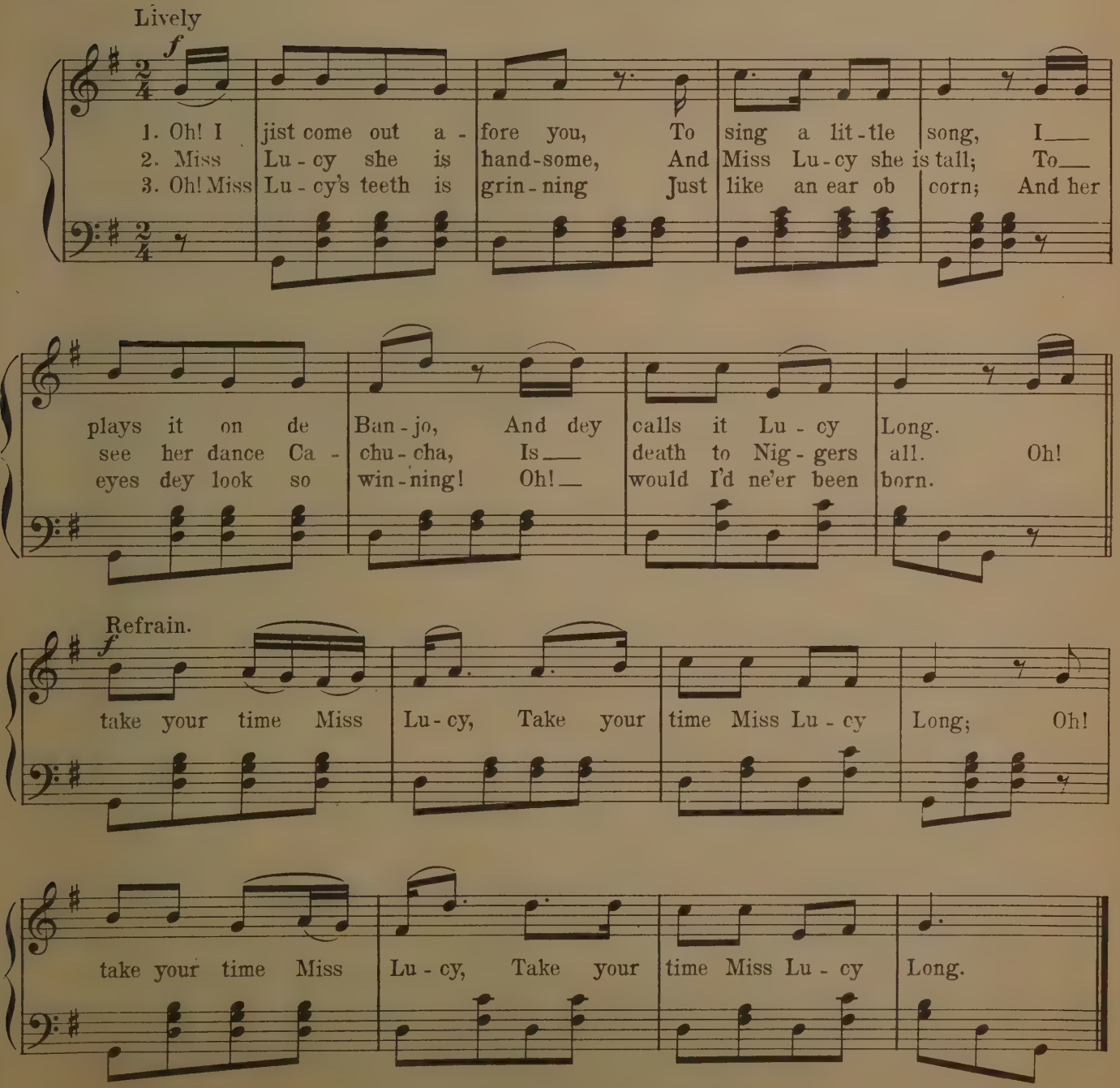
Climb Up, Ye Chillun, Climb!

F. A. KENT


Moderato
f
1. Ja - cob dreamt he saw a lad - der Reach - in' to de sky,
2. If I had a gold - en lad - der Reach - in' to de sky,
3. Li - jah did - n't need a lad - der Reach - in' to de sky,
An - gels go - in' up and down it, Climb up, chil - lun, climb!
I would shin - ny up to Heab - en, Climb up, chil - lun, climb!
Up to Heab - en he was car - ried, Climb up, chil - lun, climb!
f
What a show to git to Heab - en, Such a hap - py time!
I'd shake hands wid Mo - ses, Aa - ron, And de cir - cle jine!
Git ye read - y cul - led bred - dern, For de hap - py time!
Don't I wish I'd bin dar hon - ey,_ Climb up chil - lun climb!
Sing de songs a - mong de bless - ed_ Climb up chil - lun climb!
When we'll be as white as an - gels,_ Climb up chil - lun climb!
Refrain
f
Climb up ye lit-tle chillun! Climb up, ye old-er people! Climb up to de sky!

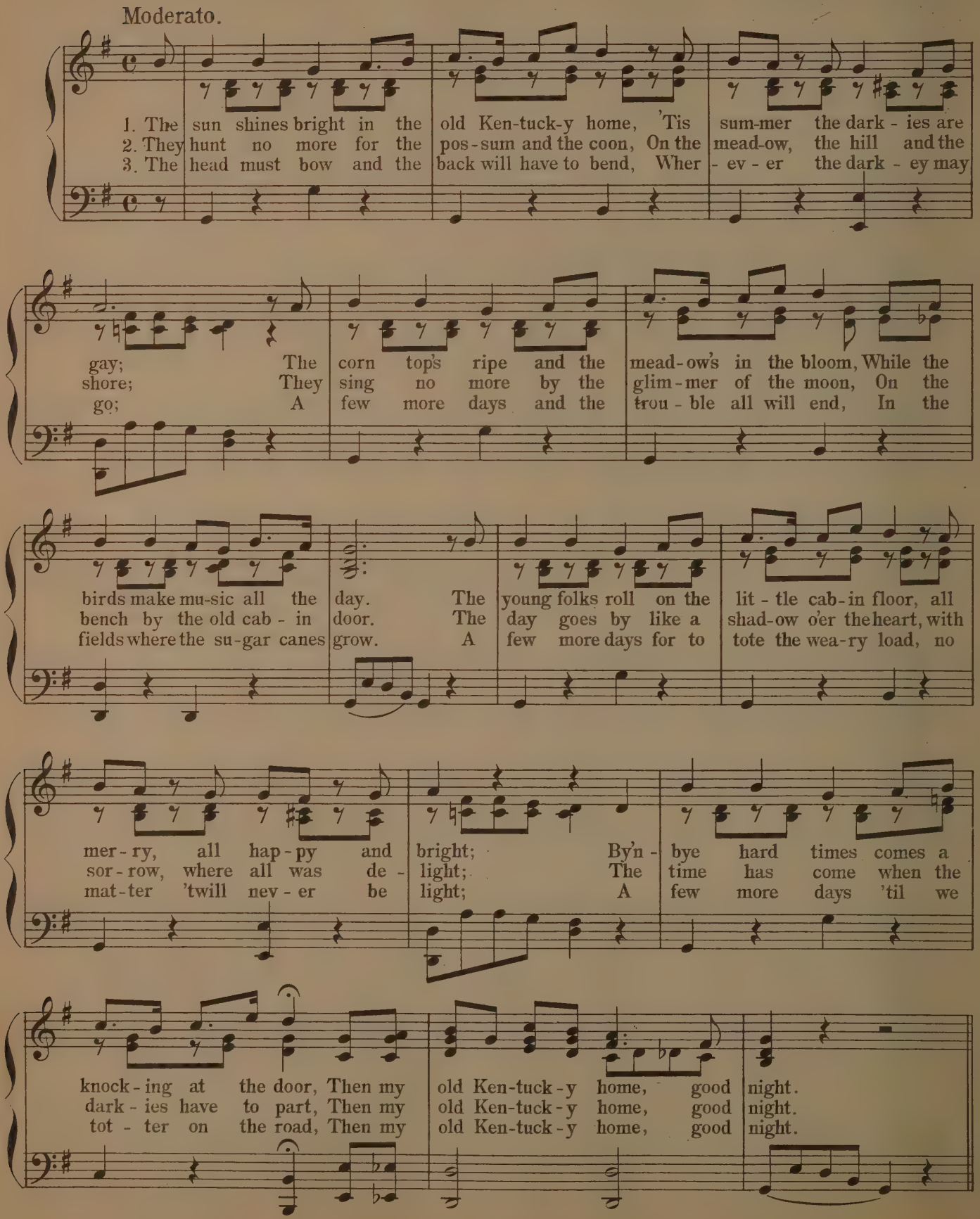

f
1
2
Now is your chance for Heaben, Go up in six and seben, Climb up, ye chillun, climb!

Lucy Long

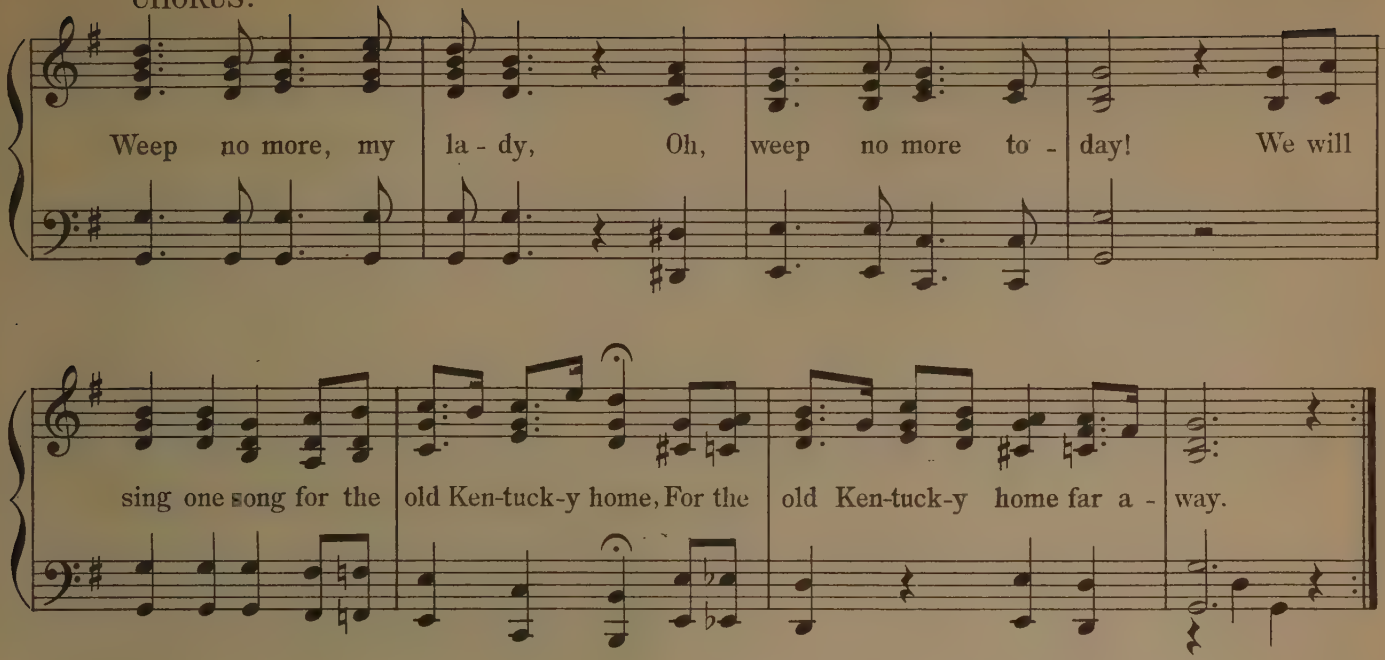

Lively
f
1. Oh! I jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit - tle song, I
2. Miss Lu - cy she is hand - some, And Miss Lu - cy she is tall; To
3. Oh! Miss Lu - cy's teeth is grin - ning Just like an ear ob corn; And her
plays it on de Ban - jo, And dey calls it Lu - cy Long.
see her dance Ca - chu - cha, Is death to Nig - gers all. Oh!
eyes dey look so win - ning! Oh! would I'd ne'er been born.
Refrain.
f
take your time Miss Lu - cy, Take your time Miss Lu - cy Long; Oh!
take your time Miss Lu - cy, Take your time Miss Lu - cy Long.

My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderato.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer the dark - ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - ey may
gay; The corn top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, all
bench by the old cab - in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, with
fields where the su-gar canes grow. A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, no
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n - bye hard times comes a
sor - row, where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat-ter 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days 'til we
knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good night.
dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good night.
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good night.

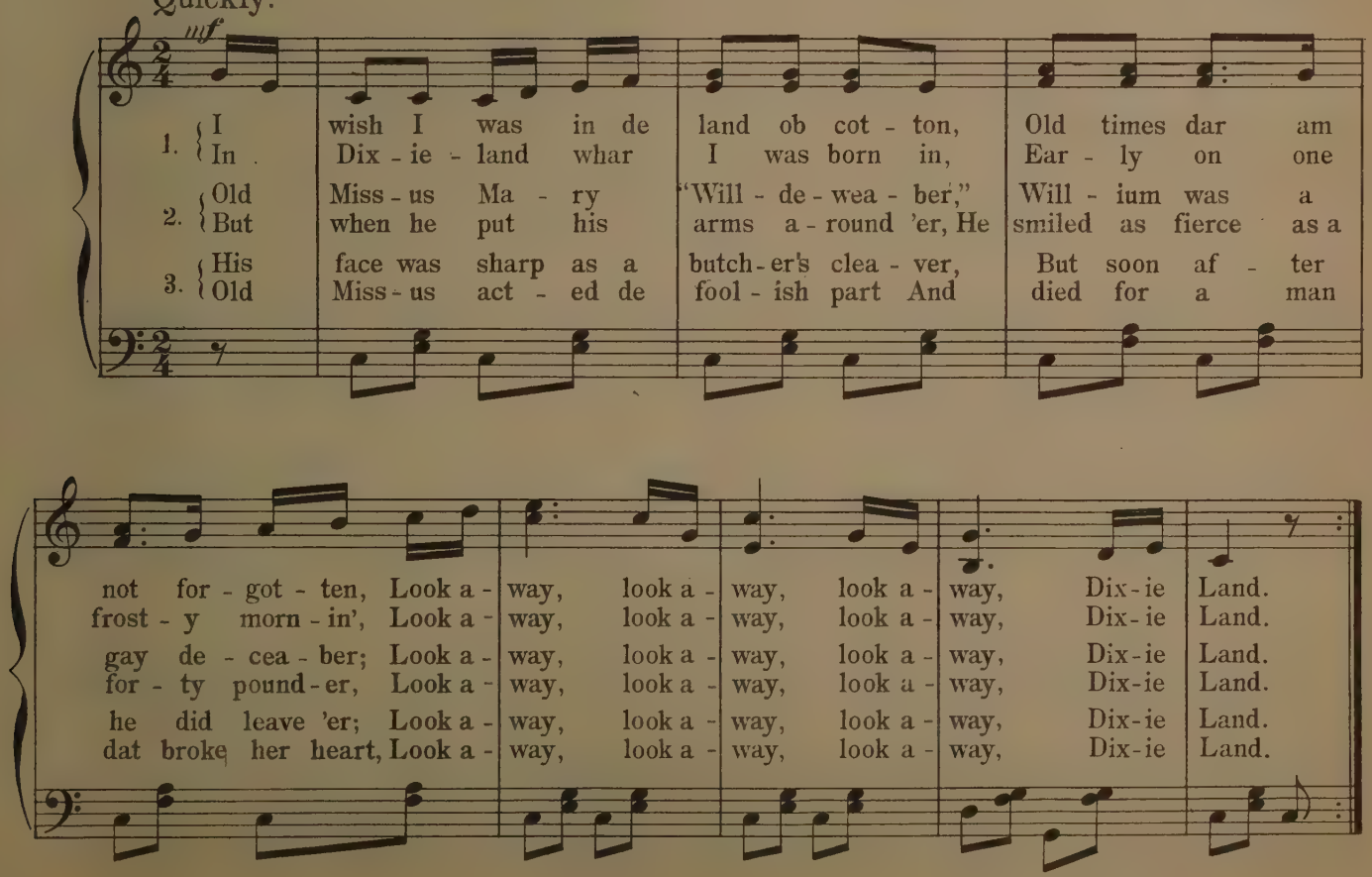
CHORUS.

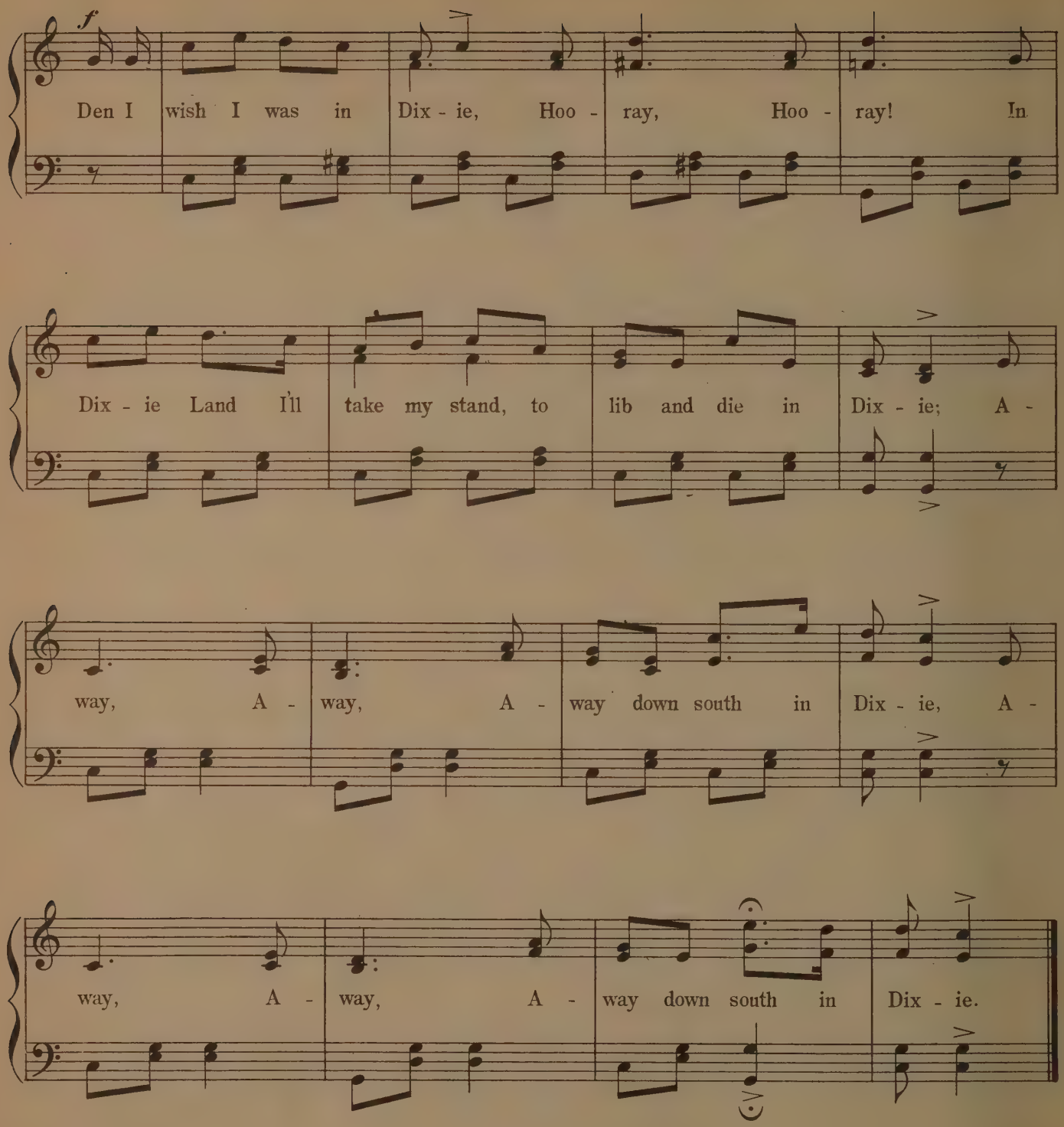


Dixie Land.

DAN EMMET.

Quickly.


mf
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
In Dix - ie - land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
2. Old Miss - us Ma - ry "Will - de - wea - ber," Will - ium was a
But when he put his arms a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a
3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ver, But soon af - ter
Old Miss - us act - ed de fool - ish part And died for a man
not for - got - ten, Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
frost - y morn - in', Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
gay de - cea - ber; Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
for - ty pound - er, Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
he did leave 'er; Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
dat broke her heart, Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.

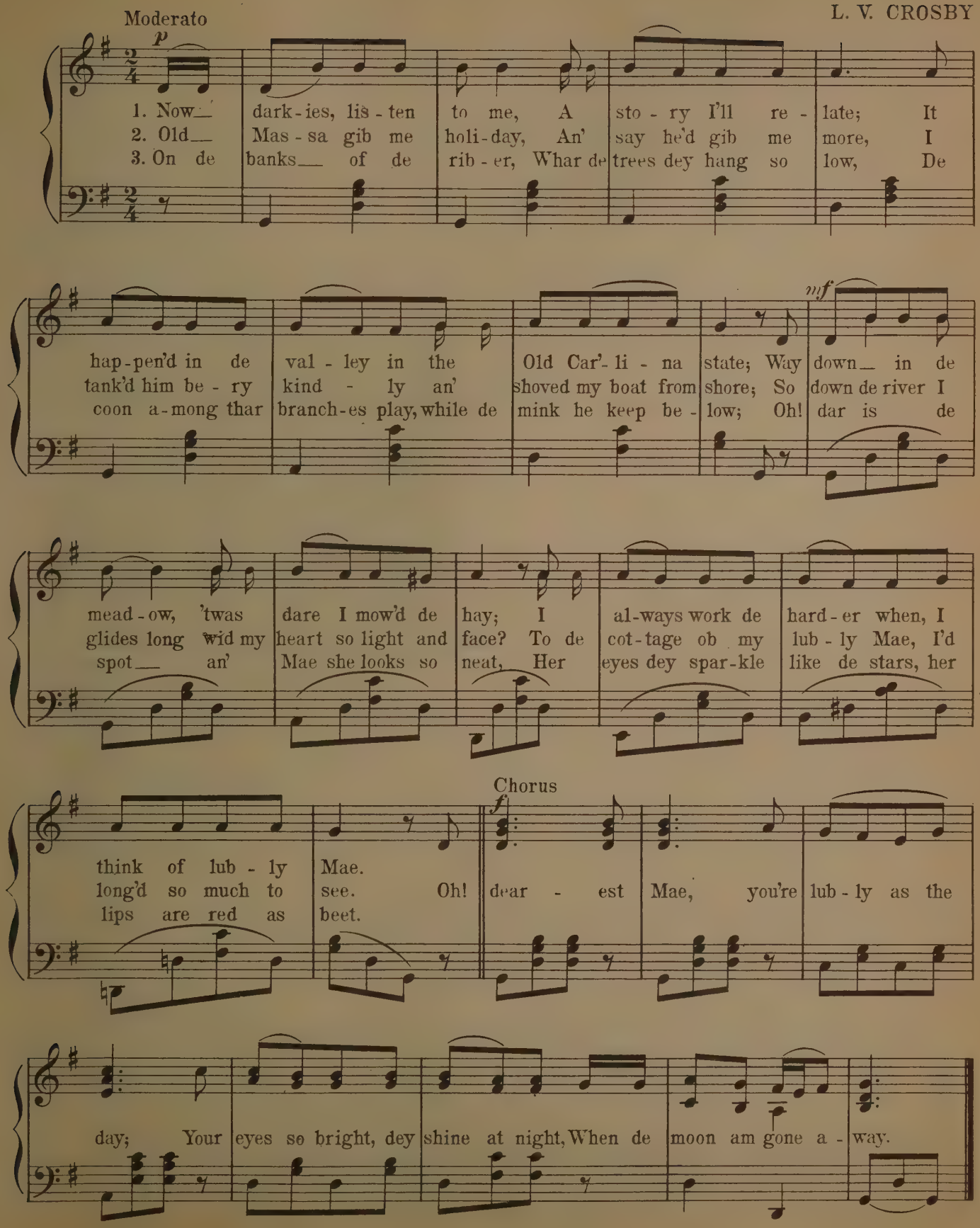

f
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray, Hoo - ray! In
Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie; A -
way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -
way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow
Look away! etc.

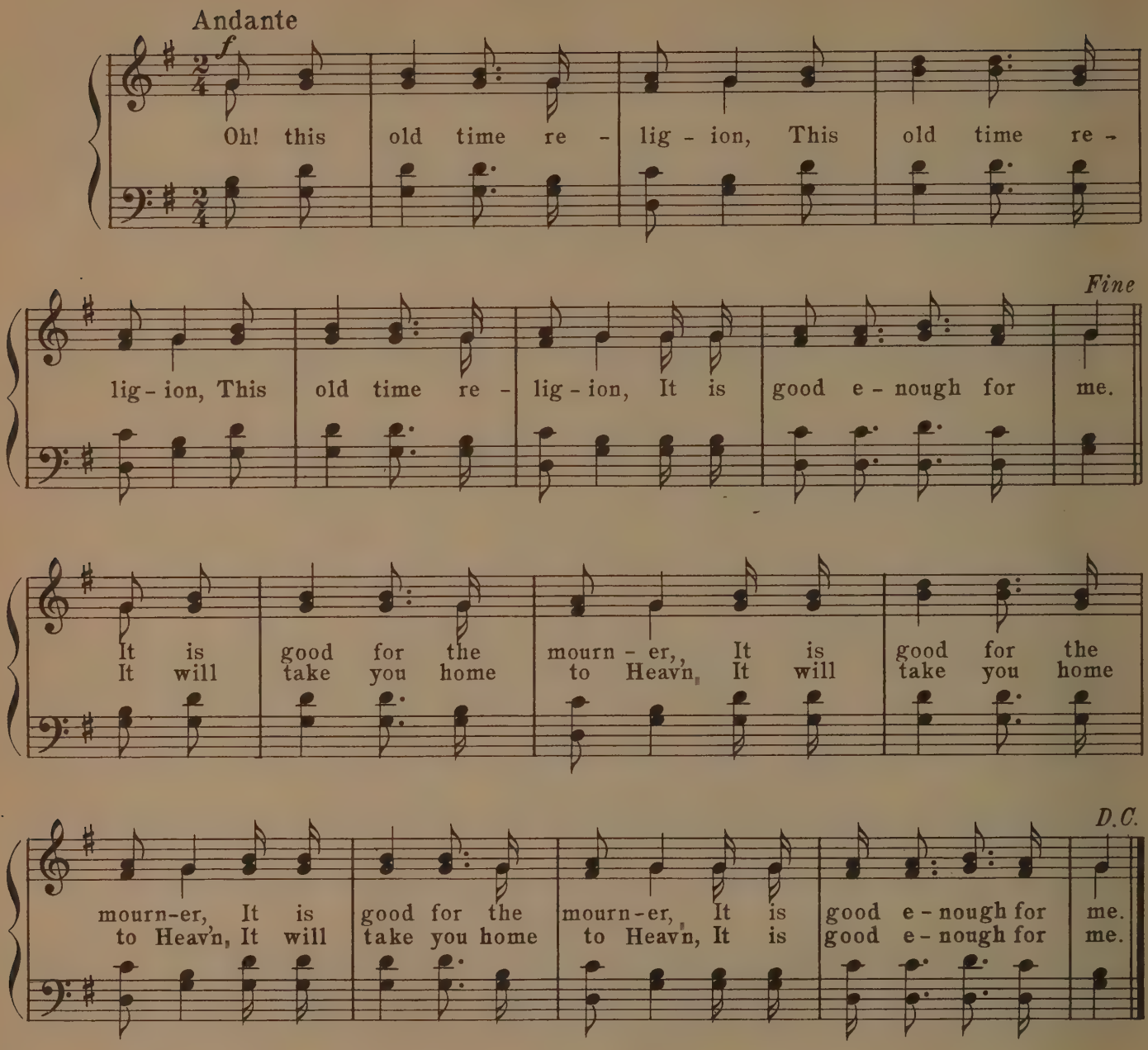
5. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch you grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

Dearest Mae

L. V. CROSBY

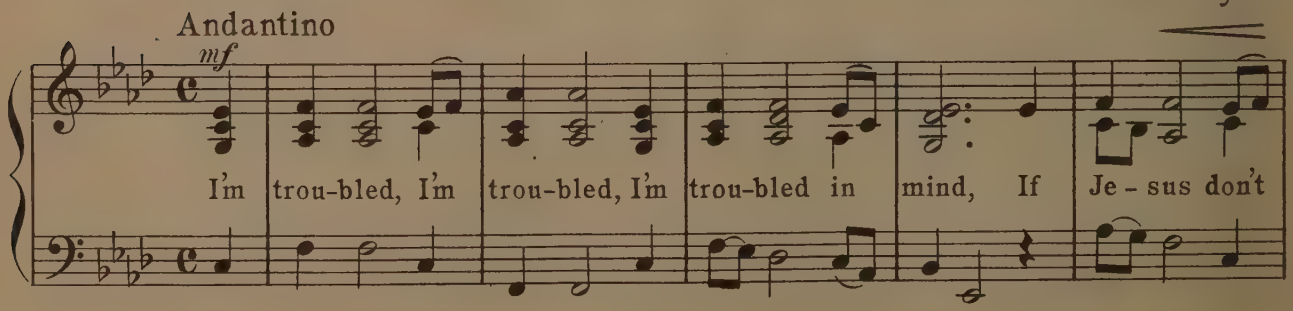

Moderato
p
1. Now dark-ies, lis-ten to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It
2. Old Mas-sa gib me holi-day, An' say he'd gib me more, I
3. On de banks of de rib-er, Whar de trees dey hang so low, De
hap-pen'd in de val-ley in the Old Car'-li-na state; Way down in de
tank'd him be-ry kind-ly an' shoved my boat from shore; So down de river I
coon a-mong thar branch-es play, while de mink he keep be-low; Oh! dar is de
mf
mead-ow, 'twas dare I mow'd de hay; I al-ways work de hard-er when, I
glides long wid my heart so light and face? To de cot-tage ob my lub-ly Mae, I'd
spot an' Mae she looks so neat, Her eyes dey spar-kle like de stars, her
Chorus
f
think of lub-ly Mae.
long'd so much to see. Oh! dear-est Mae, you're lub-ly as the
lips are red as beet.
day; Your eyes so bright, dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a-way.

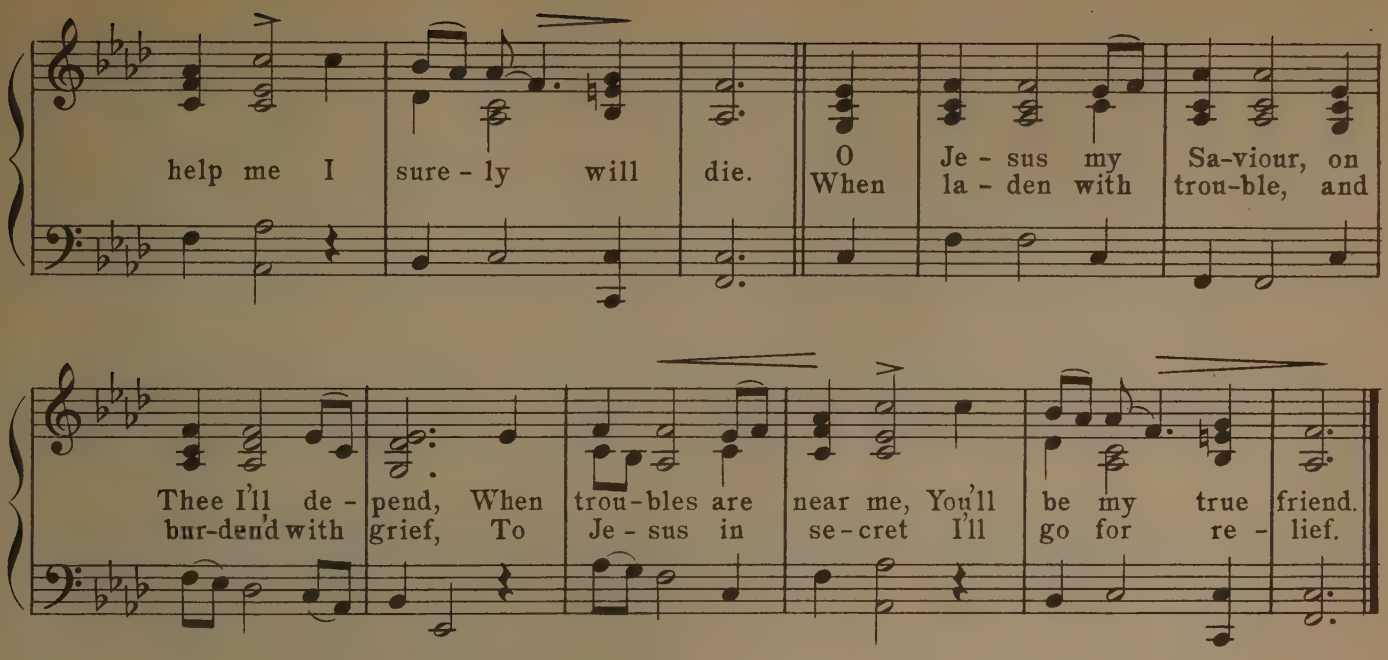
This Old Time Religion


Andante
f
Oh! this old time re - lig - ion, This old time re -
lig - ion, This old time re - lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.
Fine
It is good for the mourn - er, It is good for the
It will take you home to Heav'n, It will take you home
mourn - er, It is good for the mourn - er, It is good e - nough for me.
to Heav'n, It will take you home to Heav'n, It is good e - nough for me.
D.C.

I'm Troubled In Mind

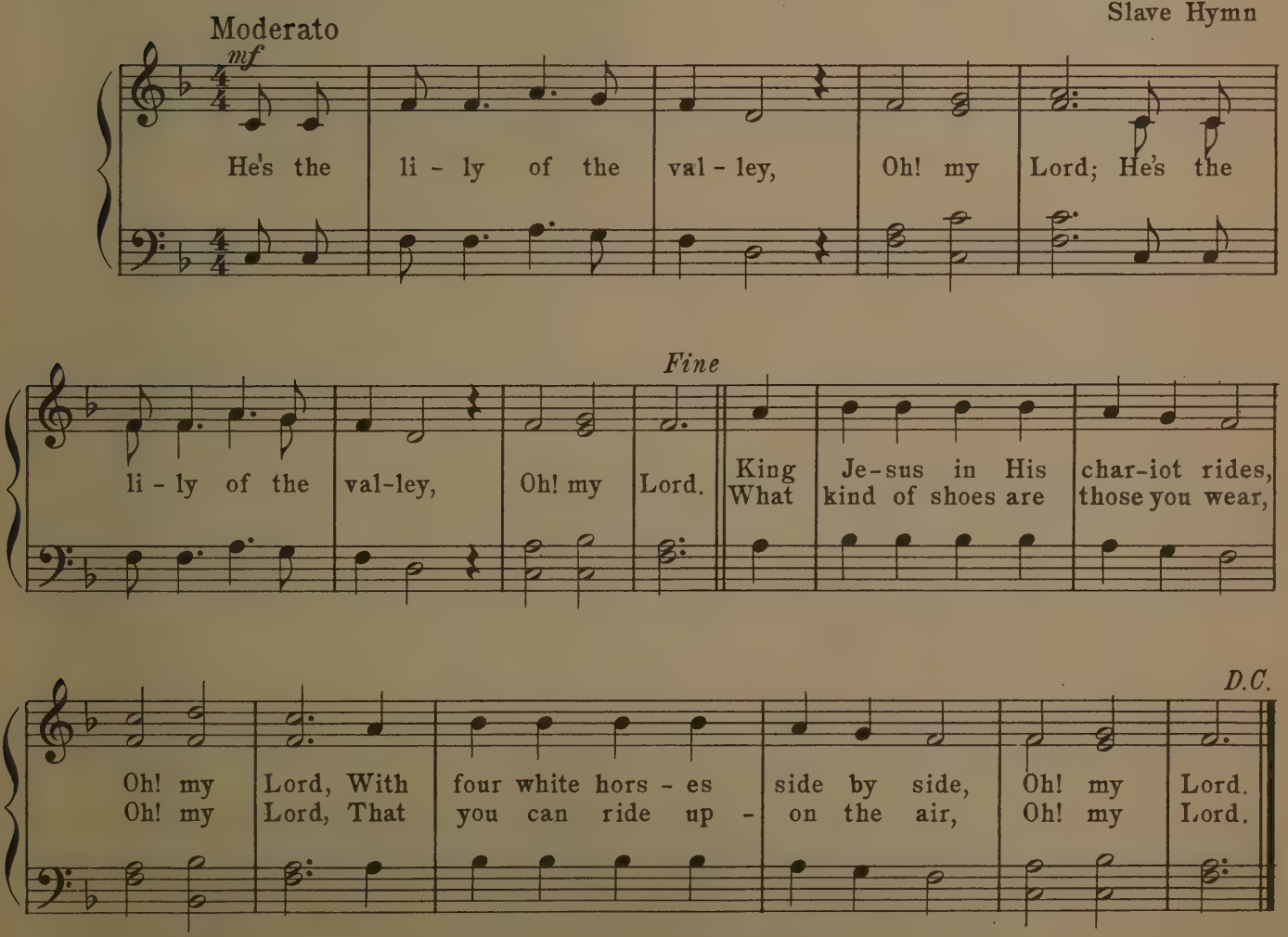
Slave Hymn



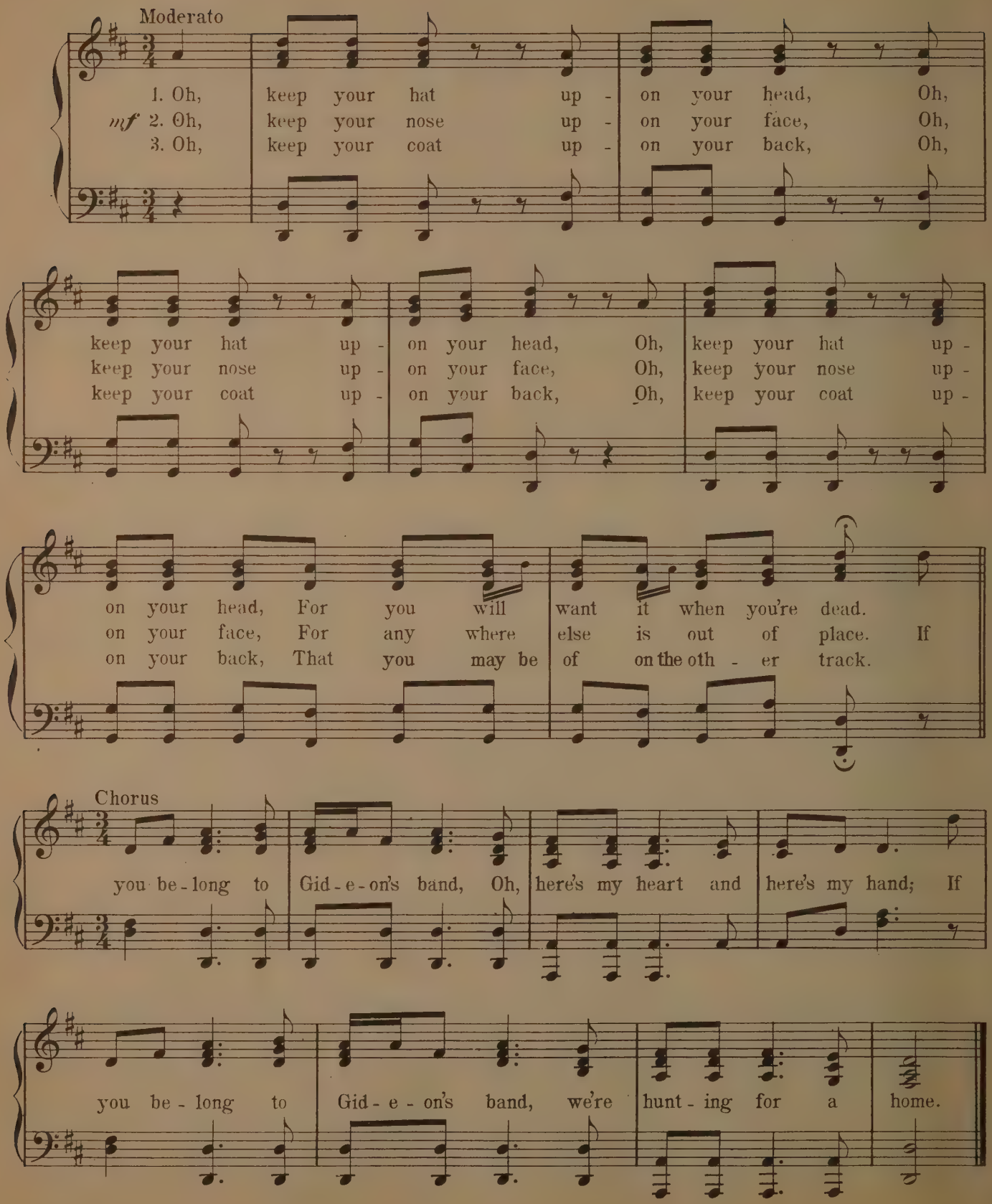

help me I sure - ly will die.
O Je - sus my Sa-viour, on
When la - den with trou-ble, and
Thee I'll de - pend, When trou-bles are near me, You'll be my true friend.
bur-den'd with grief, To Je - sus in se-cret I'll go for re - lief.

He's The Lily Of The Valley

Slave Hymn

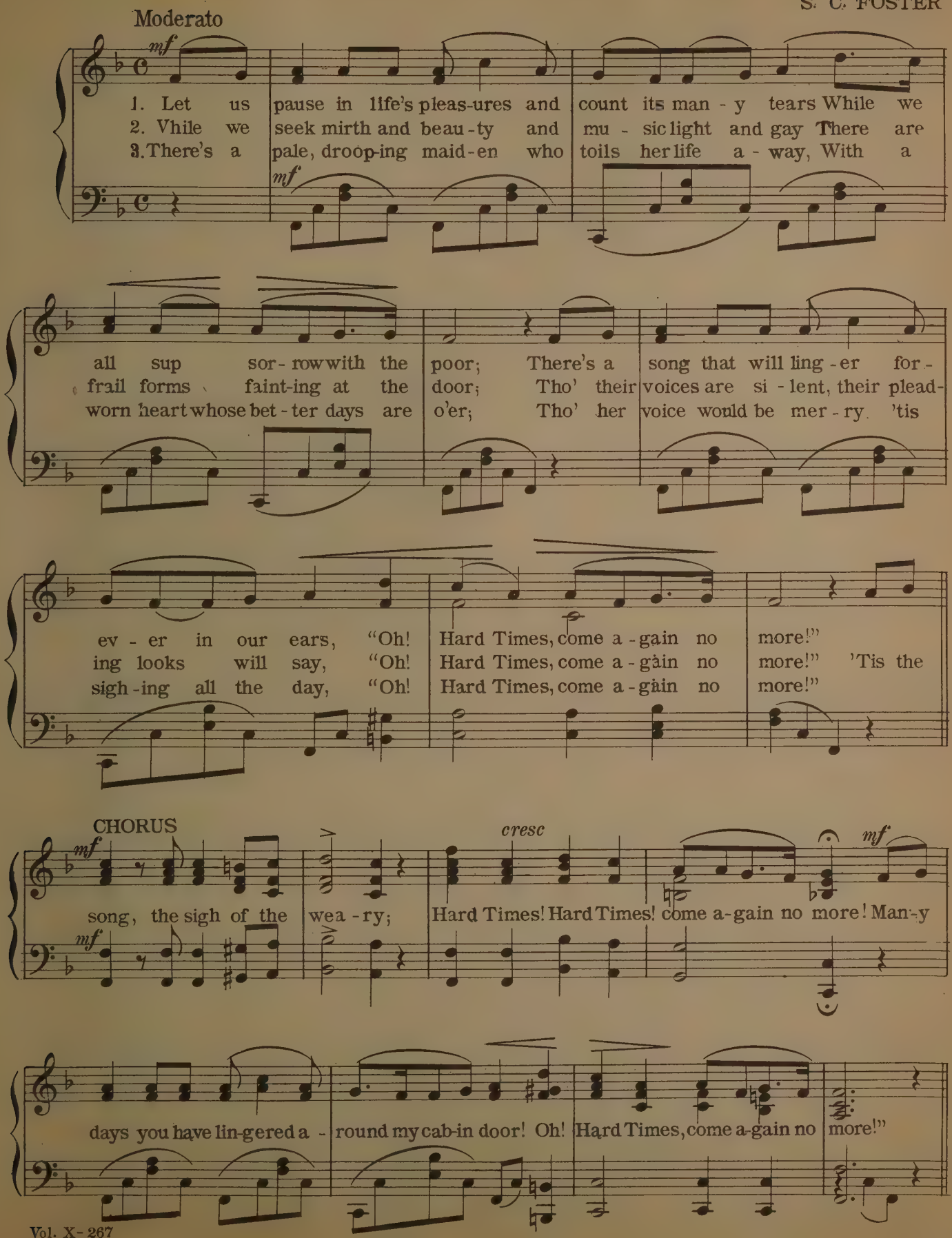

Moderato
mf
He's the li - ly of the val - ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the
Fine
li - ly of the val-ley, Oh! my Lord.
King Je-sus in His char-iot rides,
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
D.C.
Oh! my Lord, With four white hors - es side by side, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord, That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord.

Gideon's Band

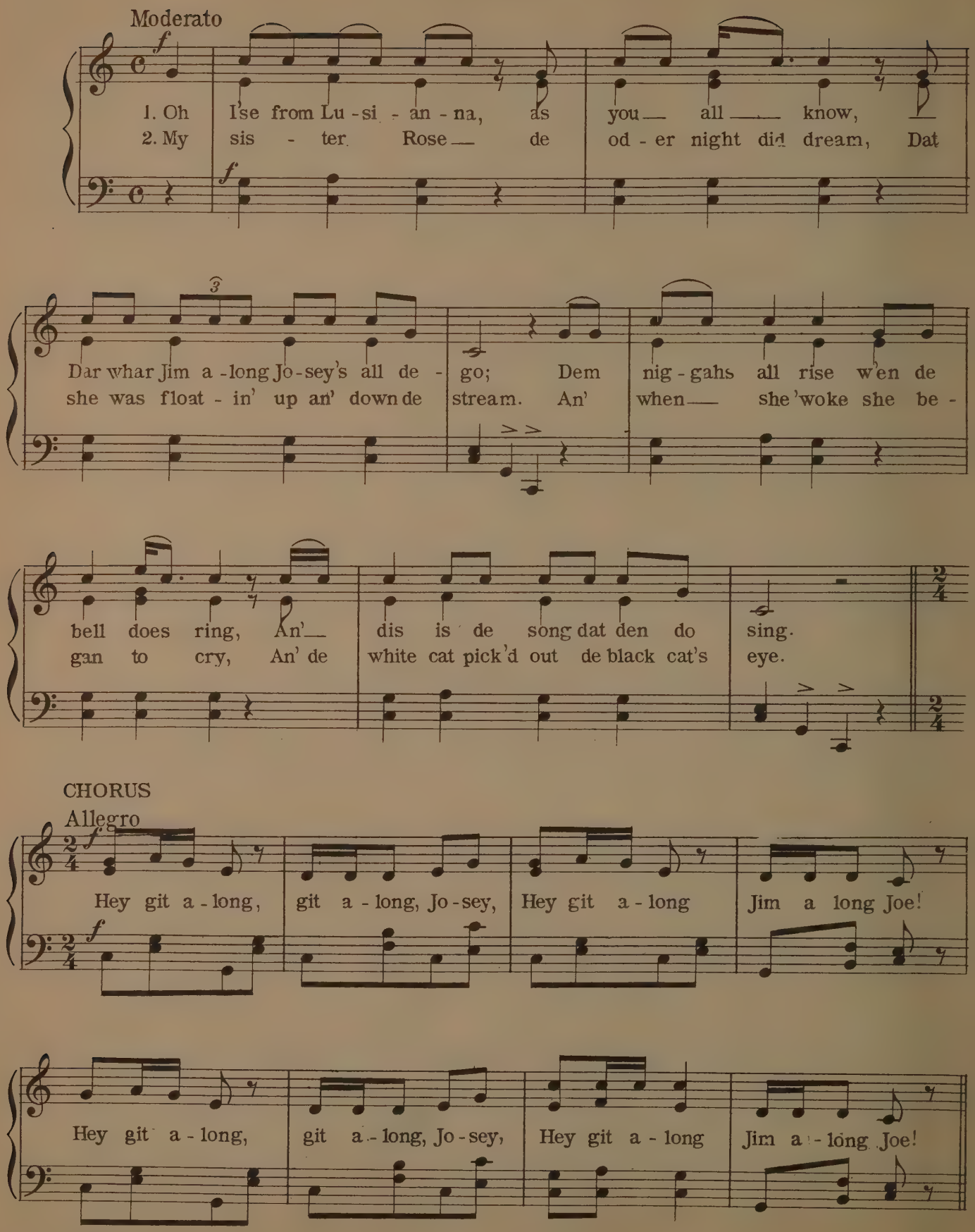

Moderato
1. Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh,
mf 2. Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh,
3. Oh, keep your coat up - on your back, Oh,
keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up -
keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up -
keep your coat up - on your back, Oh, keep your coat up -
on your head, For you will want it when you're dead.
on your face, For any where else is out of place. If
on your back, That you may be of on the oth - er track.
Chorus
you be - long to Gid - e - on's band, Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand; If
you be - long to Gid - e - on's band, we're hunt - ing for a home.

Hard Times Come Again No More

S. C. FOSTER

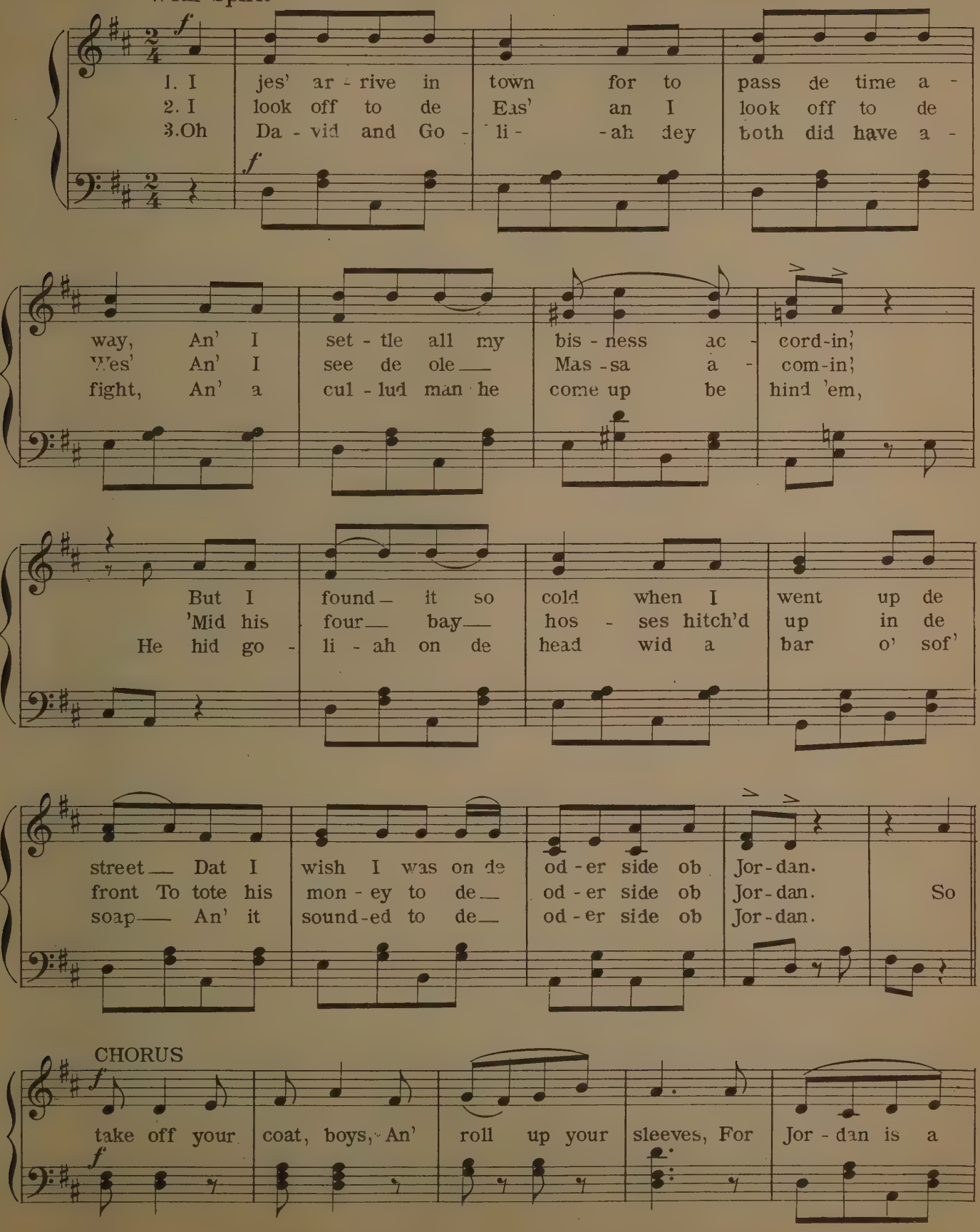

Moderato
mf
1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures and count its man - y tears While we
2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic light and gay There are
3. There's a pale, droop-ing maid-en who toils her life a - way, With a
mf
all sup sor - row with the poor; There's a song that will ling - er for -
frail forms faint-ing at the door; Tho' their voices are si - lent, their plead-
worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be mer - ry. 'tis
ev - er in our ears, "Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more!"
ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more!" 'Tis the
sigh - ing all the day, "Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more!"
CHORUS
mf
cresc
mf
song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times! Hard Times! come a-gain no more! Man-y
days you have lin-gered a - round my cab-in door! Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more!"

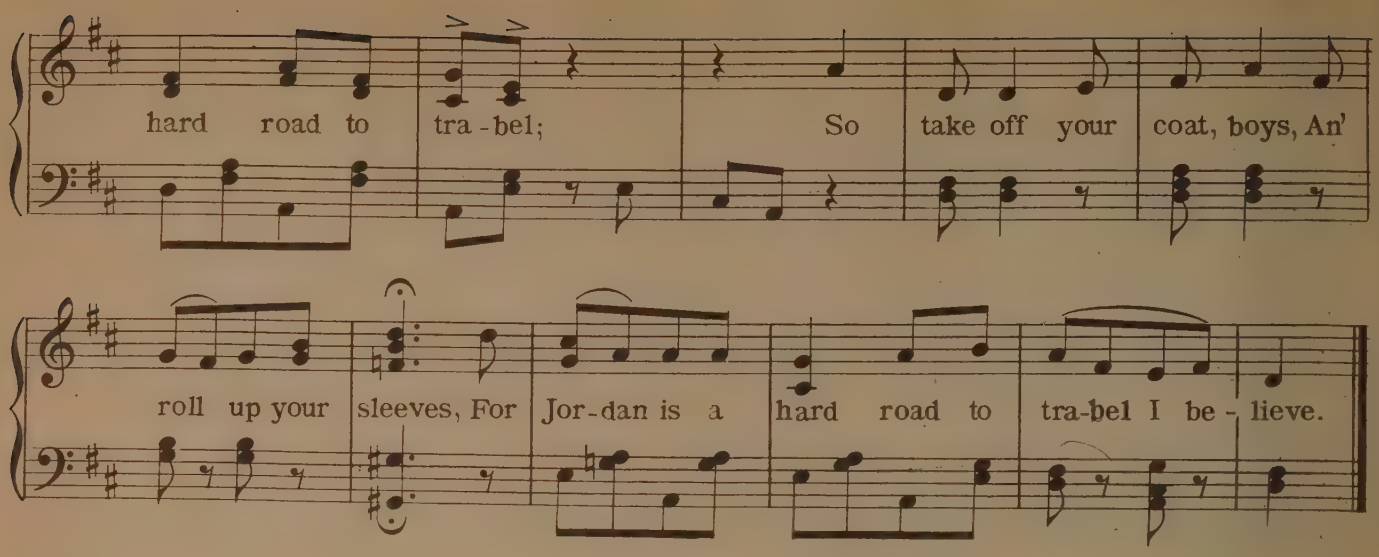
Jim Along Josey


Moderato
f
1. Oh I'se from Lu - si - an - na, as you all know,
2. My sis - ter Rose de od - er night did dream, Dat
Dar whar Jim a - long Jo - sey's all de - go; Dem nig - gahs all rise w'en de bell does ring, An' dis is de song dat den do sing.
she was float - in' up an' down de stream. An' when she 'woke she be - gan to cry, An' de white cat pick'd out de black cat's eye.
CHORUS
Allegro
Hey git a - long, git a - long, Jo - sey, Hey git a - long Jim a long Joe!
Hey git a - long, git a - long, Jo - sey, Hey git a - long Jim a - long Joe!

Jordan Is A Hard Road To Trabel

With Spirit

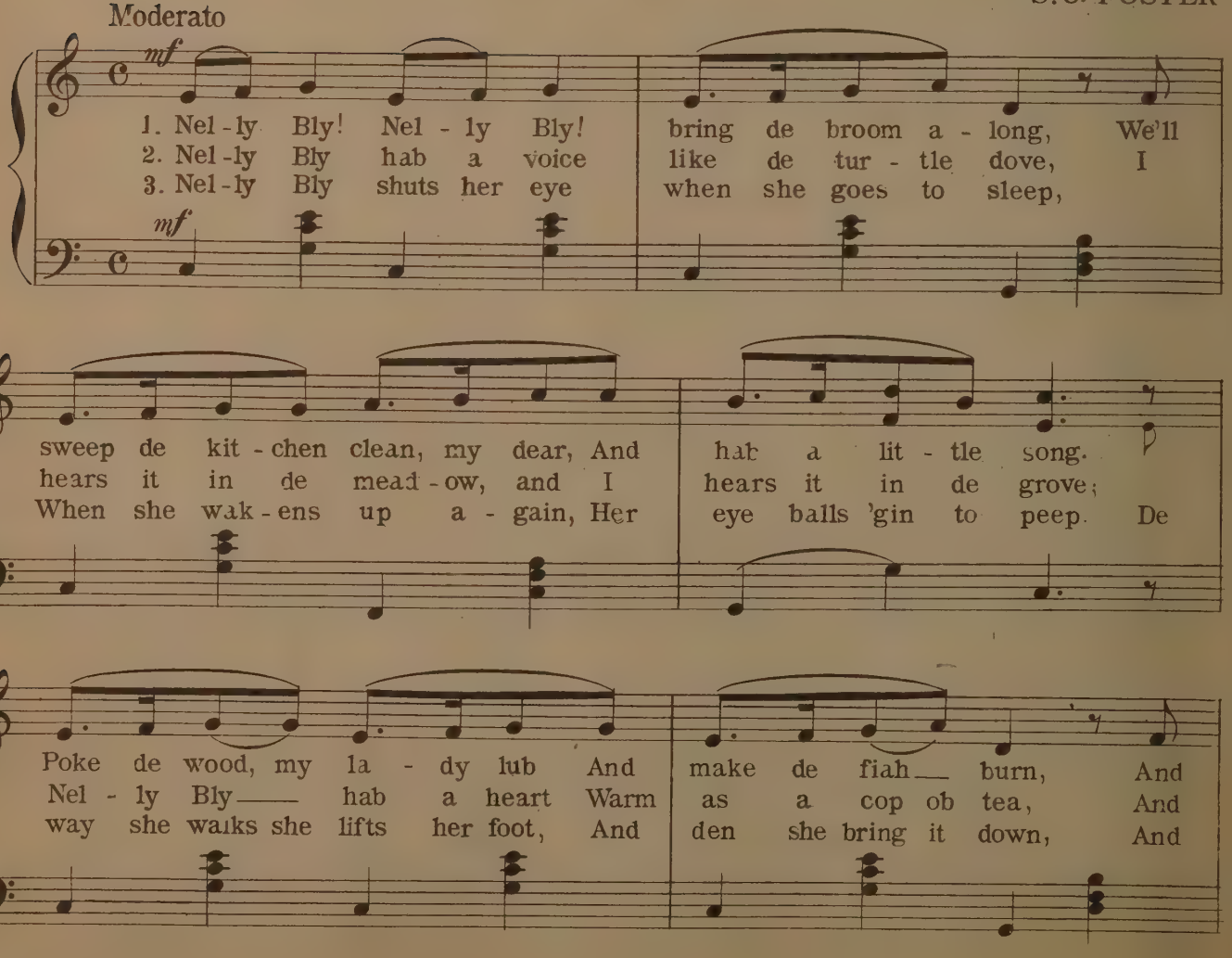

1. I jes' ar - rive in town for to pass de time a -
2. I look off to de Eas' an I look off to de
3.Oh Da - vid and Go - li - ah dey both did have a -
way, An' I set - tle all my bis - ness ac - cord-in;
Wes' An' I see de ole Mas - sa a - com-in;
fight, An' a cul - lud man he come up be hind 'em,
But I found it so cold when I went up de
'Mid his four bay hos - ses hitch'd up in de
He hid go - li - ah on de head wid a bar o' sof'
street Dat I wish I was on de od - er side ob Jor - dan.
front To tote his mon - ey to de od - er side ob Jor - dan. So
soap An' it sound-ed to de od - er side ob Jor - dan.
CHORUS
take off your coat, boys, An' roll up your sleeves, For Jor - dan is a

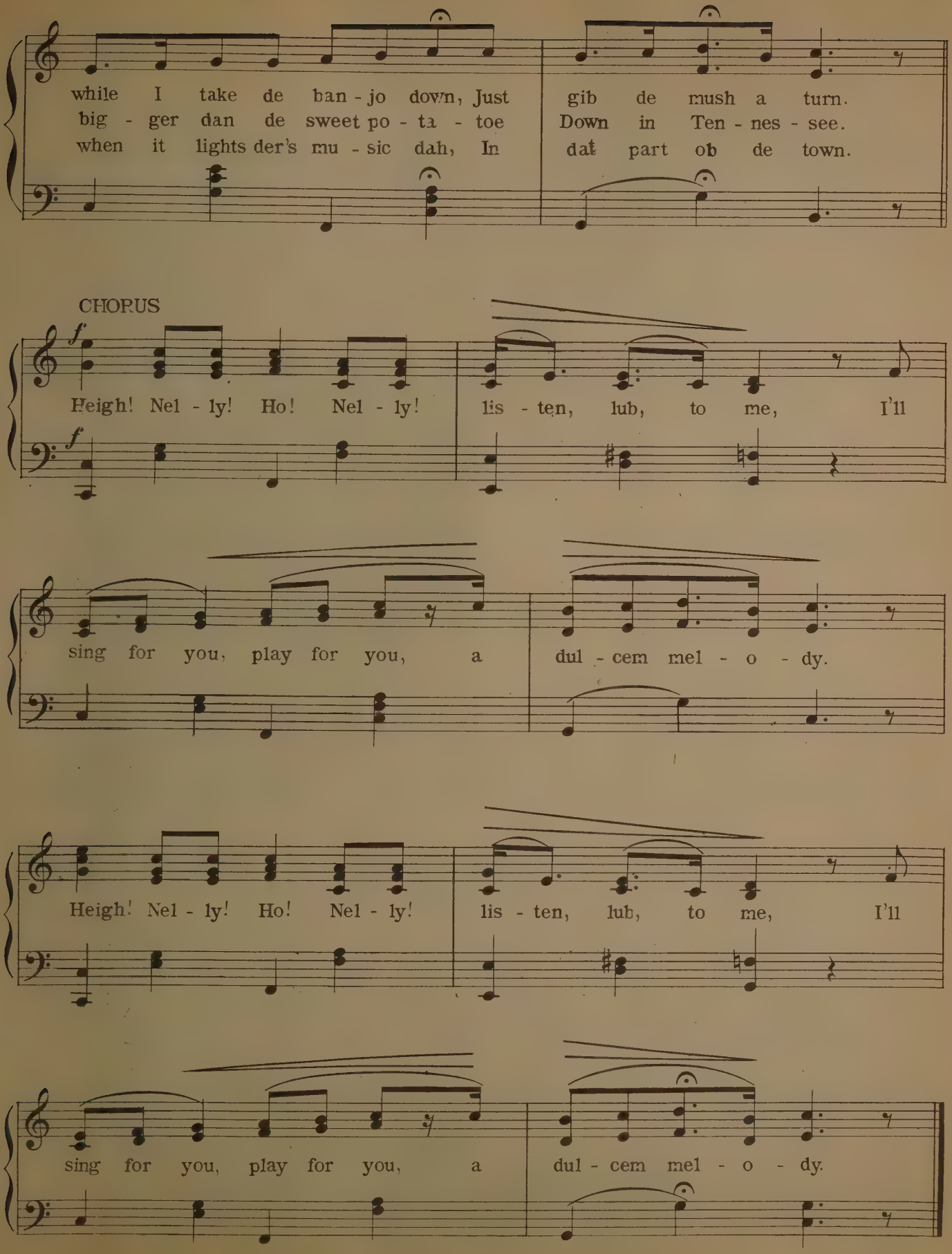


Nelly Bly

S.C. FOSTER

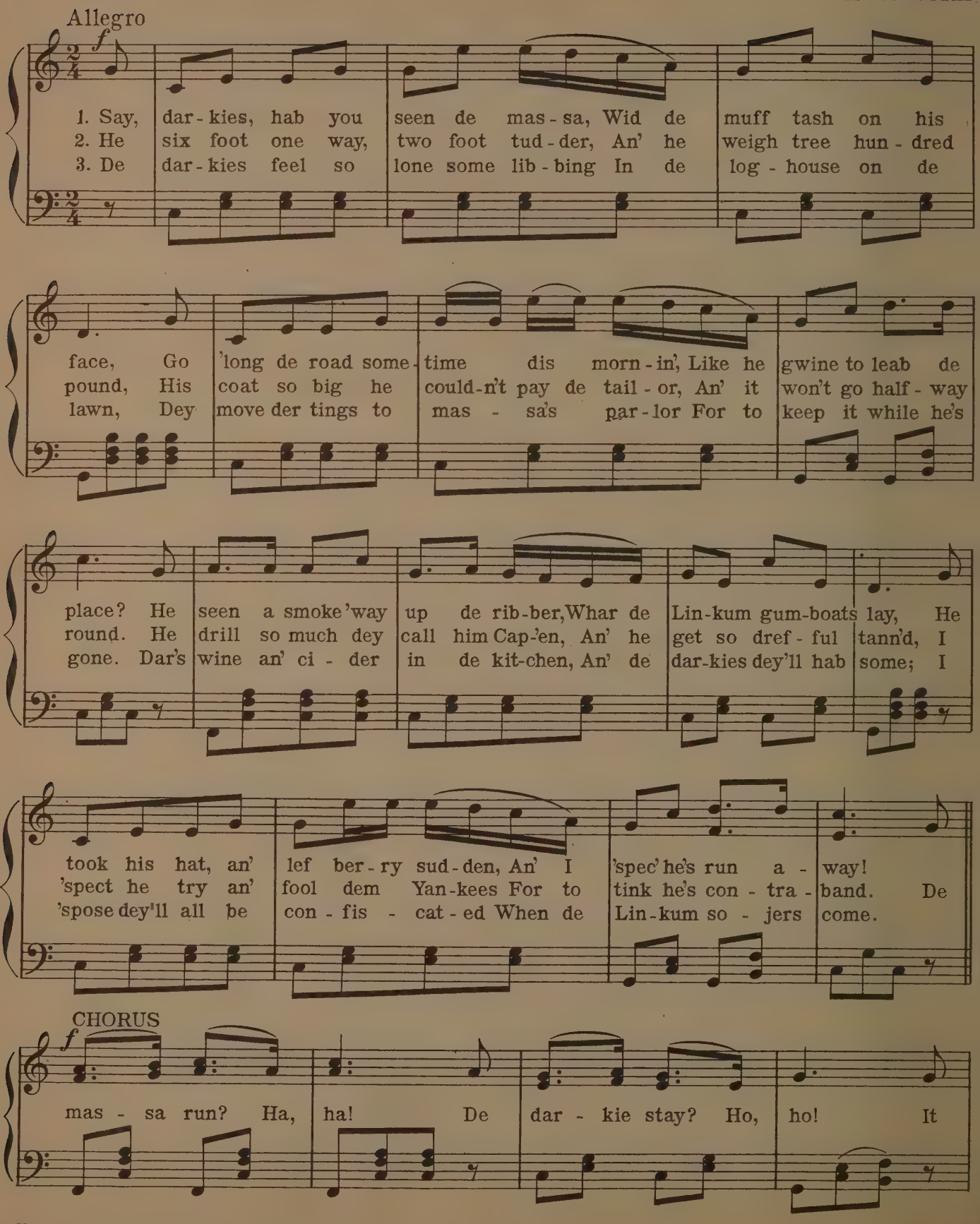
Moderato

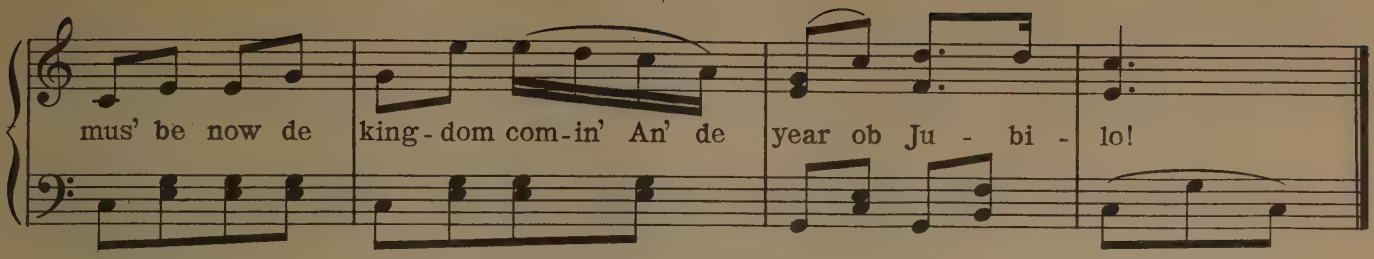

mf
1. Nel-ly Bly! Nel-ly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll
2. Nel-ly Bly hab a voice like de tur-tle dove, I
3. Nel-ly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
sweep de kit-chen clean, my dear, And hab a lit-tle song.
hears it in de mead-ow, and I hears it in de grove;
When she wak-ens up a-gain, Her eye balls 'gin to peep. De
Poke de wood, my la-dy lub And make de fiah burn, And
Nel-ly Bly hab a heart Warm as a cop ob tea, And
way she walks she lifts her foot, And den she bring it down, And


while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
big - ger dan de sweet po - ta - toe Down in Ten - nes - see.
when it lights der's mu - sic dah, In dat part ob de town.
CHORUS
f
Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll
sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.
Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll
sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

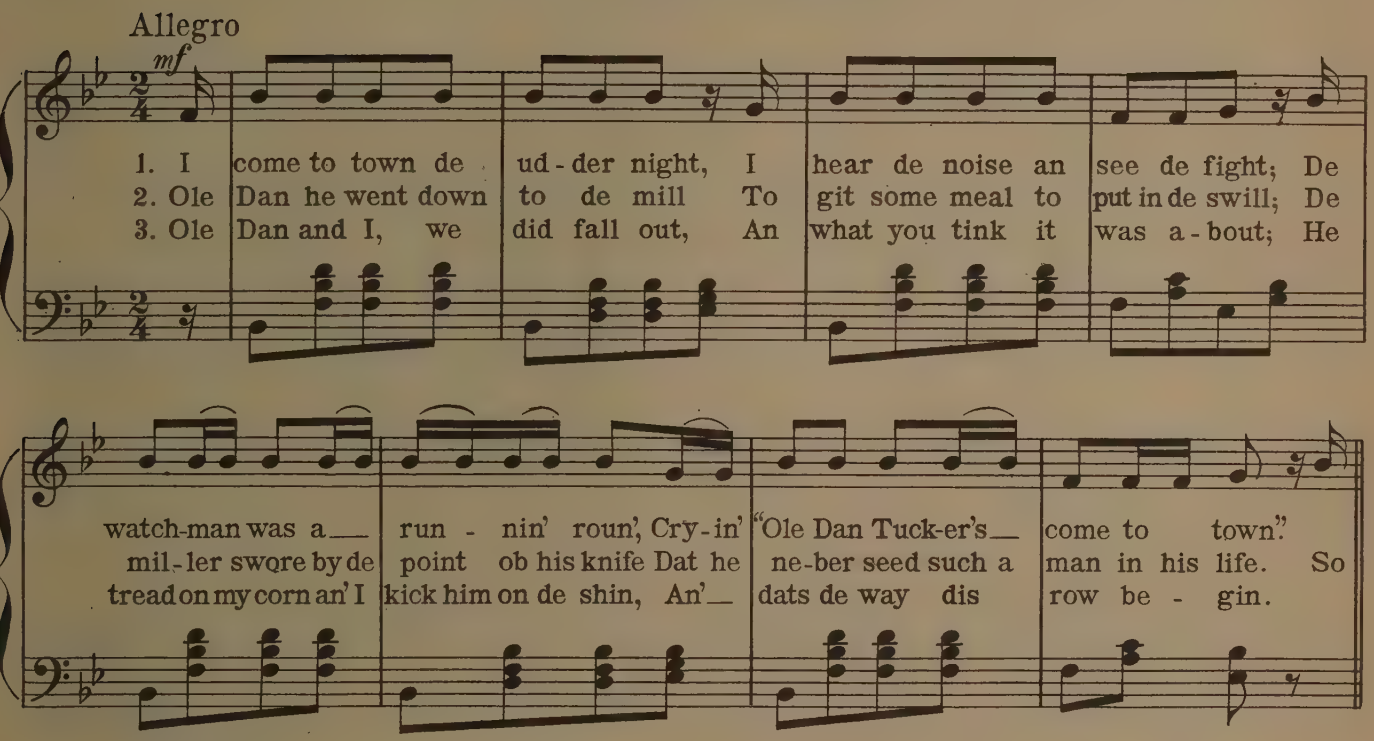
Kingdom Coming

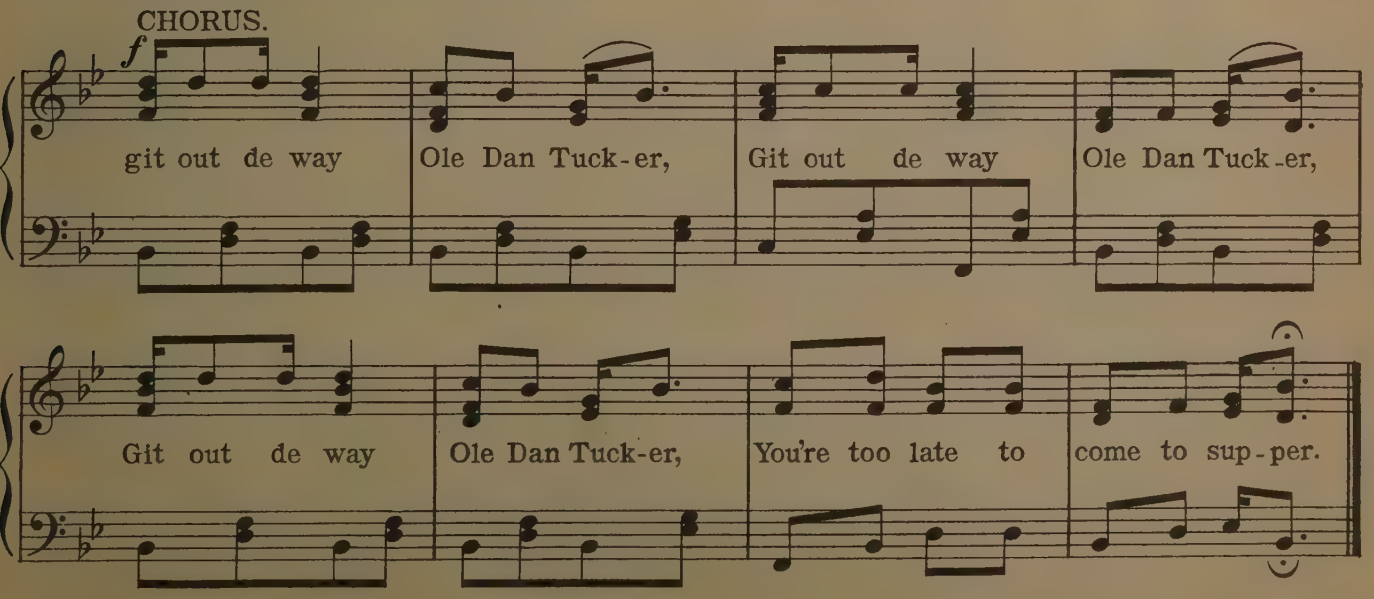
H. C. WORK


Allegro
f
1. Say, dar-kies, hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff tash on his
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred
3. De dar-kies feel so lone some lib-bing In de log-house on de
face, Go 'long de road some-time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de
pound, His coat so big he could-n't pay de tail-or, An' it won't go half-way
lawn, Dey move der tings to mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he's
place? He seen a smoke 'way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gum-boats lay, He
round. He drill so much dey call him Cap-'en, An' he get so dref-ful tann'd, I
gone. Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kit-chen, An' de dar-kies dey'll hab some; I
took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I 'spec' he's run a-way!
'spect he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band. De
'spose dey'll all be con-fis-cat-ed When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
CHORUS
f
mas-sa run? Ha, ha! De dar-kie stay? Ho, ho! It



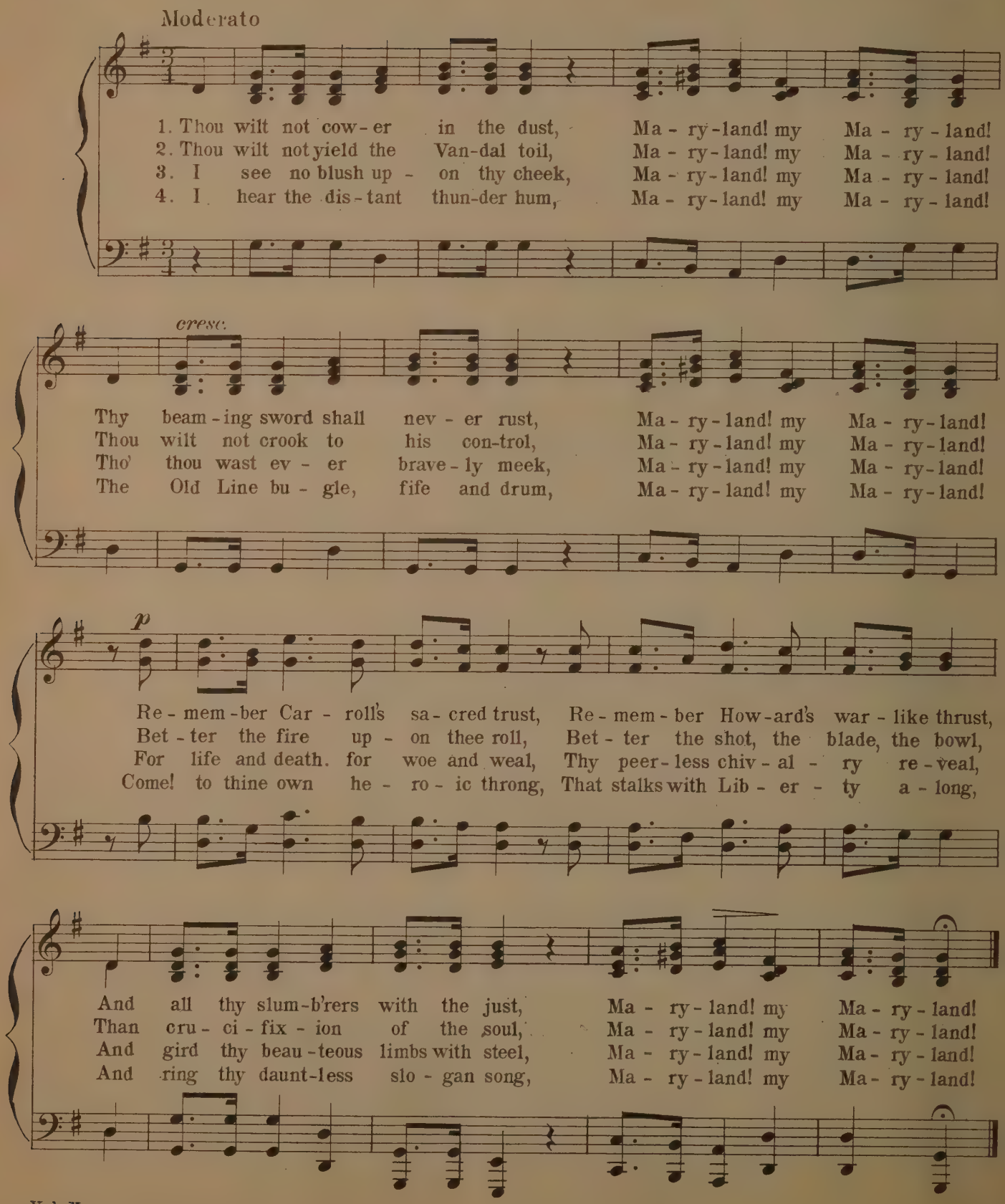
Ole Dan Tucker


Allegro
mf
1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise an see de fight; De
2. Ole Dan he went down to de mill To git some meal to put in de swill; De
3. Ole Dan and I, we did fall out, An what you tink it was a-bout; He
watch-man was a run - nin' roun', Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tuck-er's come to town".
mil-ler swore by de point ob his knife Dat he ne-ber seed such a man in his life. So
tread on my corn an' I kick him on de shin, An' dats de way dis row be - gin.


CHORUS.
f
git out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, Git out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er,
Git out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup-per.

Maryland! My Maryland!

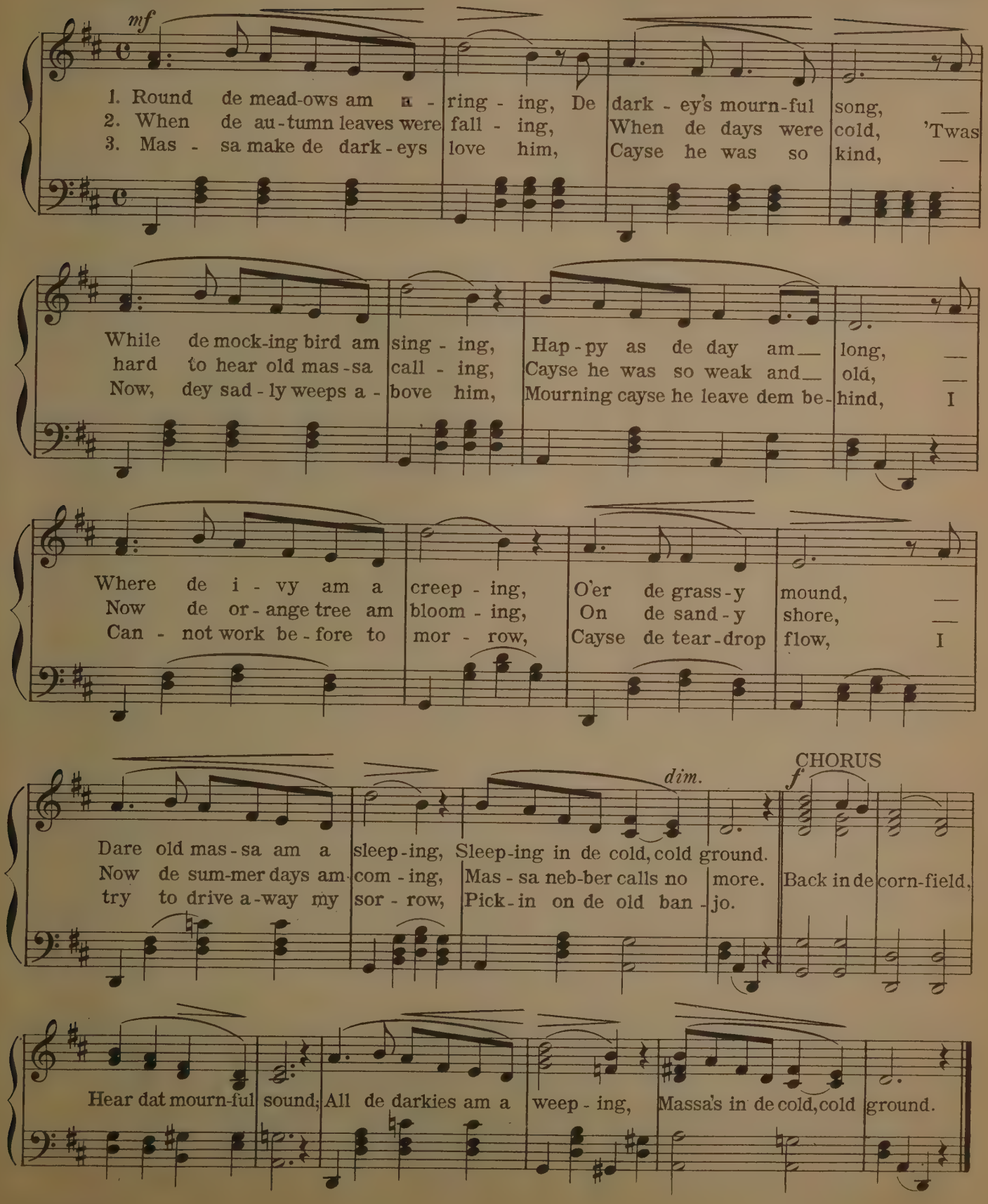
JAMES R. RANDALL

Melody, "O Tannenbaum"

Moderato
1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toil, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis-tant thun-der hum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!
cresc.
Thy beam-ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
Tho' thou wast ev - er brave-ly meek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
p
Re-mem-ber Car - roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's war - like thrust,
Bet-ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv - al - ry re-veal,
Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,
And all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
Than cru - ci-fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
And gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
And ring thy daunt-less slo - gan song, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

Massa's In De Cold Ground

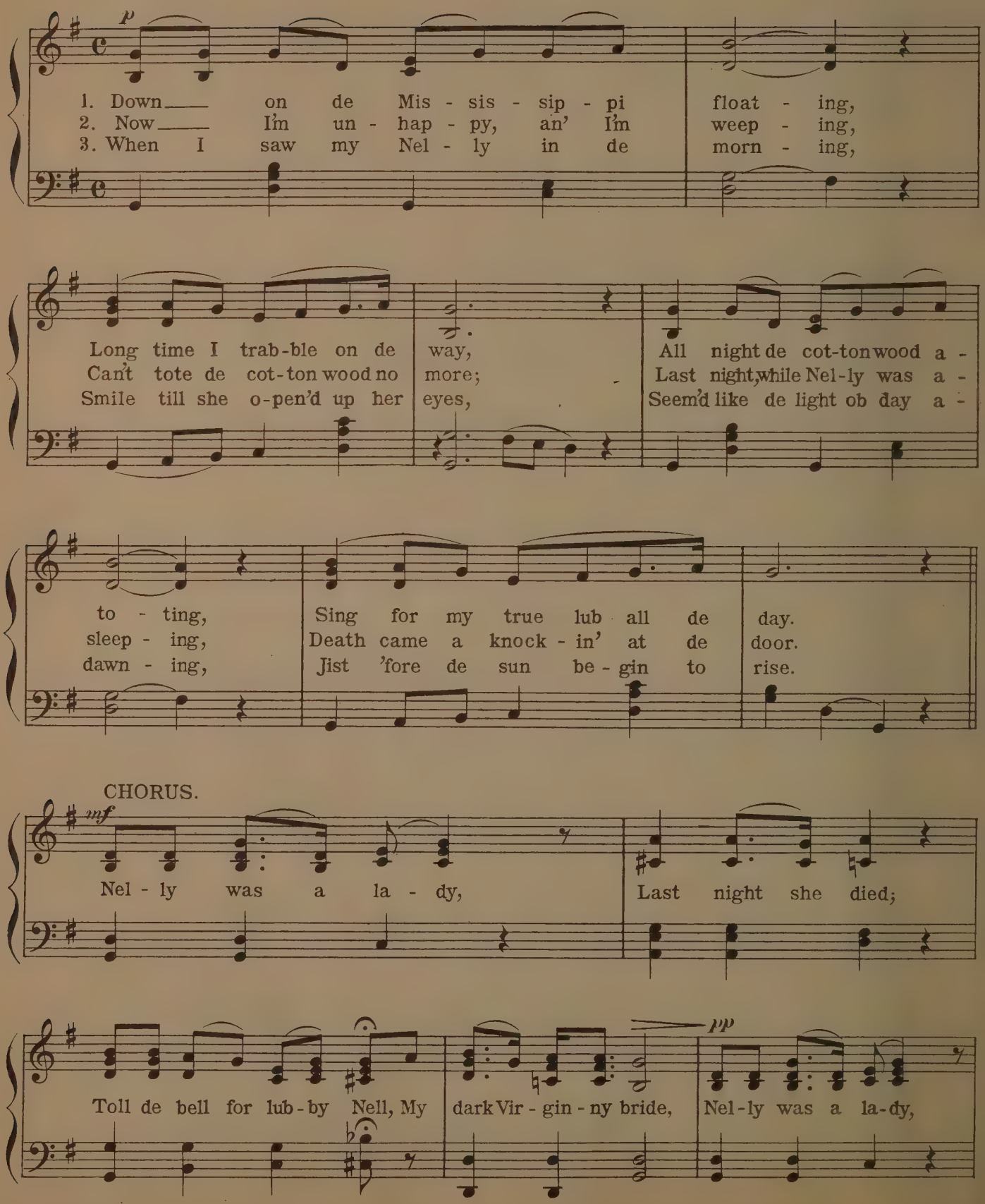
Moderato

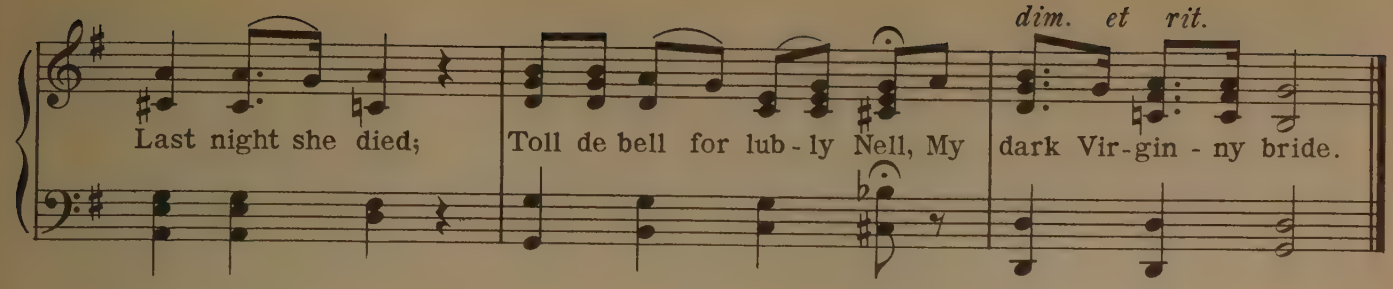
S. C. FOSTER


mf
1. Round de mead-ows am ring - ing, De dark - ey's mourn-ful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind,
While de mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long,
hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old,
Now, dey sad - ly weeps a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind, I
Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de or - ange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore,
Can - not work be - fore to mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I
dim.
CHORUS
f
Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more. Back in de corn-field,
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in on de old ban - jo.
Hear dat mourn-ful sound; All de darkies am a weep - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

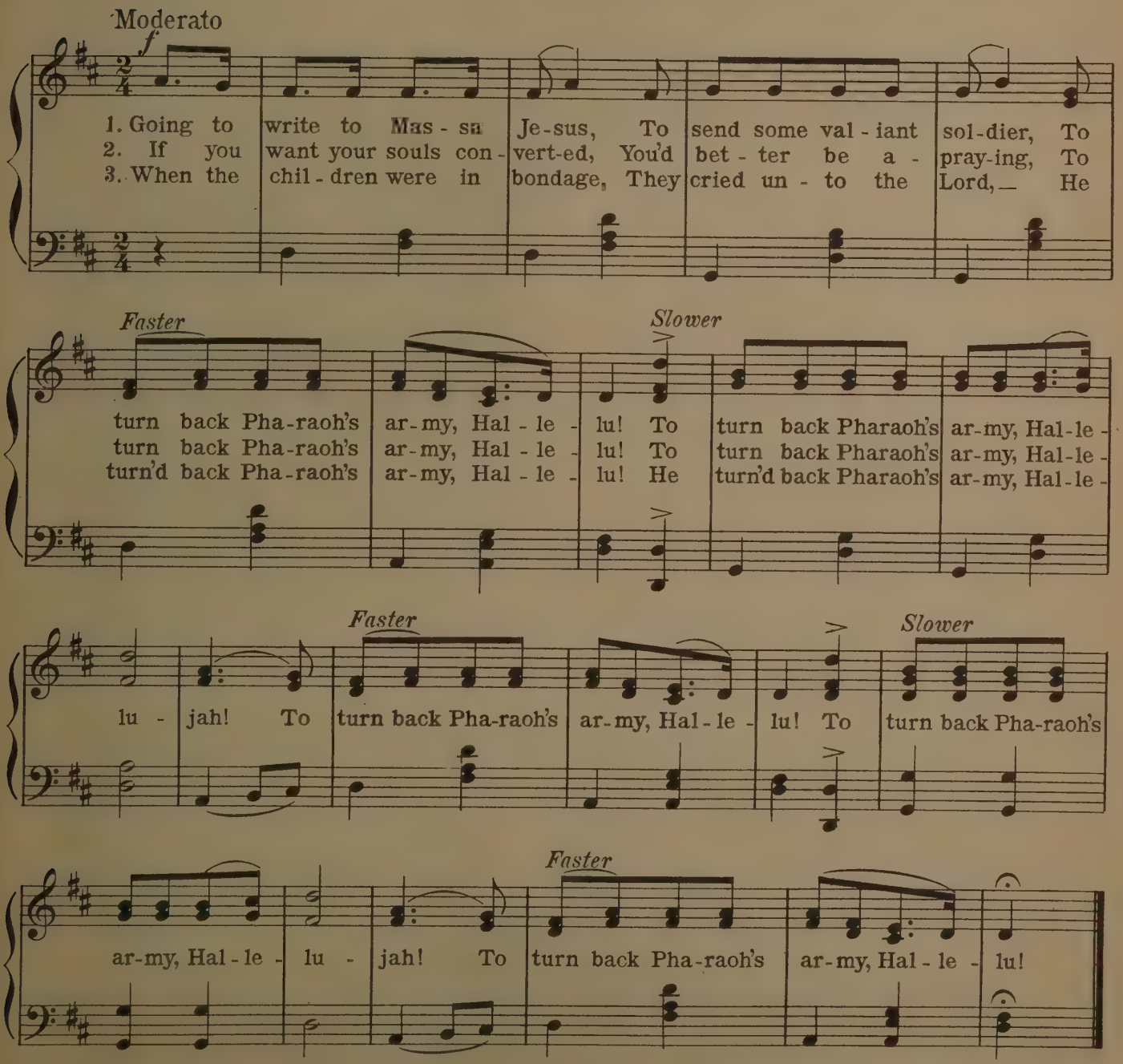
Nelly Was A Lady

Andante. S. C. FOSTER.

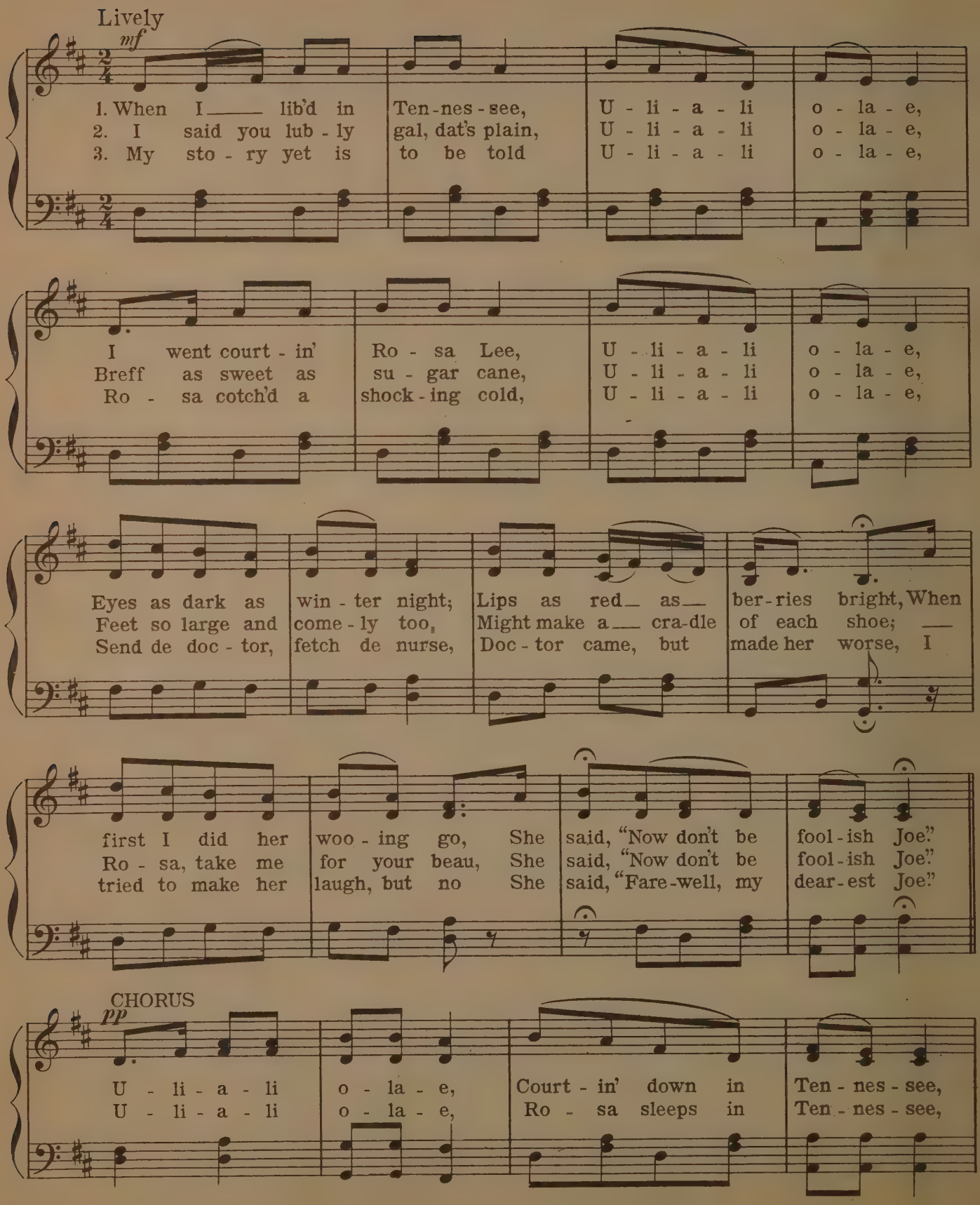

p
1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing,
2. Now I'm un - hap - py, an' I'm weep - ing,
3. When I saw my Nel - ly in de morn - ing,
Long time I trab-ble on de way, All night de cot-ton wood a -
Can't tote de cot-ton wood no more; Last night, while Nel-ly was a -
Smile till she o-pen'd up her eyes, Seem'd like de light ob day a -
to - ting, Sing for my true lub all de day.
sleep - ing, Death came a knock - in' at de door.
dawn - ing, Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.
CHORUS.
mf
Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lub - by Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride,
pp
Nel - ly was a la - dy,

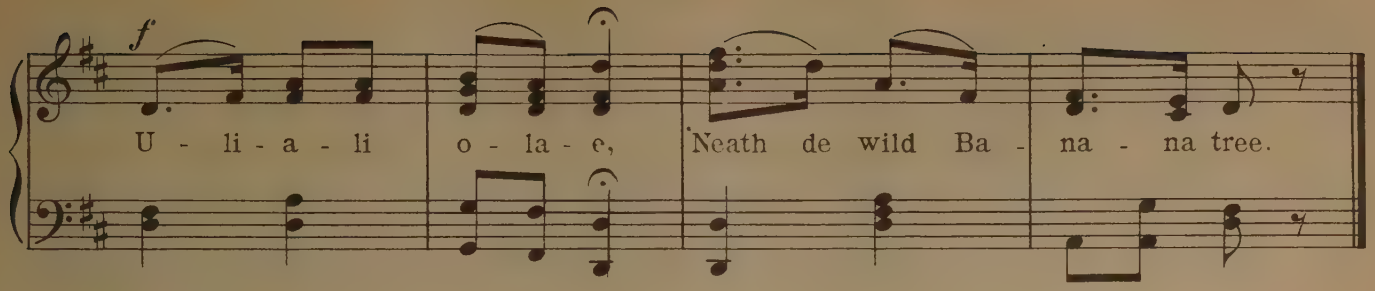


Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

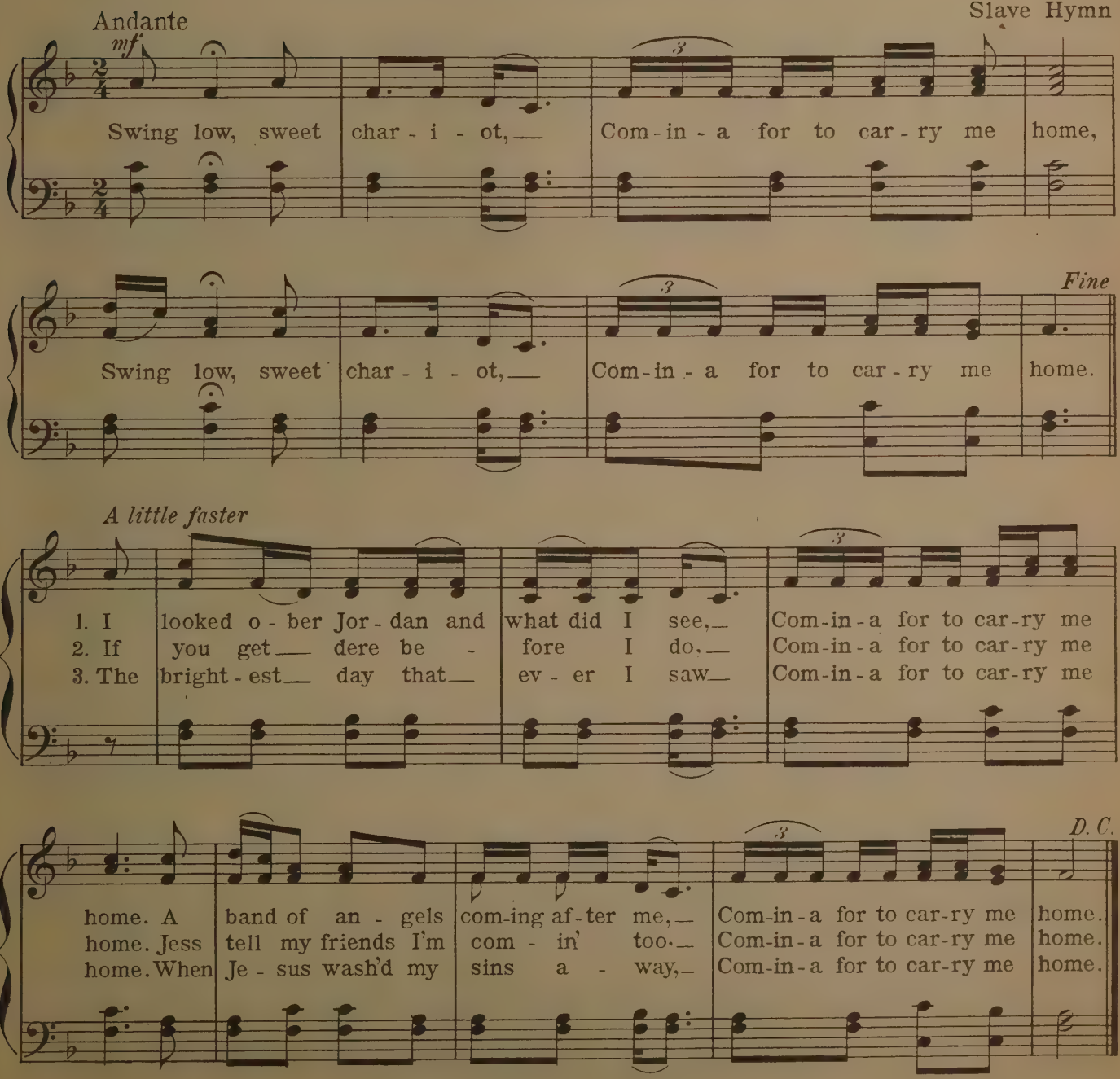

Moderato
f
1. Going to write to Mas-sa Je-sus, To send some val-iant sol-dier, To
2. If you want your souls con-vert-ed, You'd bet-ter be a-pray-ing, To
3. When the chil-dren were in bondage, They cried un-to the Lord,— He
Faster
Slower
turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal-le-
turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal-le-
turn'd back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal-le-lu! He turn'd back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal-le-
Faster
Slower
lu-jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
Faster
ar-my, Hal-le-lu-jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal-le-lu!

Rosa Lee


Lively
mf
1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e,
2. I said you lub-ly gal, dat's plain, U-li-a-li o-la-e,
3. My sto-ry yet is to be told U-li-a-li o-la-e,
I went court-in' Ro-sa Lee, U-li-a-li o-la-e,
Breff as sweet as su-gar cane, U-li-a-li o-la-e,
Ro-sa cotch'd a shock-ing cold, U-li-a-li o-la-e,
Eyes as dark as win-ter night; Lips as red as ber-ries bright, When
Feet so large and come-ly too, Might make a cra-dle of each shoe;
Send de doc-tor, fetch de nurse, Doc-tor came, but made her worse, I
first I did her woo-ing go, She said, "Now don't be fool-ish Joe."
Ro-sa, take me for your beau, She said, "Now don't be fool-ish Joe."
tried to make her laugh, but no She said, "Fare-well, my dear-est Joe."
CHORUS
pp
U-li-a-li o-la-e, Court-in' down in Ten-nes-see,
U-li-a-li o-la-e, Ro-sa sleeps in Ten-nes-see,

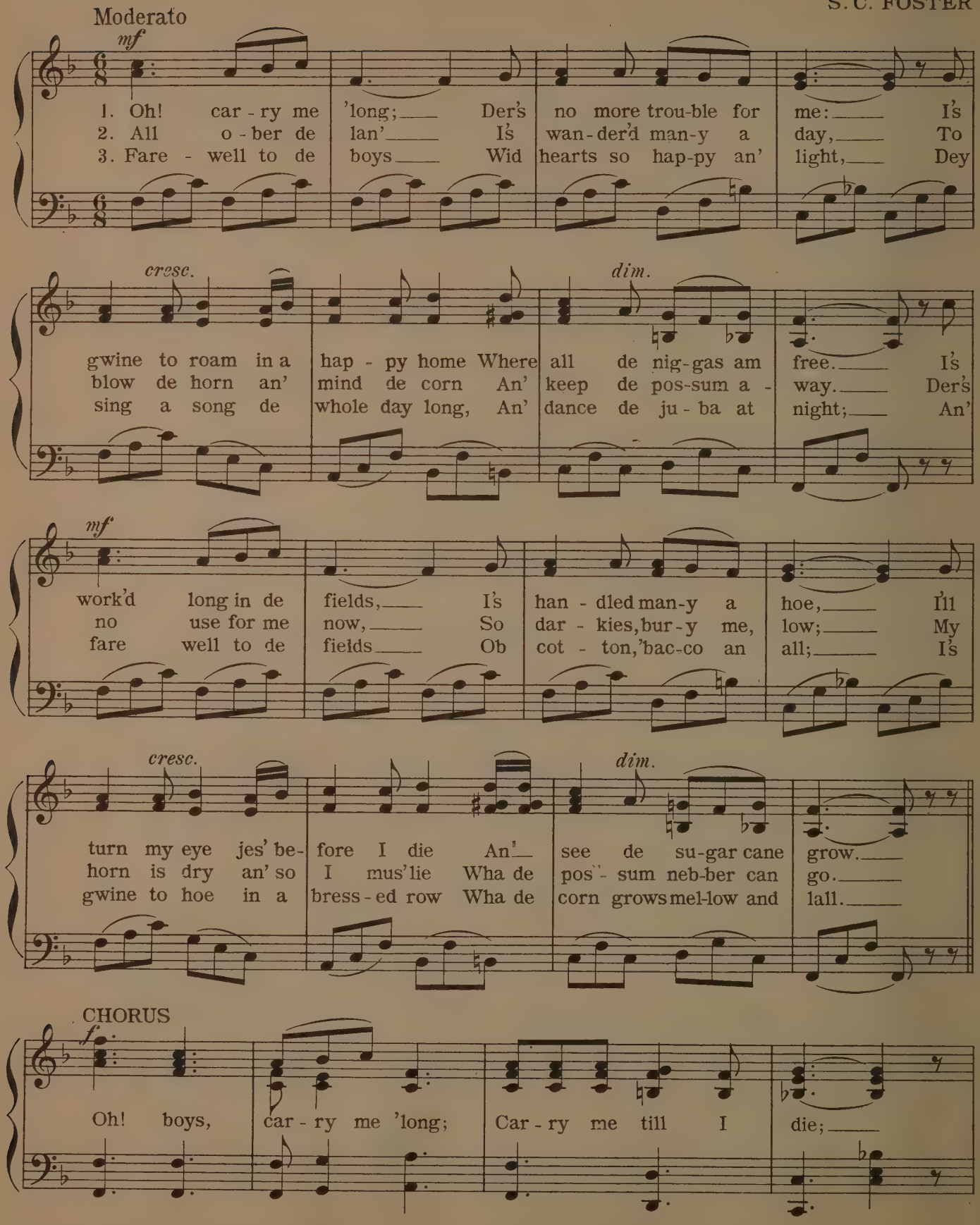


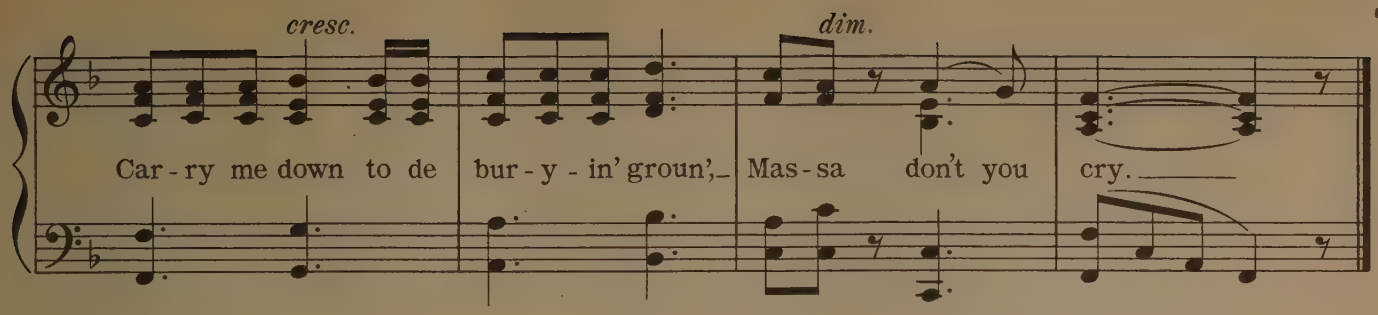
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot


Andante
mf
Slave Hymn
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-in - a for to car - ry me home,
Fine
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-in - a for to car - ry me home.
A little faster
1. I looked o - ber Jor - dan and what did I see, Com-in - a for to car-ry me
2. If you get dere be - fore I do, Com-in - a for to car-ry me
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw Com-in - a for to car-ry me
D. C.
home. A band of an - gels com-ing af-ter me, Com-in - a for to car-ry me home.
home. Jess tell my friends I'm com - in' too. Com-in - a for to car-ry me home.
home. When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com-in - a for to car-ry me home.

Oh! Boys Carry Me 'Long

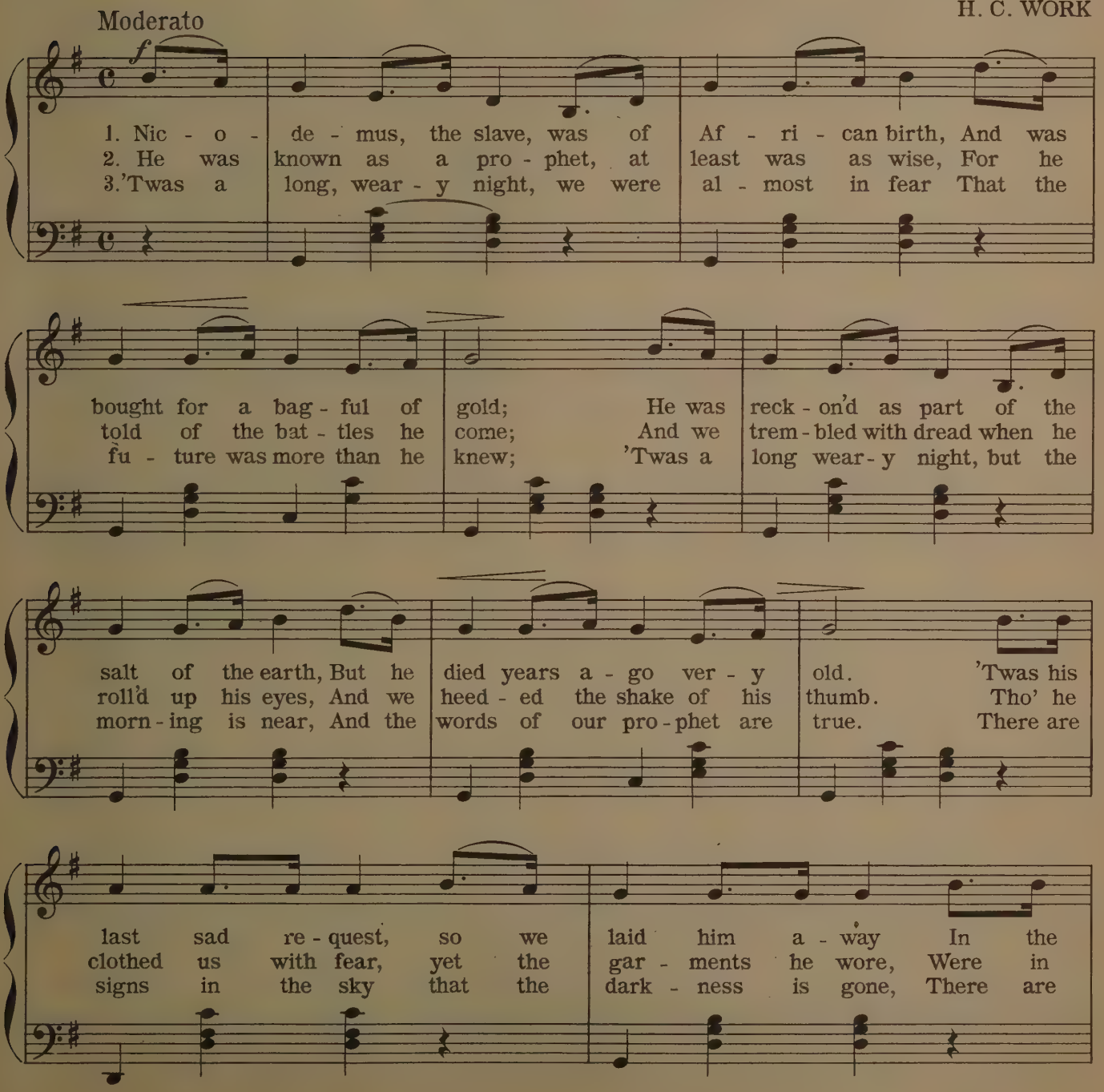
S. C. FOSTER

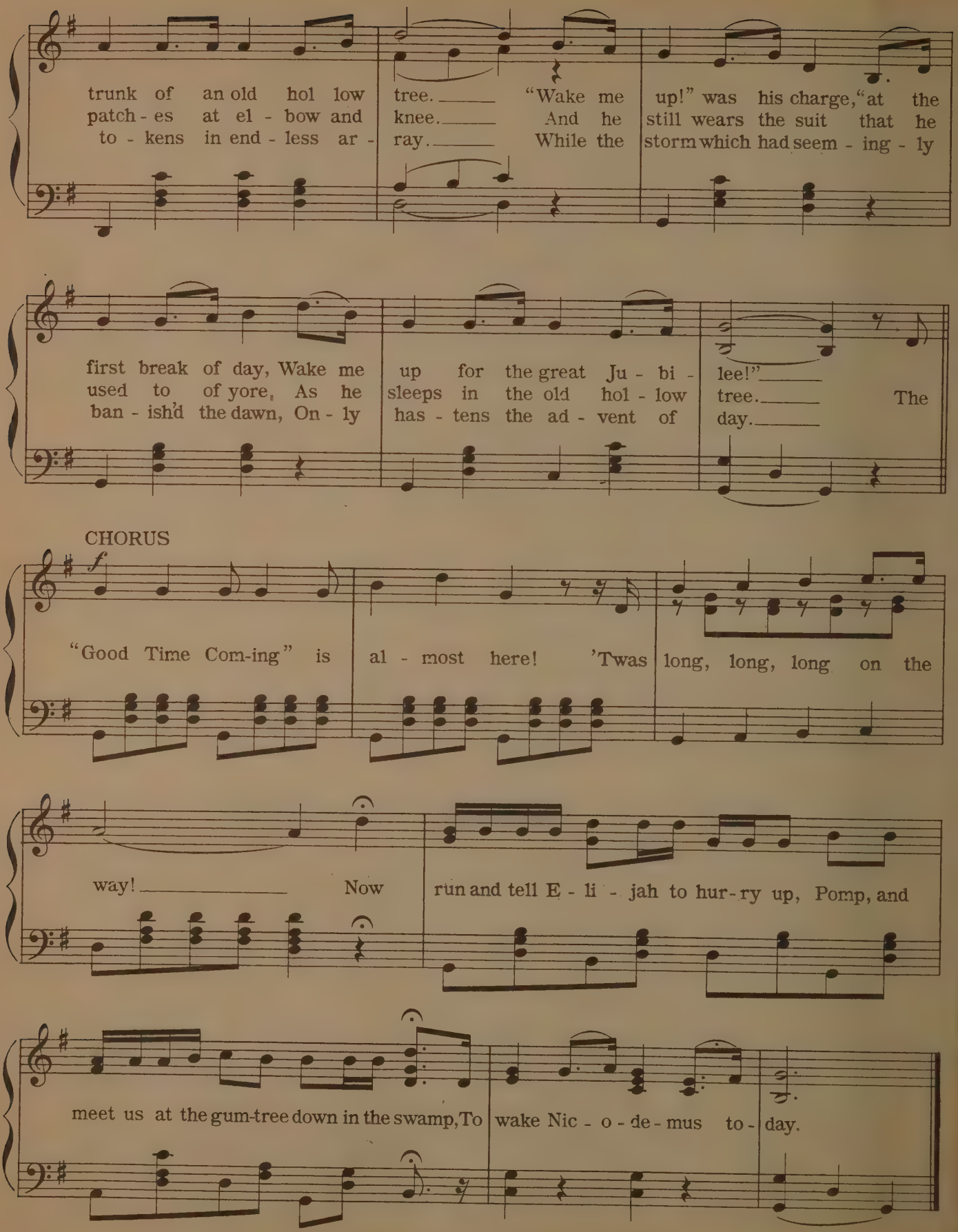

Moderato
mf
1. Oh! car - ry me 'long; Der's no more trou-ble for me: I's
2. All o - ber de lan' I's wan - der'd man-y a day, To
3. Fare - well to de boys Wid hearts so hap-py an' light, Dey
cresc.
dim.
gwine to roam in a hap - py home Where all de nig-gas am free. I's
blow de horn an' mind de corn An' keep de pos-sum a - way. Der's
sing a song de whole day long, An' dance de ju - ba at night; An'
mf
work'd long in de fields, I's han - dled man-y a hoe, I'll
no use for me now, So dar - kies, bur-y me, low; My
fare well to de fields Ob cot - ton, 'bac-co an all; I's
cresc.
dim.
turn my eye jes' be- fore I die An' see de su-gar cane grow.
horn is dry an' so I mus' lie Wha de pos' - sum neb-ber can go.
gwine to hoe in a bress - ed row Wha de corn grows mel-low and lall.
CHORUS
f
Oh! boys, car - ry me 'long; Car - ry me till I die;



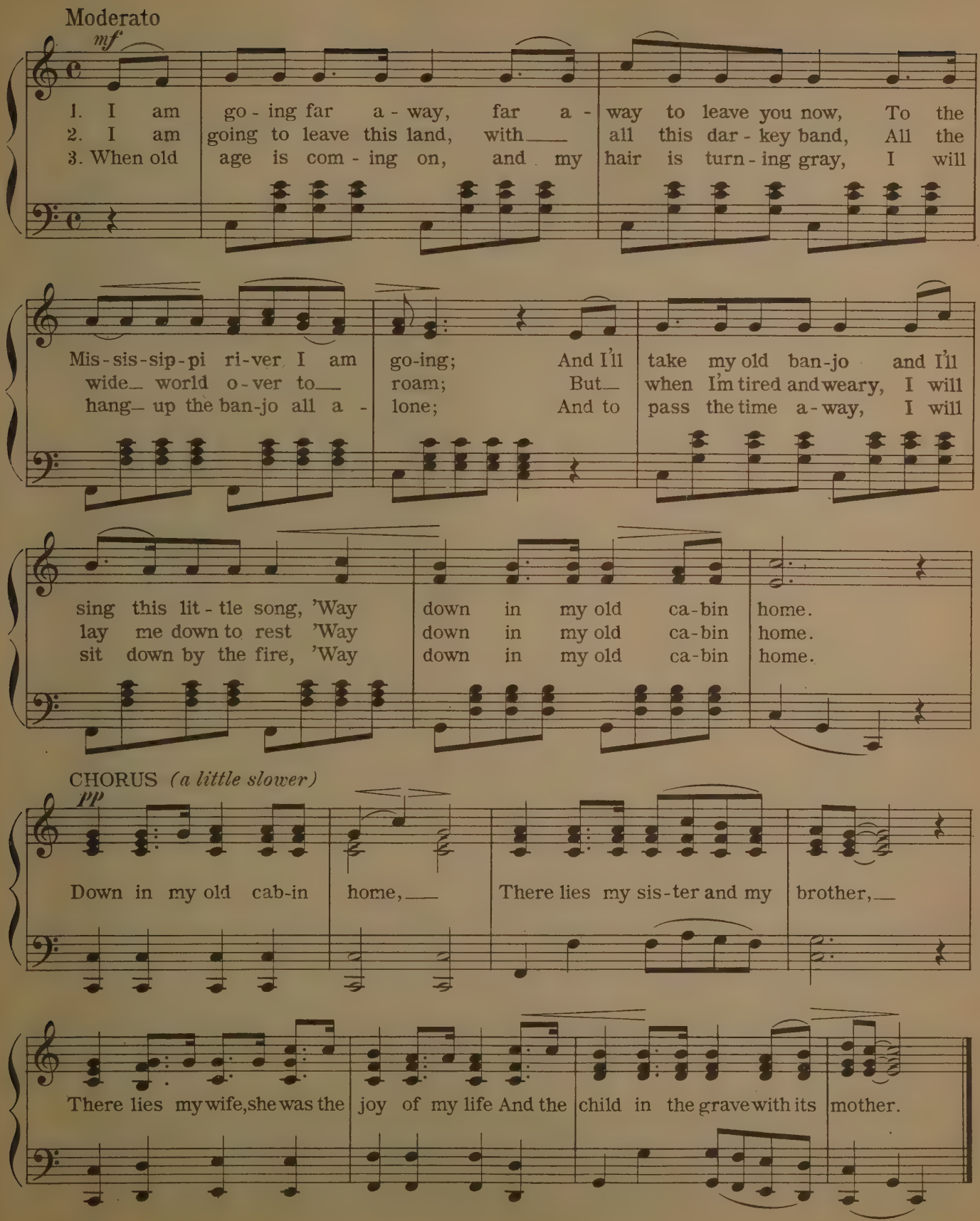
Wake Nicodemus

H. C. WORK

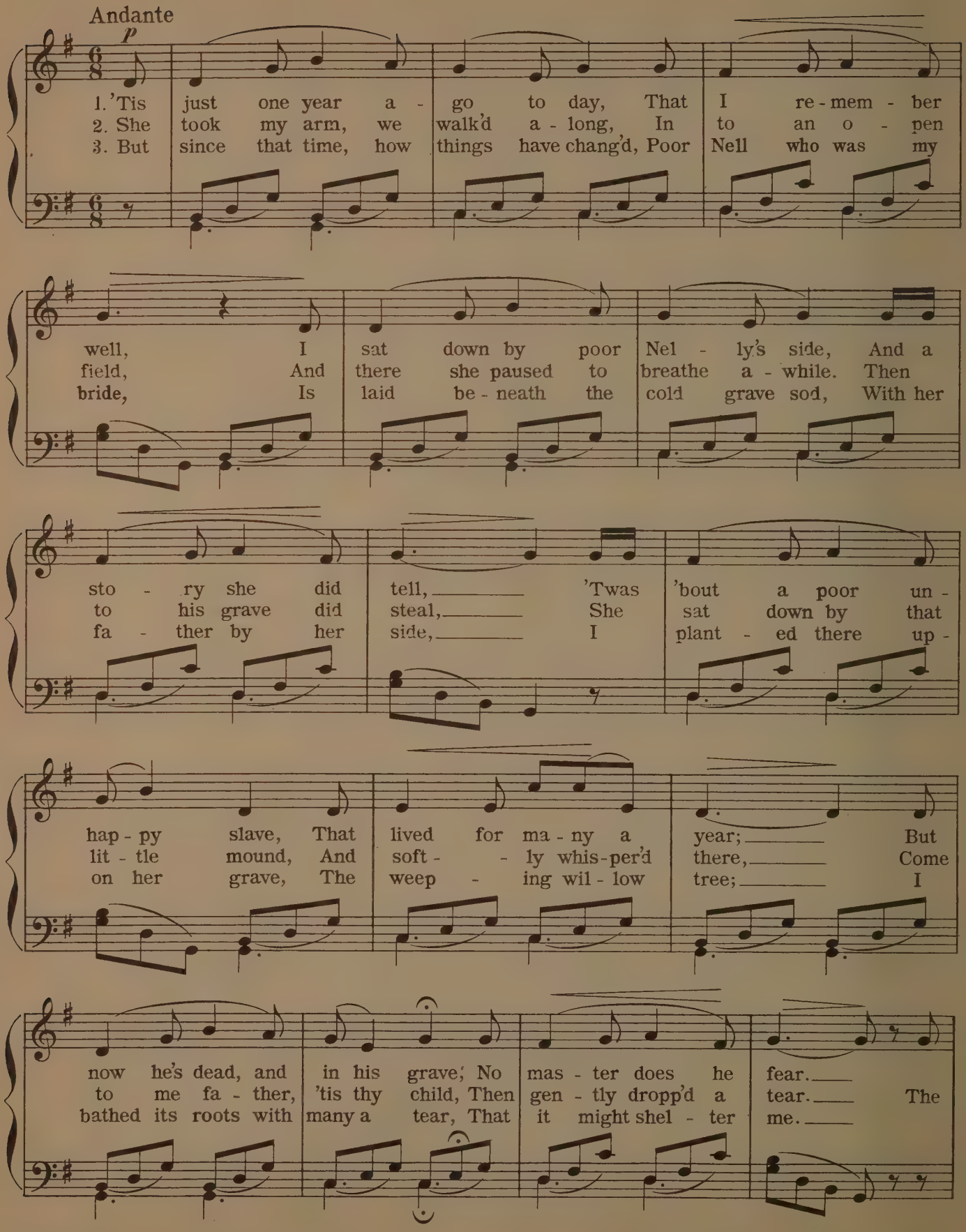

Moderato
f
1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth, And was
2. He was known as a pro - phet, at least was as wise, For he
3.'Twas a long, wear - y night, we were al - most in fear That the
bought for a bag - ful of gold; He was reck - on'd as part of the
told of the bat - tles he come; And we trem - bled with dread when he
fu - ture was more than he knew; 'Twas a long wear - y night, but the
salt of the earth, But he died years a - go ver - y old. 'Twas his
roll'd up his eyes, And we heed - ed the shake of his thumb. Tho' he
morn - ing is near, And the words of our pro - phet are true. There are
last sad re - quest, so we laid him a - way In the
clothed us with fear, yet the gar - ments he wore, Were in
signs in the sky that the dark - ness is gone, There are


trunk of an old hol low tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the
patch - es at el - bow and knee. And he still wears the suit that he
to - kens in end - less ar - ray. While the storm which had seem - ing - ly
first break of day, Wake me up for the great Ju - bi - lee!"
used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree. The
ban - ish'd the dawn, On - ly has - tens the ad - vent of day.
CHORUS
f
"Good Time Com-ing" is al - most here! 'Twas long, long, long on the
way! Now run and tell E - li - jah to hur - ry up, Pomp, and
meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o - de - mus to - day.

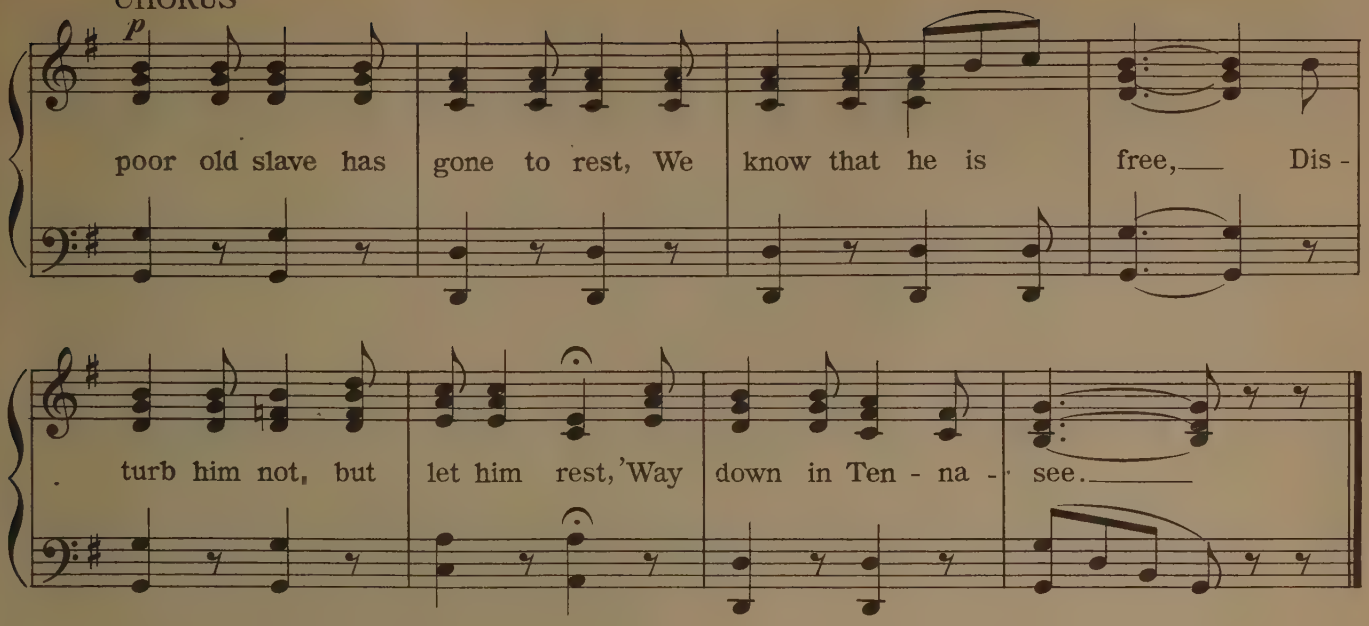
The Old Cabin Home


Moderato
mf
1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the
2. I am going to leave this land, with all this dar - key band, All the
3. When old age is com - ing on, and my hair is turn - ing gray, I will
Mis - sis - sip - pi ri - ver I am go-ing; And I'll take my old ban-jo and I'll
wide world o - ver to roam; But when I'm tired and weary, I will
hang up the ban-jo all a - lone; And to pass the time a - way, I will
sing this lit - tle song, 'Way down in my old ca-bin home.
lay me down to rest 'Way down in my old ca-bin home.
sit down by the fire, 'Way down in my old ca-bin home.
CHORUS (a little slower)
pp
Down in my old cab-in home, There lies my sis-ter and my brother,
There lies my wife, she was the joy of my life And the child in the grave with its mother.

The Poor Old Slave

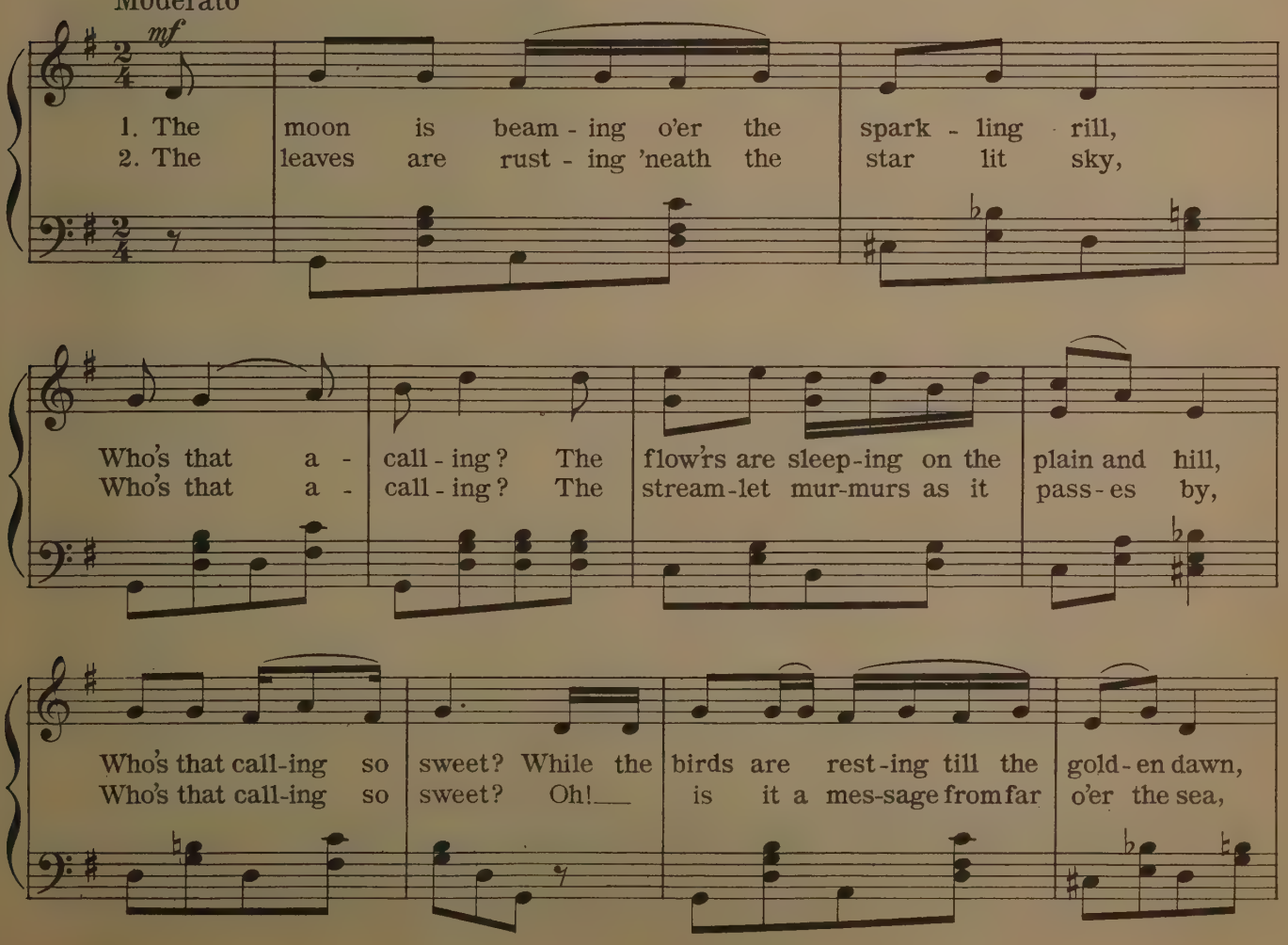

Andante
p
1. 'Tis just one year a - go to day, That I re - mem - ber
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In to an o - pen
3. But since that time, how things have chang'd, Poor Nell who was my
well, I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side, And a
field, And there she paused to breathe a - while. Then
bride, Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her
sto - ry she did tell, 'Twas 'bout a poor un -
to his grave did steal, She sat down by that
fa - ther by her side, I plant - ed there up -
hap - py slave, That lived for ma - ny a year; But
lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis-per'd there, Come
on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree; I
now he's dead, and in his grave; No mas - ter does he fear.
to me fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gen - tly dropp'd a tear. The
bathed its roots with many a tear, That it might shel - ter me.

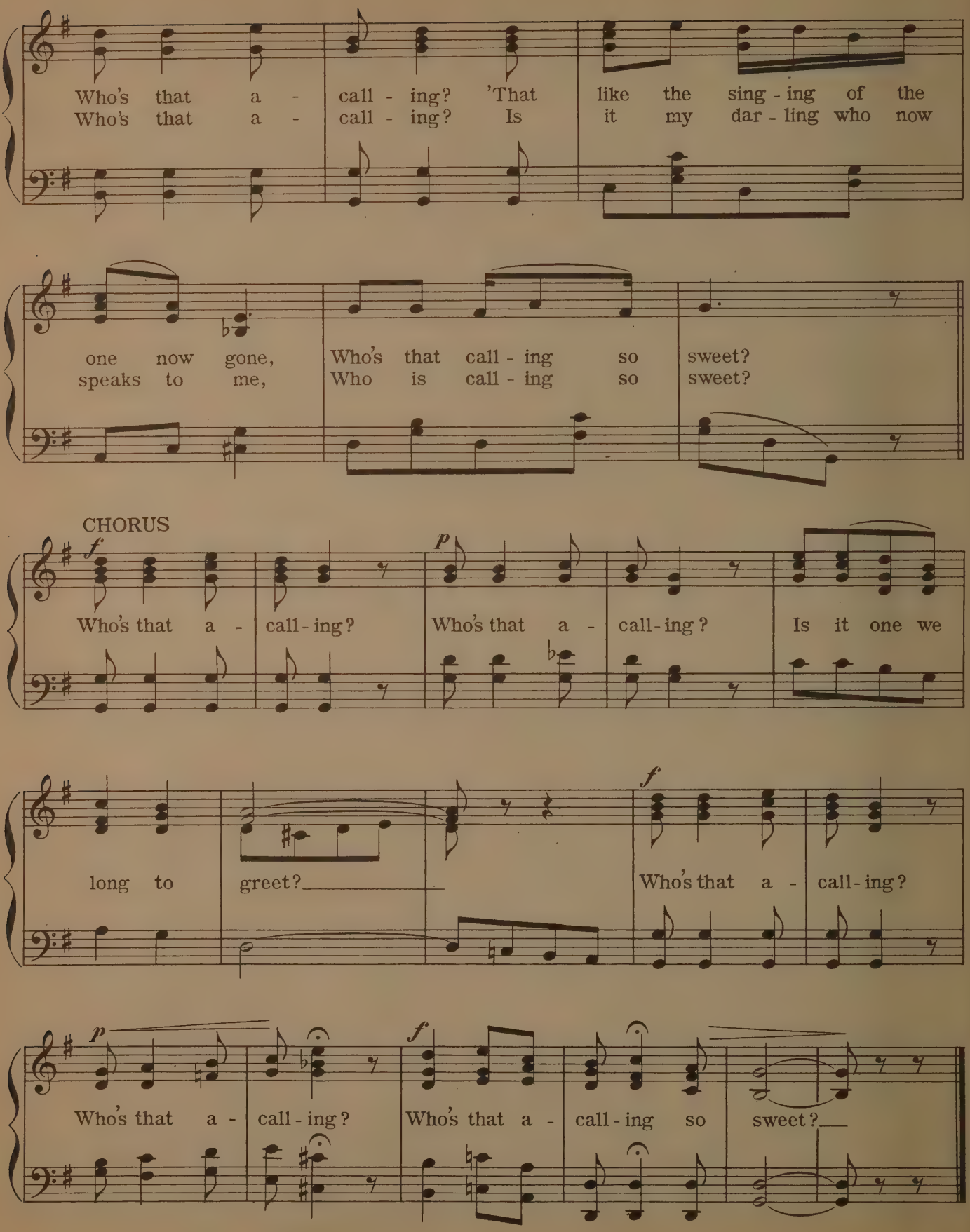
CHORUS



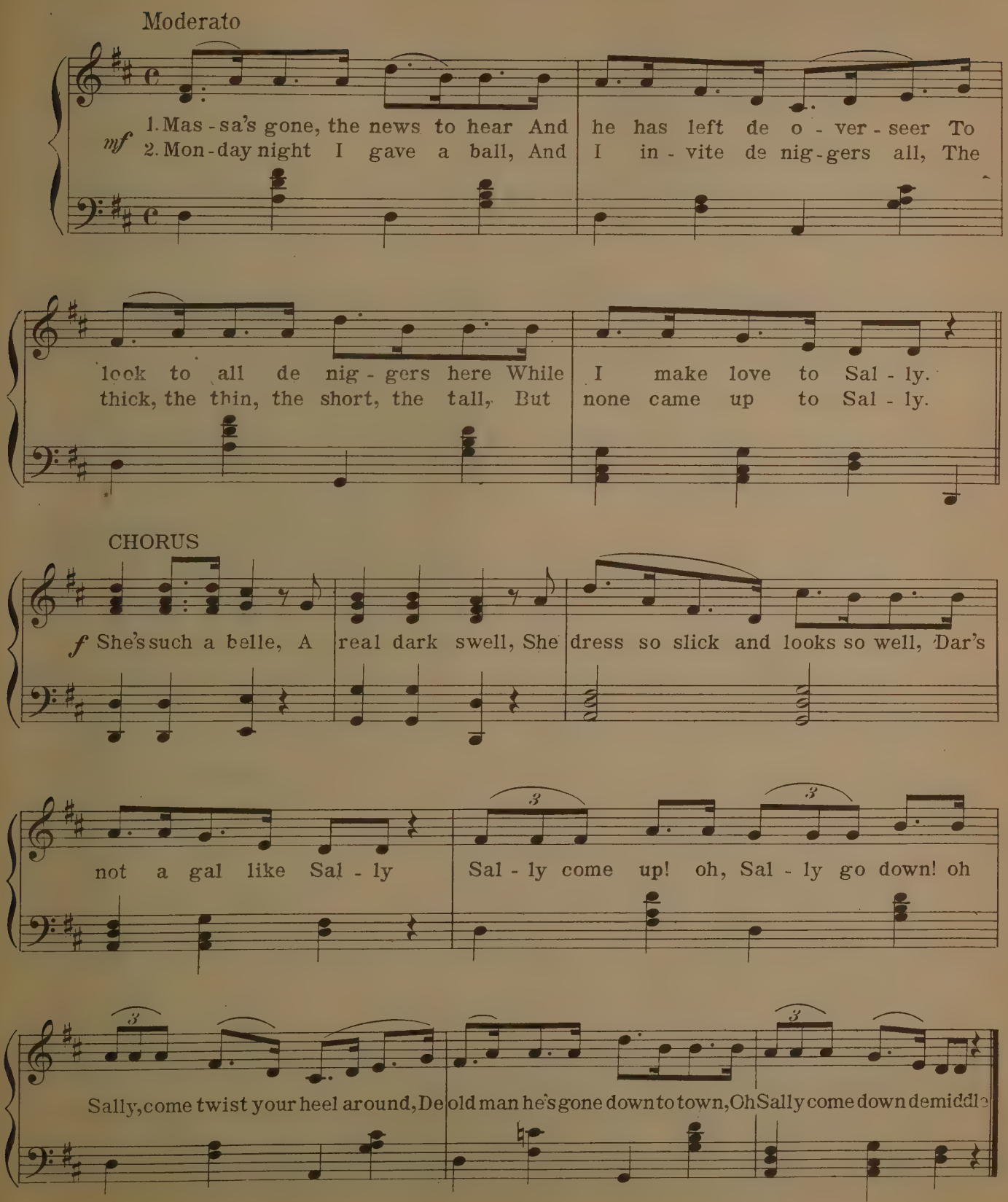
Who's That Calling?

Moderato

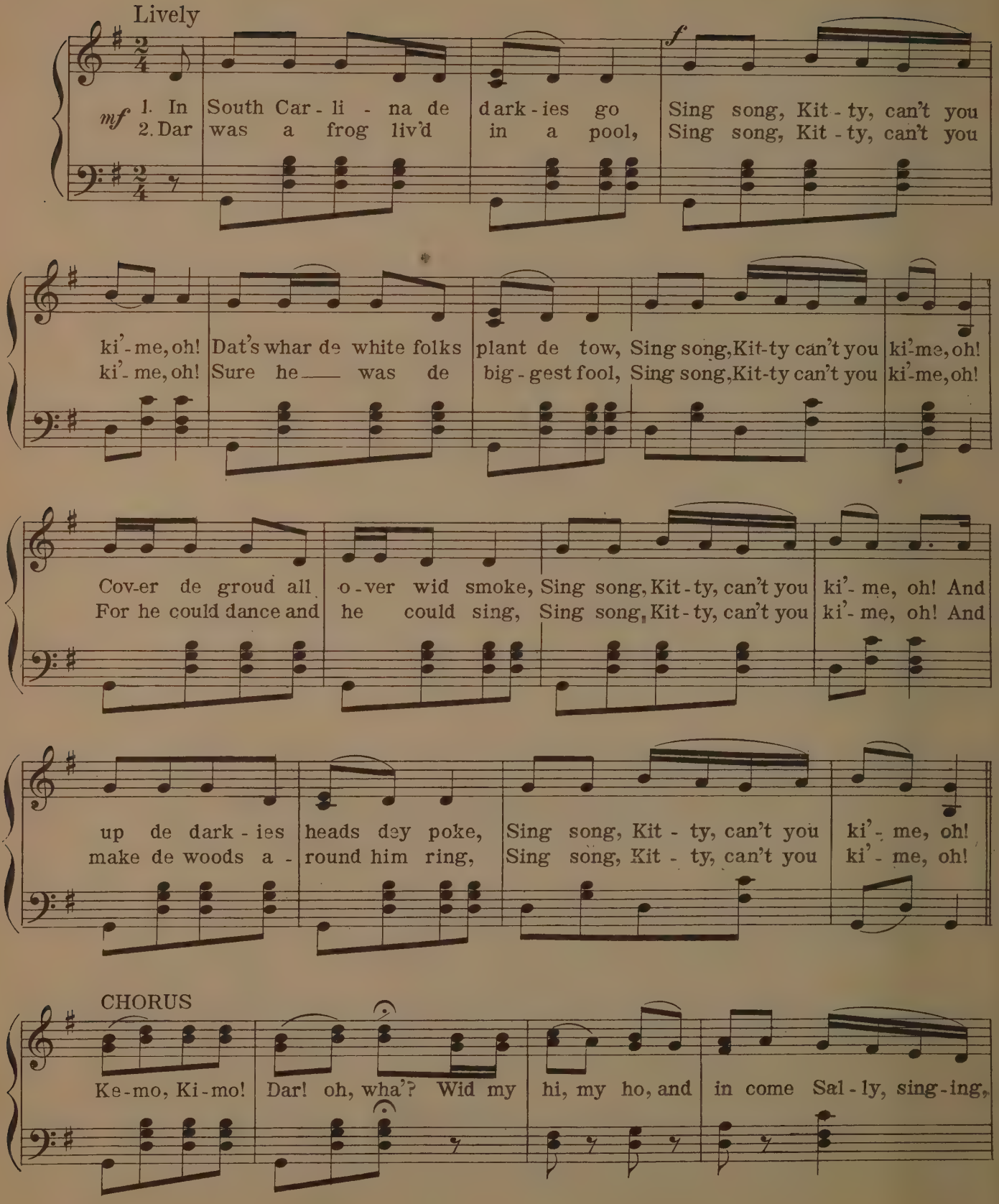

mf
1. The moon is beam - ing o'er the spark - ling rill,
2. The leaves are rust - ing 'neath the star lit sky,
Who's that a - call - ing? The flow'rs are sleep-ing on the plain and hill,
Who's that a - call - ing? The stream-let mur-murs as it pass - es by,
Who's that call-ing so sweet? While the birds are rest-ing till the gold - en dawn,
Who's that call-ing so sweet? Oh! is it a mes-sage from far o'er the sea,

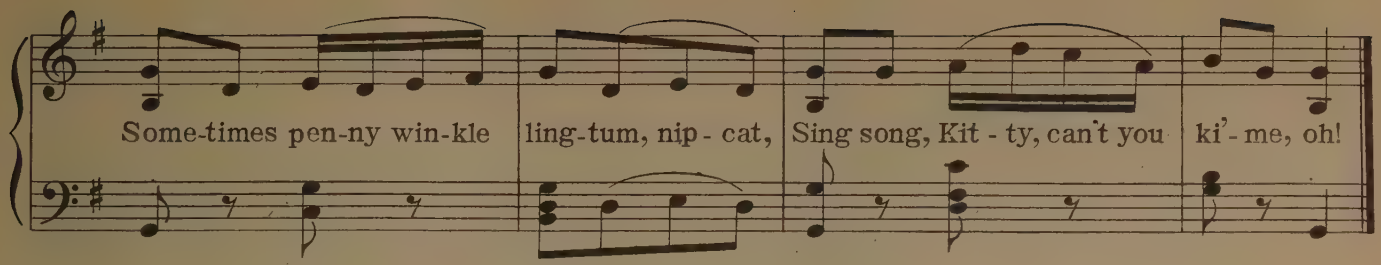

Who's that a - call - ing? 'That like the sing - ing of the
Who's that a - call - ing? Is it my dar - ling who now
one now gone, Who's that call - ing so sweet?
speaks to me, Who is call - ing so sweet?
CHORUS
f
Who's that a - call - ing? Who's that a - call - ing? Is it one we
p
long to greet?
f
Who's that a - call - ing?
p
Who's that a - call - ing?
f
Who's that a - call - ing so sweet?

Sally, Come Up.


Moderato
mf
1. Mas - sa's gone, the news to hear And he has left de o - ver - seer To
2. Mon - day night I gave a ball, And I in - vite de nig - gers all, The
look to all de nig - gers here While I make love to Sal - ly.
thick, the thin, the short, the tall, But none came up to Sal - ly.
CHORUS
f She's such a belle, A real dark swell, She dress so slick and looks so well, Dar's
not a gal like Sal - ly
Sal - ly come up! oh, Sal - ly go down! oh
Sally, come twist your heel around, De old man he's gone down to town, Oh Sally come down de middle

Kemo, Kimo


Lively
mf
1. In South Car - li - na de dark - ies go Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you
2. Dar was a frog liv'd in a pool, Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you
f
ki' - me, oh! Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow, Sing song, Kit-ty can't you ki'-me, oh!
ki' - me, oh! Sure he — was de big - gest fool, Sing song, Kit-ty can't you ki'-me, oh!
Cov-er de groud all o - ver wid smoke, Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you ki' - me, oh! And
For he could dance and he could sing, Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you ki' - me, oh! And
up de dark - ies heads dey poke, Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you ki' - me, oh!
make de woods a - round him ring, Sing song, Kit - ty, can't you ki' - me, oh!
CHORUS
Ke - mo, Ki - mo! Dar! oh, wha'? Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sal - ly, sing - ing,



So Early in the Morning

Moderato

mf

1. South Ca - ro - li - na's a sul - try clime, Where we used to work in the
2. When I was young I — used to wait, On — mas-sa's ta - ble —
3. Now Mas-sa's dead and — gone to rest, Of — all de mas - sa's —

sum-mer - time, — Mas - sa — 'neath de shade would lay, While we poor nig - gers
lay de plate, — Pass de — bot - tle when him dry, — Brush a - way de
he was best; I- neb-ber see de like since I was born, — Miss him now he's

toil'd all day
blue tail'd fly.
dead and gone

So — ear - ly in de morn - ing, So — ear - ly in de

rall. *a tempo*

morn-ing, So — ear - ly in the morn-ing, Be - fore de break of day.

Ring, Ring De Banjo

S. C. FOSTER

Moderato

mf

1. De time is neb - ber drear - y, If de dar - key neb - ber groans, De
2. Oh! neb - ber count de bub - bles While dere's wa - ter in de spring; De
3. — Once I was so luck - y, My — mas - sa set me free, I —

la - dies neb - ber wea - ry Wid de rat - tle ob de bones; Den
dar - key hab no troub - les While he's got dis song to sing. De
went to old Ken - tuck - y To — see what I could see: I

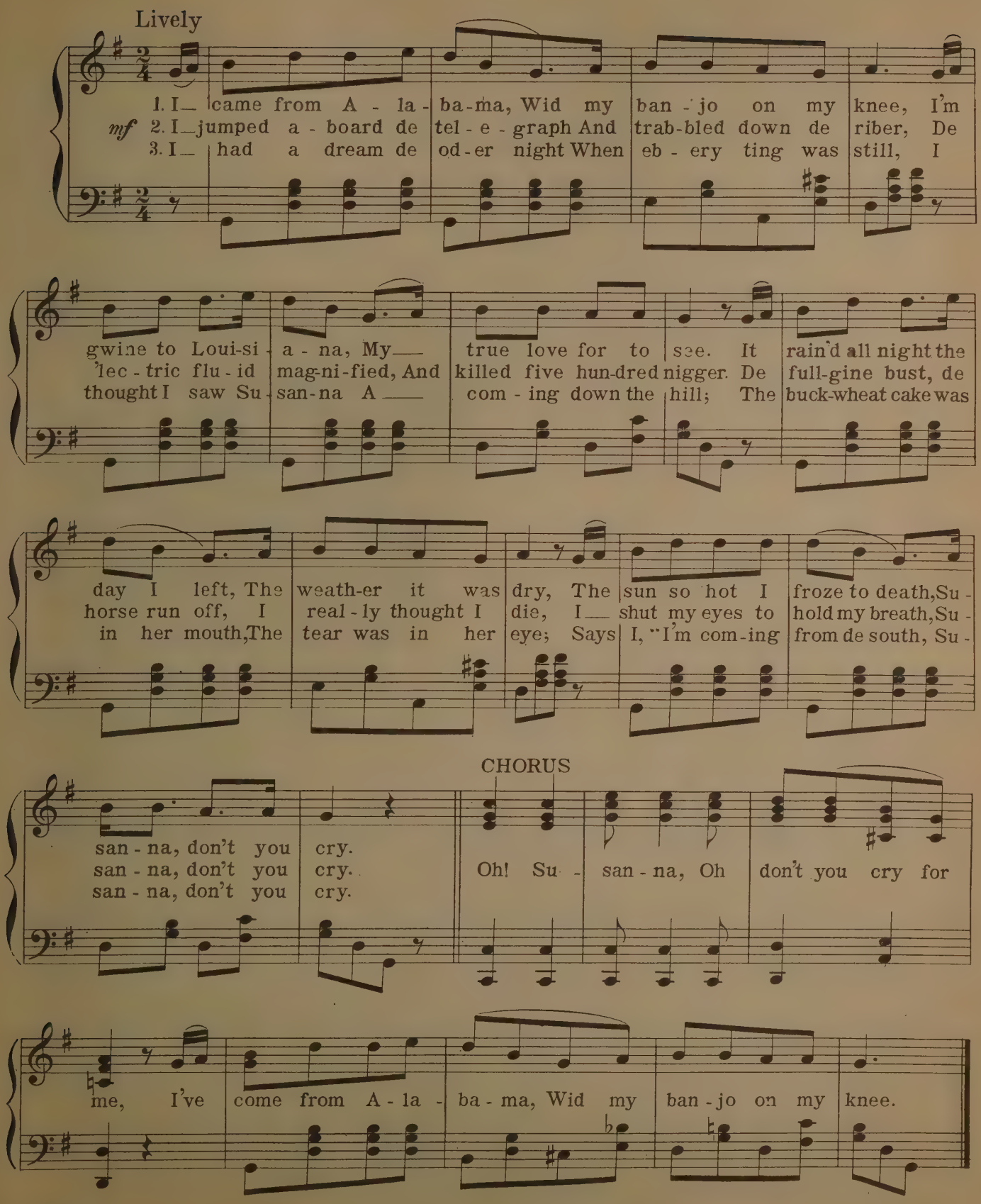
come a - gain Su - san - na, By de gas light ob de moon We'll —
beau - ties ob cre - a - tion Will — neb - ber lose dere charm, While I
could not go no far - der I — turn to mas - sa's door, I —

CHORUS

turn de old pi - an - na When de ban-jos out ob tune.
roam de old plan - ta - tion Wid my true lub on my arm. Ring, ring de ban - jo! I
lub him all de hard - er, I'll — go a - way no more.

like dat good old song, Come a-gain my true lub, Oh! wha' you been so long?

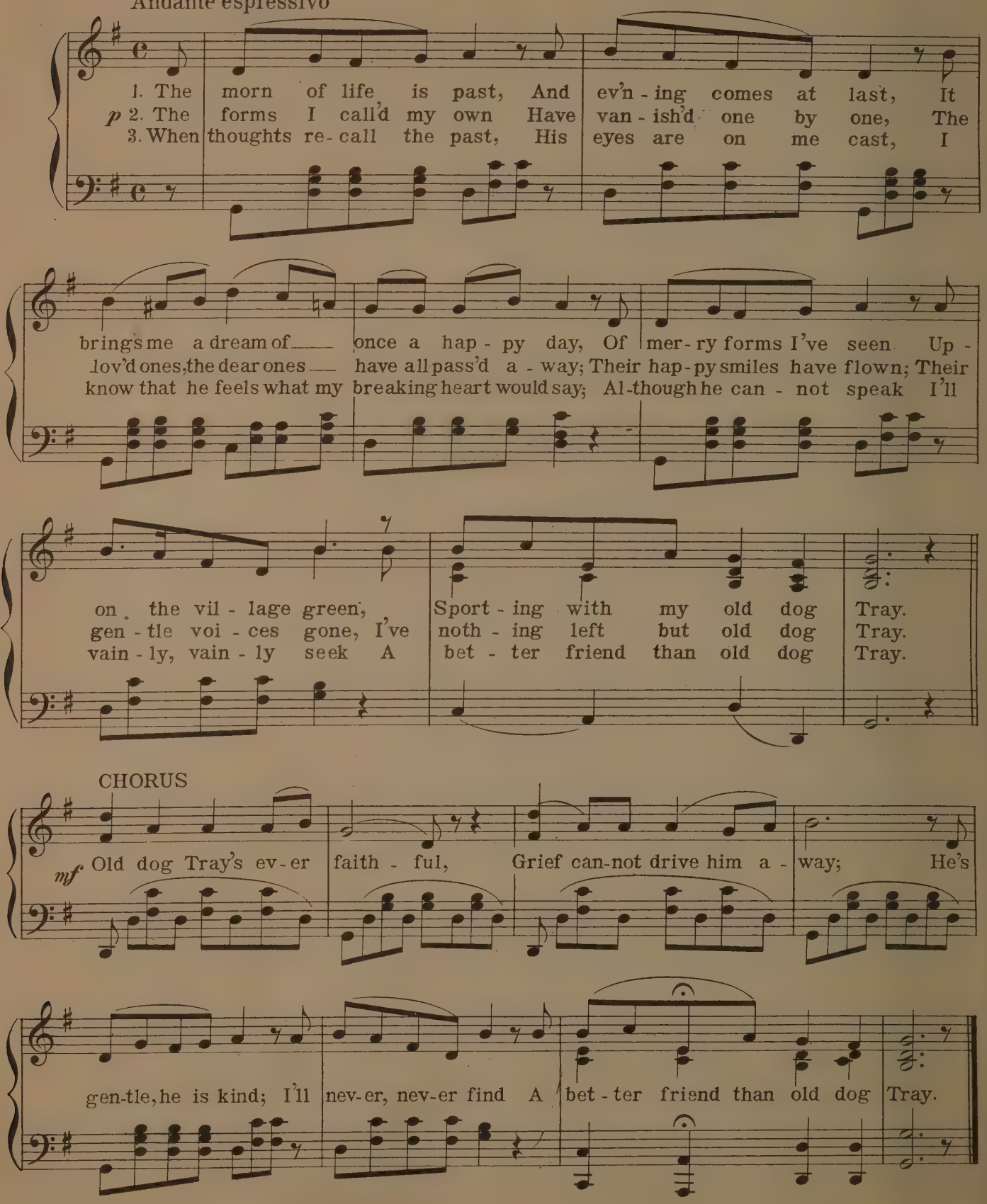
Oh! Susanna


Lively
mf
1. I_ came from A - la - ba-ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm
2. I_jumped a - board de tel - e - graph And trab-bled down de riber, De
3. I_ had a dream de od - er night When eb - ery ting was still, I
gwine to Loui-si - a - na, My_ true love for to see. It rain'd all night the
'lec - tric flu - id mag-ni-fied, And killed five hun-dred nigger. De full-gine bust, de
thought I saw Su - san-na A_ com - ing down the hill; The buck-wheat cake was
day I left, The weath-er it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death, Su -
horse run off, I real - ly thought I die, I_ shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su -
in her mouth, The tear was in her eye; Says I, "I'm com - ing from de south, Su -
CHORUS
san - na, don't you cry.
san - na, don't you cry.
san - na, don't you cry.
Oh! Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for
me, I've come from A - la - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

Old Dog Tray

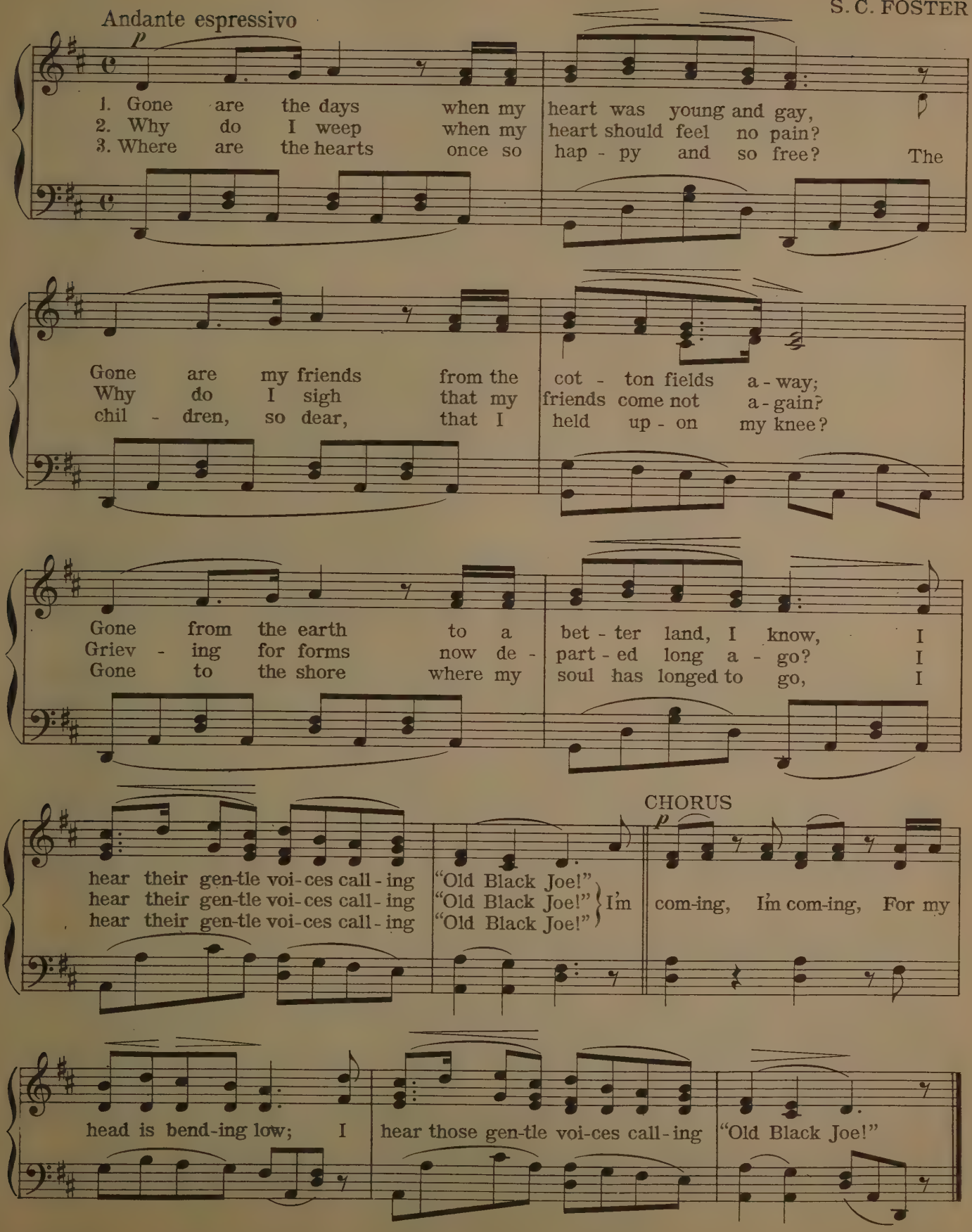
S. C. FOSTER

Andante espressivo

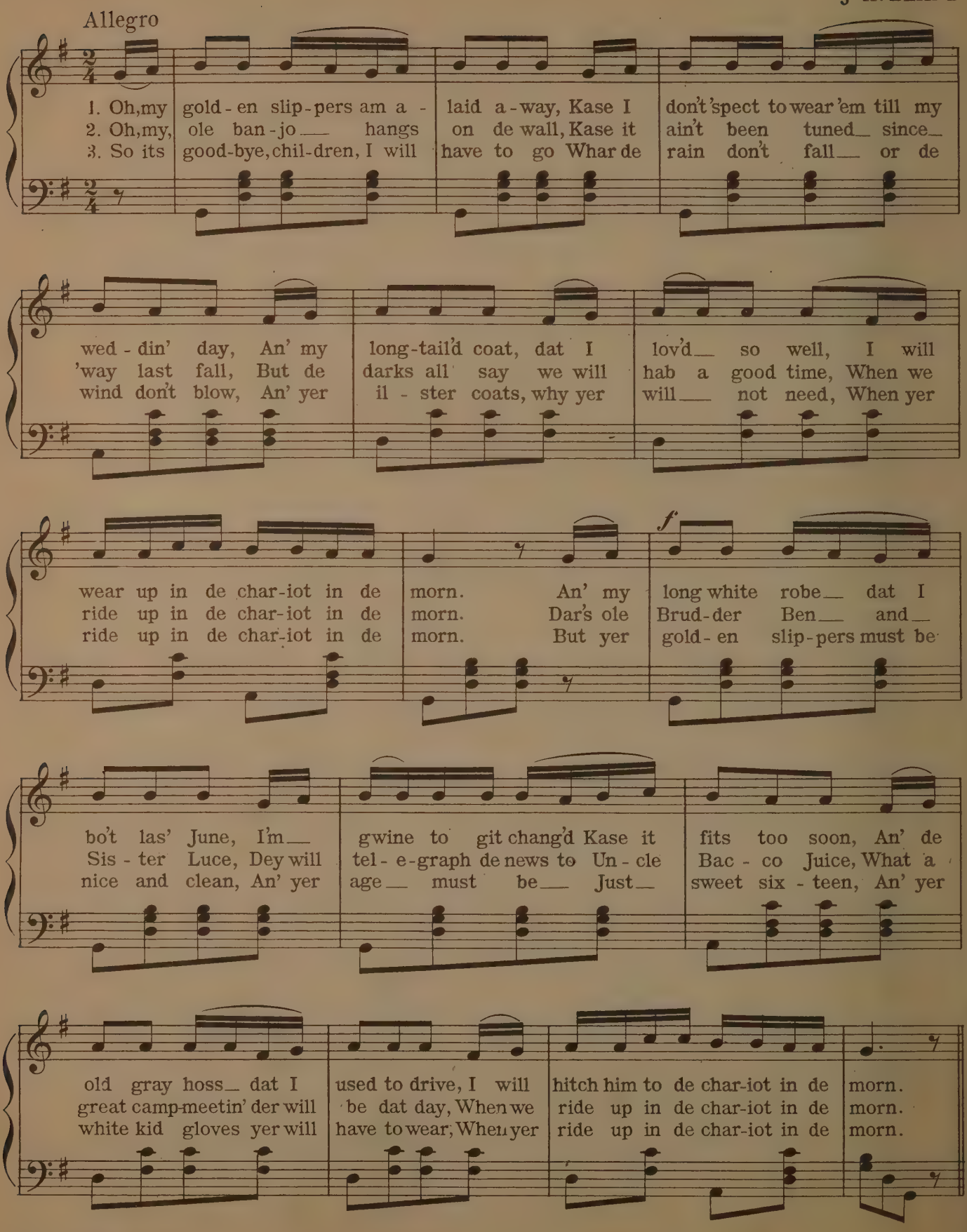

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'n - ing comes at last, It
p 2. The forms I call'd my own Have van - ish'd one by one, The
3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I
brings me a dream of once a hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up -
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown; Their
know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak I'll
on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
CHORUS
mf Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can-not drive him a - way; He's
gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

Old Black Joe

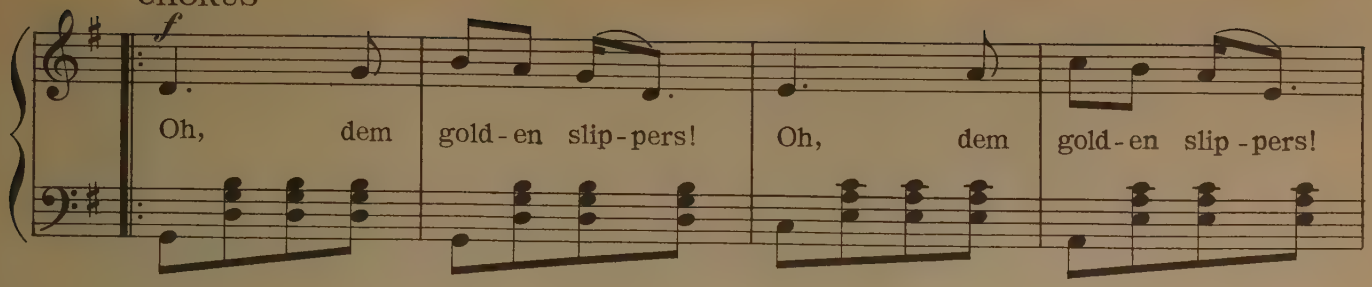
S. C. FOSTER

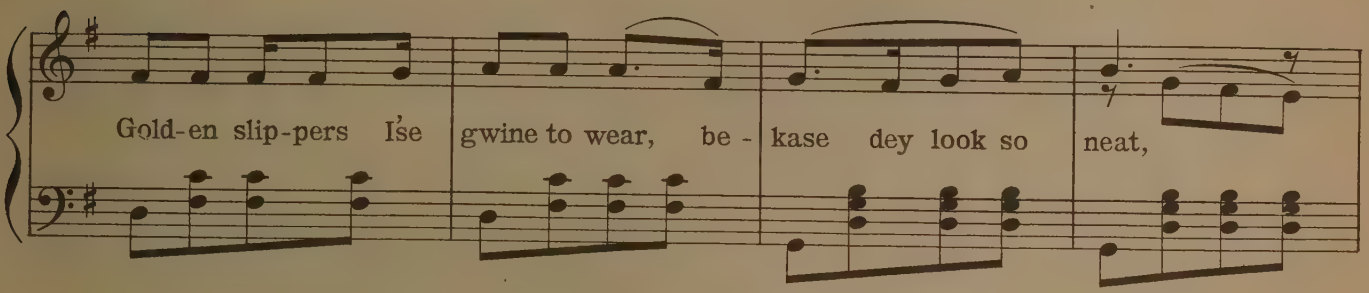

Andante espressivo
p
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The
Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
chil - dren, so dear, that I held up - on my knee?
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I
CHORUS
p
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!"
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!"
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!"

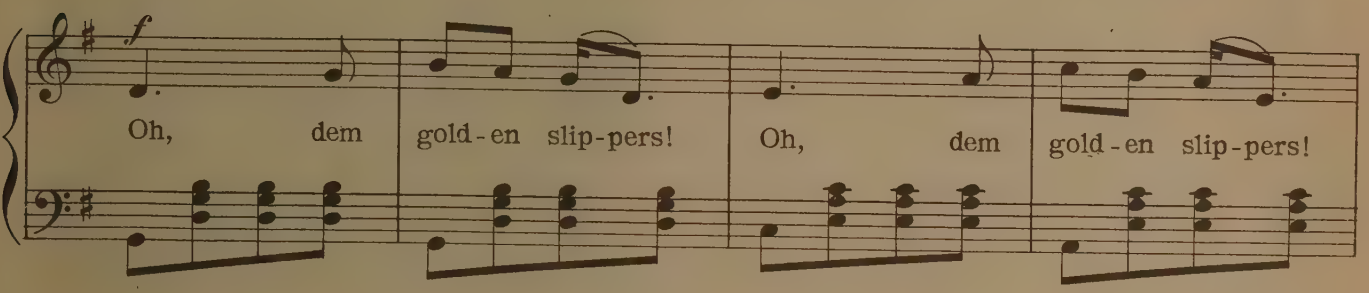
Oh! Dem Golden Slippers!

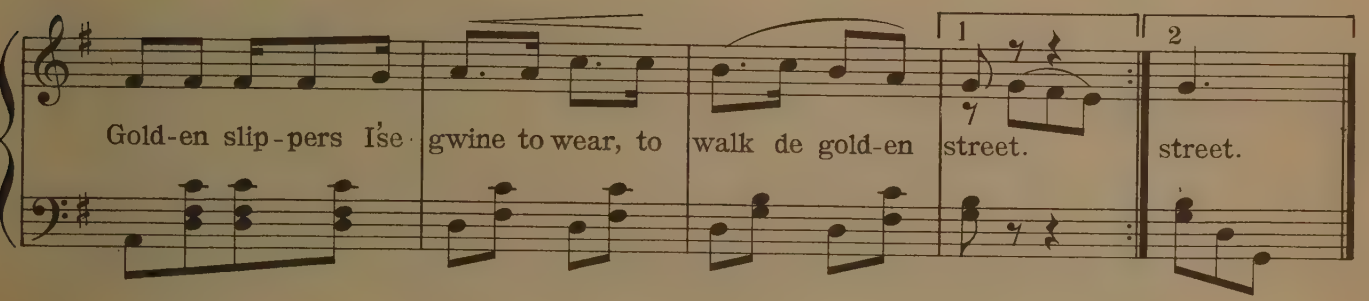
J. A. BLAND

Allegro
1. Oh, my gold-en slip-pers am a - laid a-way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my
2. Oh, my, ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since
3. So its good-bye, chil-dren, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de
wed-din' day, An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I lov'd so well, I will
'way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we
wind don't blow, An' yer il-ster coats, why yer will not need, When yer
wear up in de char-iot in de morn. An' my long white robe dat I
ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole Brud-der Ben and
ride up in de char-iot in de morn. But yer gold-en slip-pers must be
f
bo't las' June, I'm gwine to git chang'd Kase it fits too soon, An' de
Sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel-e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac-co Juice, What a
nice and clean, An' yer age must be Just sweet six-teen, An' yer
old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.
great camp-meetin' der will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn.
white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char-iot in de morn.

CHORUS





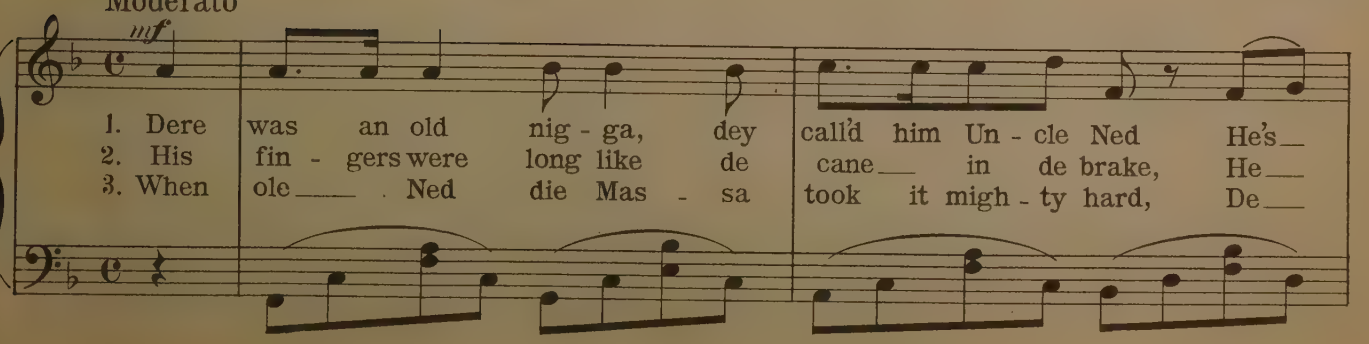


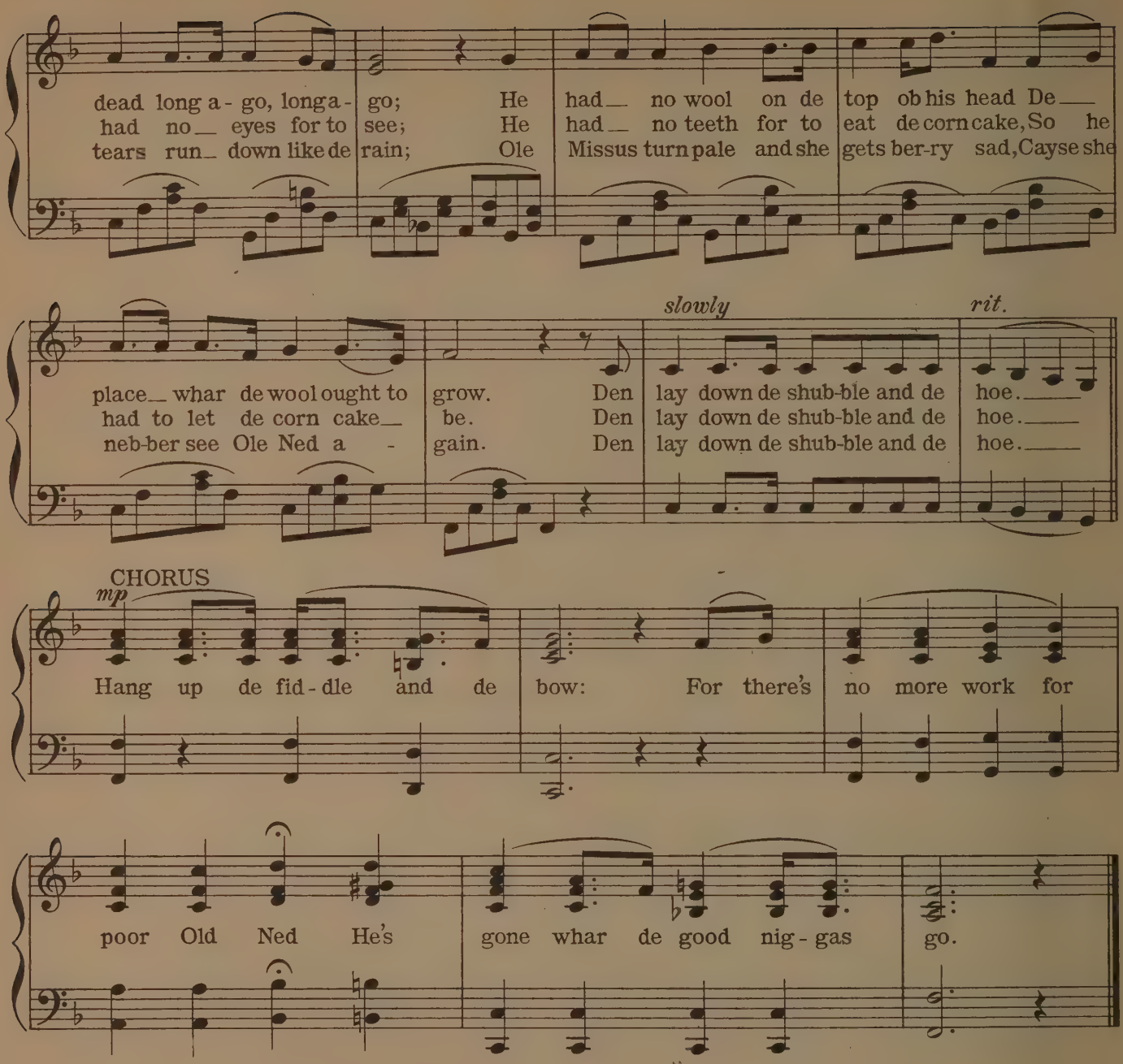


Uncle Ned

S. C. FOSTER

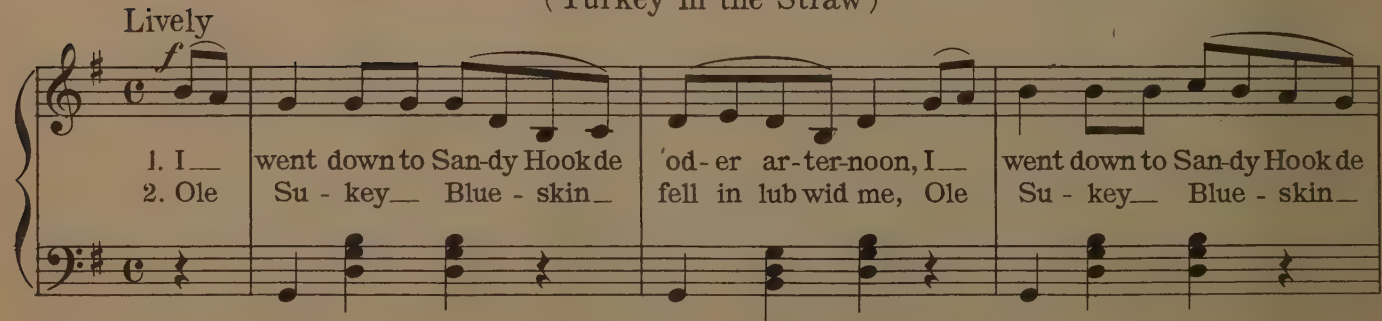
Moderato

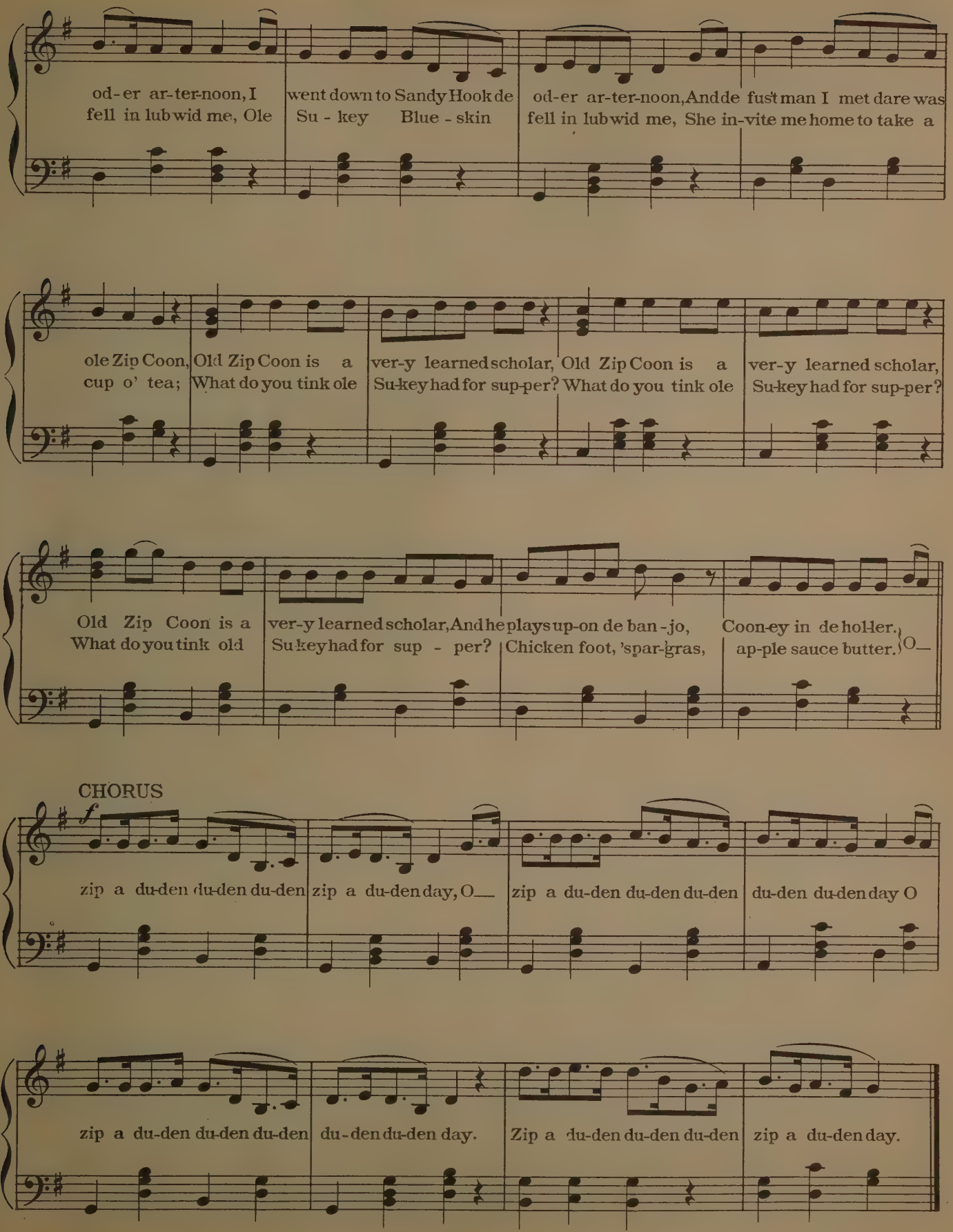

mf
1. Dere was an old nig-ga, dey call'd him Un-cle Ned He's
2. His fin-gers were long like de cane in de brake, He
3. When ole Ned die Mas-sa took it migh-ty hard, De


dead long a - go, long a - go; He had no wool on de top ob his head De
had no eyes for to see; He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake, So he
tears run down like de rain; Ole Missus turn pale and she gets ber-ry sad, Cayse she
slowly
rit.
place whar de wool ought to grow. Den lay down de shub-ble and de hoe.
had to let de corn cake be. Den lay down de shub-ble and de hoe.
neb-ber see Ole Ned a - gain. Den lay down de shub-ble and de hoe.
CHORUS
mp
Hang up de fid - dle and de bow: For there's no more work for
poor Old Ned He's gone whar de good nig - gas go.

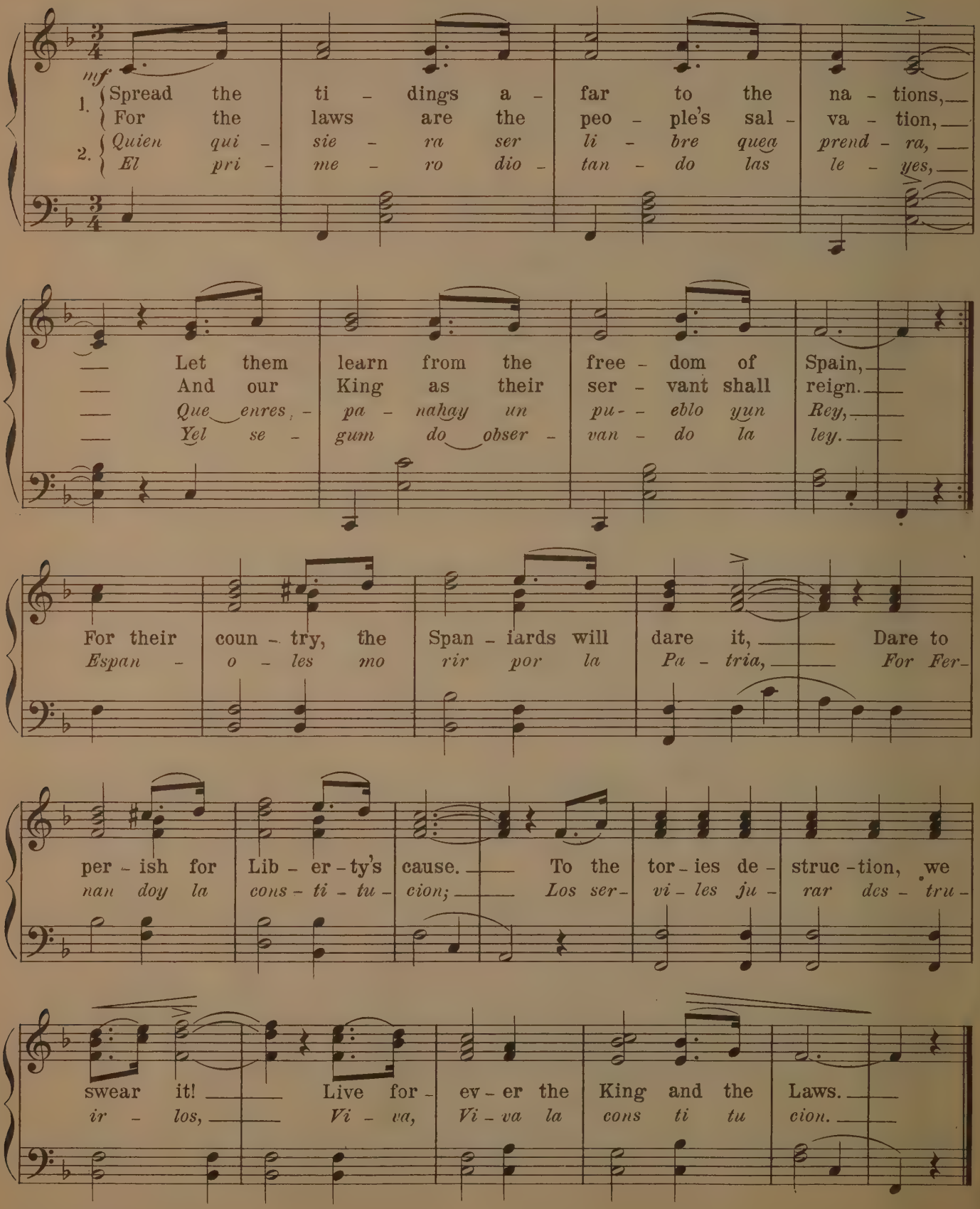
Zip Coon

(Turkey in the Straw)


Lively
f
1. I went down to San-dy Hook de 'od - er ar - ter - noon, I went down to San-dy Hook de
2. Ole Su - key Blue - skin fell in lub wid me, Ole Su - key Blue - skin


od-er ar-ter-noon, I went down to Sandy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, And de fust man I met dare was
fell in lub wid me, Ole Su - key Blue - skin fell in lub wid me, She in-vite me home to take a
ole Zip Coon, Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar, Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar,
cup o' tea; What do you tink ole Su-key had for sup-per? What do you tink ole Su-key had for sup-per?
Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar, And he plays up-on de ban-jo, Coon-ey in de hol-ler,
What do you tink old Su-key had for sup - per? Chicken foot, 'spar-gras, ap-ple sauce butter. O—
CHORUS
f
zip a du-den du-den du-den zip a du-den day, O— zip a du-den du-den du-den du-den du-den day O
zip a du-den du-den du-den du-den du-den day. Zip a du-den du-den du-den zip a du-den day.

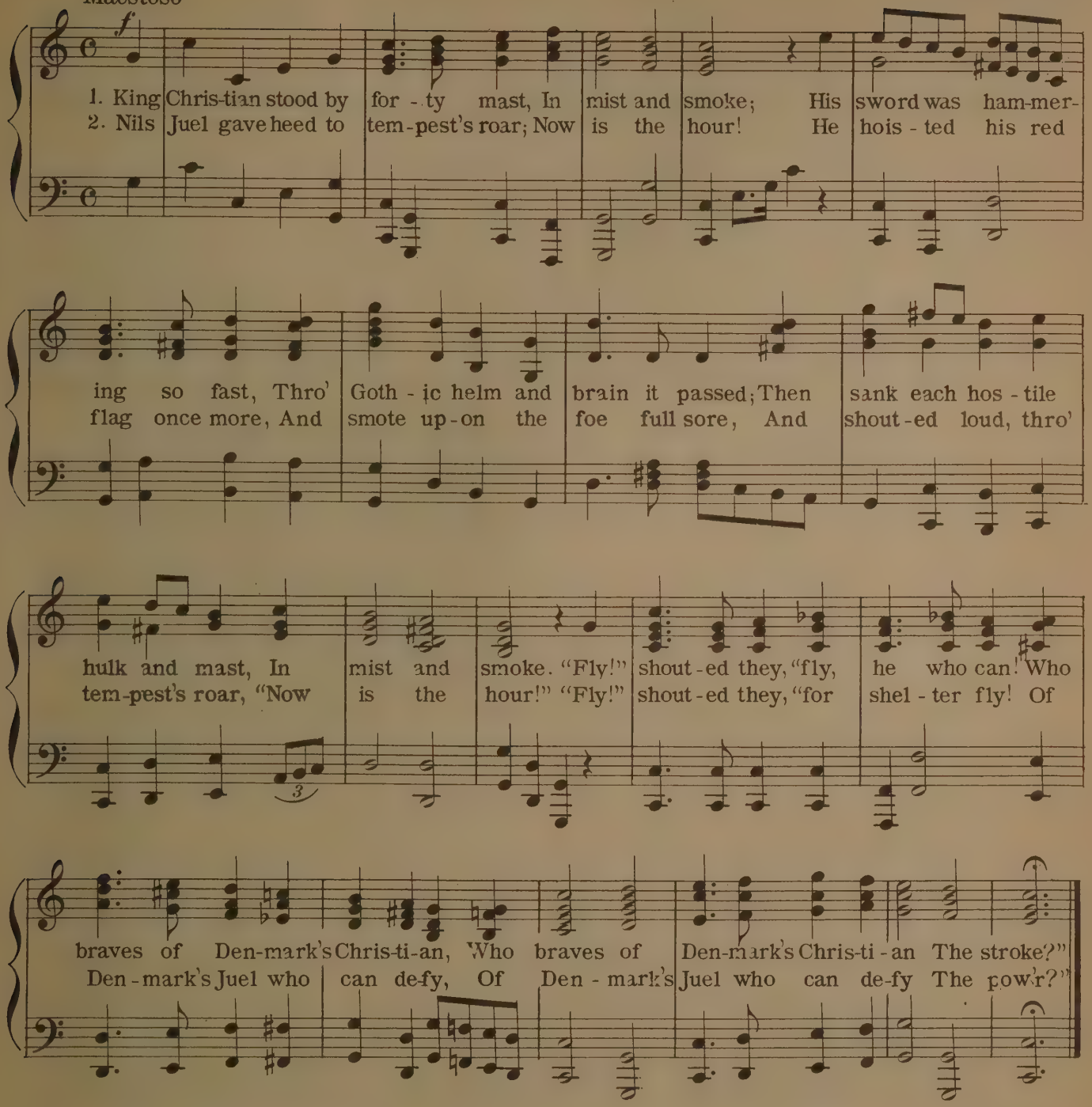
Spanish National Hymn


mf
1. Spread the ti - dings a - far to the na - tions,
For the laws are the peo - ple's sal - va - tion,
2. Quien qui - sie - ra ser li - bre quea prend - ra,
El pri - me - ro dio - tan - do las le - yes,
Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain,
And our King as their ser - vant shall reign.
Que enres, - pa - nahay un pu - eblo yun Rey,
Yel se - gum do obser - van - do la ley.
For their coun - try, the Span - iards will dare it, Dare to
Espan - o - les mo rir por la Pa - tria, For Fer-
per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause. To the tor - ies de - struc - tion, we
nan doy la cons - ti - tu - cion; Los ser - vi - les ju - rar des - tru -
swear it! Live for - ev - er the King and the Laws.
ir - los, Vi - va, Vi - va la cons ti tu cion.

Danish National Song

Maestoso

J. HARTMANN


1. King Chris-tian stood by for - ty mast, In mist and smoke; His sword was ham-mer-
2. Nils Juel gave heed to tem-pest's roar; Now is the hour! He hois - ted his red
ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it passed; Then sank each hos - tile
flag once more, And smote up-on the foe full sore, And shout-ed loud, thro'
hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly!" shout-ed they, "fly, he who can! Who
tem-pest's roar, "Now is the hour!" "Fly!" shout-ed they, "for shel - ter fly! Of
braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti-an, Who braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti - an The stroke?"
Den - mark's Juel who can de-fy, Of Den - mark's Juel who can de-fy The pow'r?"

1

King Khristian stod ved hojen Mast
I Rog og Dump.
Hans Vaer gehamre de soa fast,
At gothens Hjoelmog Hjeine brast
Da sank hvert fjendl light speil og mast
I Rog og Damp. "Fly," skerg de, "fly hvad flyjte can!
Hvo staar for Danmark's Khristian,
Hvo staar for Danmark's Khristian I Kamp?"

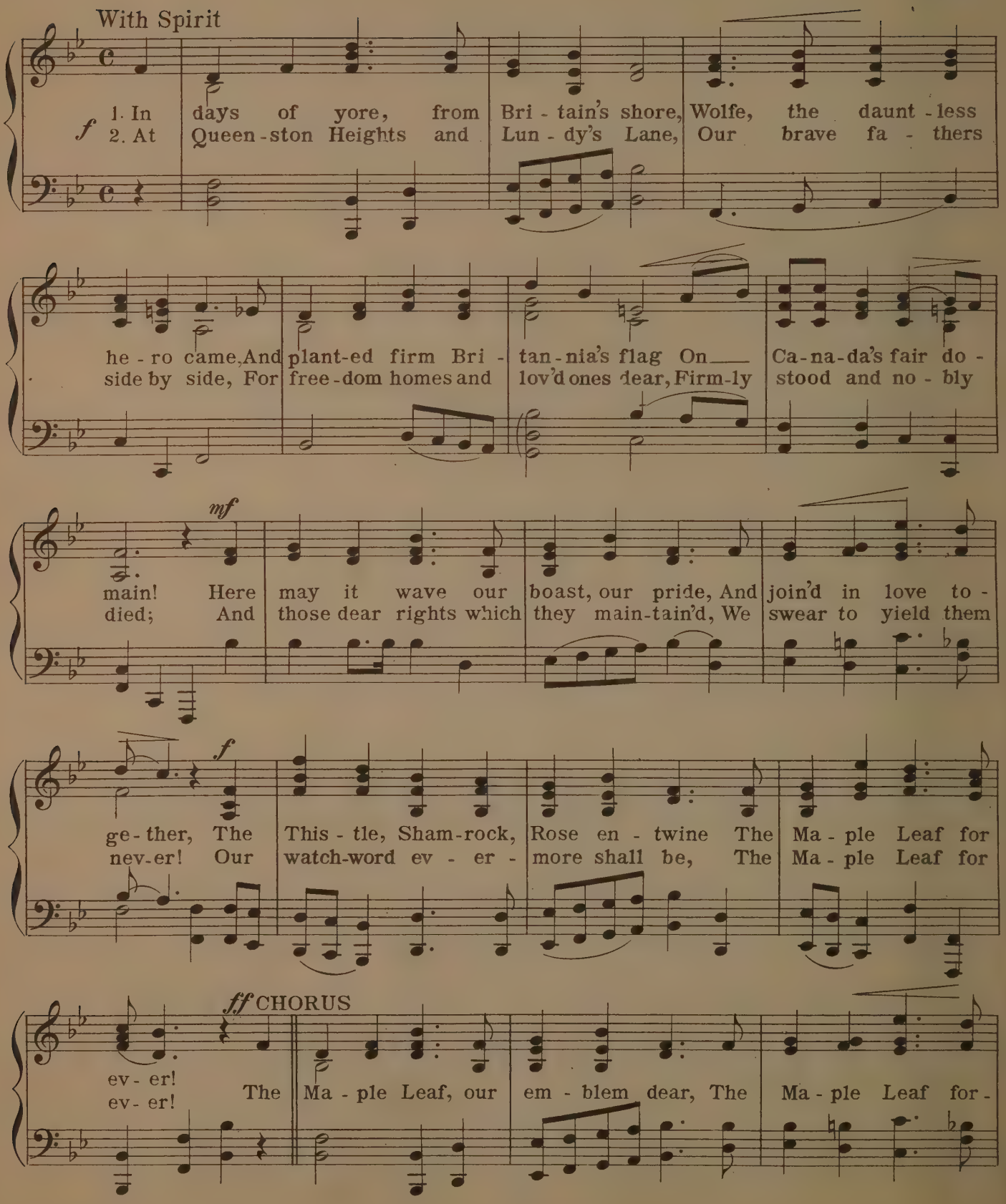
2

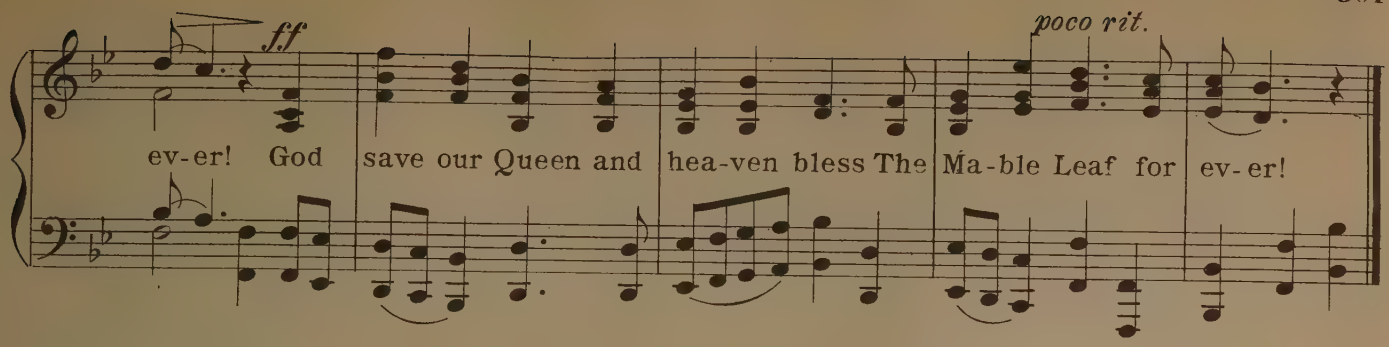
Nils Juel gav Agt paa Stermens Brag,
Nu er det Tid!
Haus hejsede det rode flag
Og slog paa Tjenden Slag i Slag.
Da skreg de hojt blandt ftormens Brag:
"Nu er det Tid" "Fly" skreg de hver som vid et skjul
Hvo kan besta for Danmark's Juel
Hvo kan besta for Danmark's Juel I Strid!"

Canadian National Song

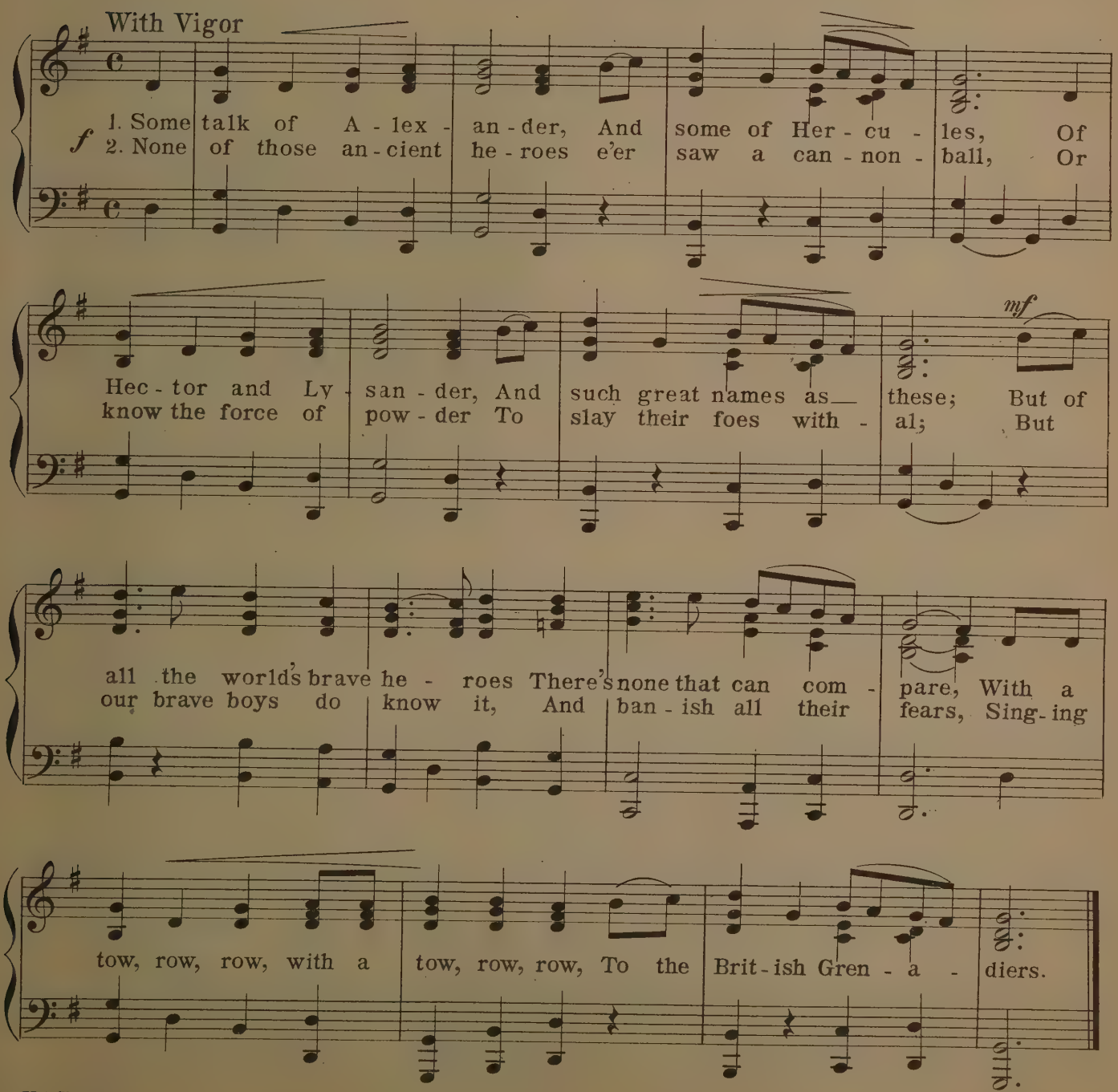
"The Maple Leaf Forever"

A. MUIR


With Spirit
f
1. In days of yore, from Brit - tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt - less
2. At Queen - ston Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers
he - ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag On Ca - na - da's fair do -
side by side, For free - dom homes and lov'd ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly
mf
main! Here may it wave our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to -
died; And those dear rights which they main-tain'd, We swear to yield them
f
ge - ther, The This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for
nev-er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for
ff CHORUS
ev - er!
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for -



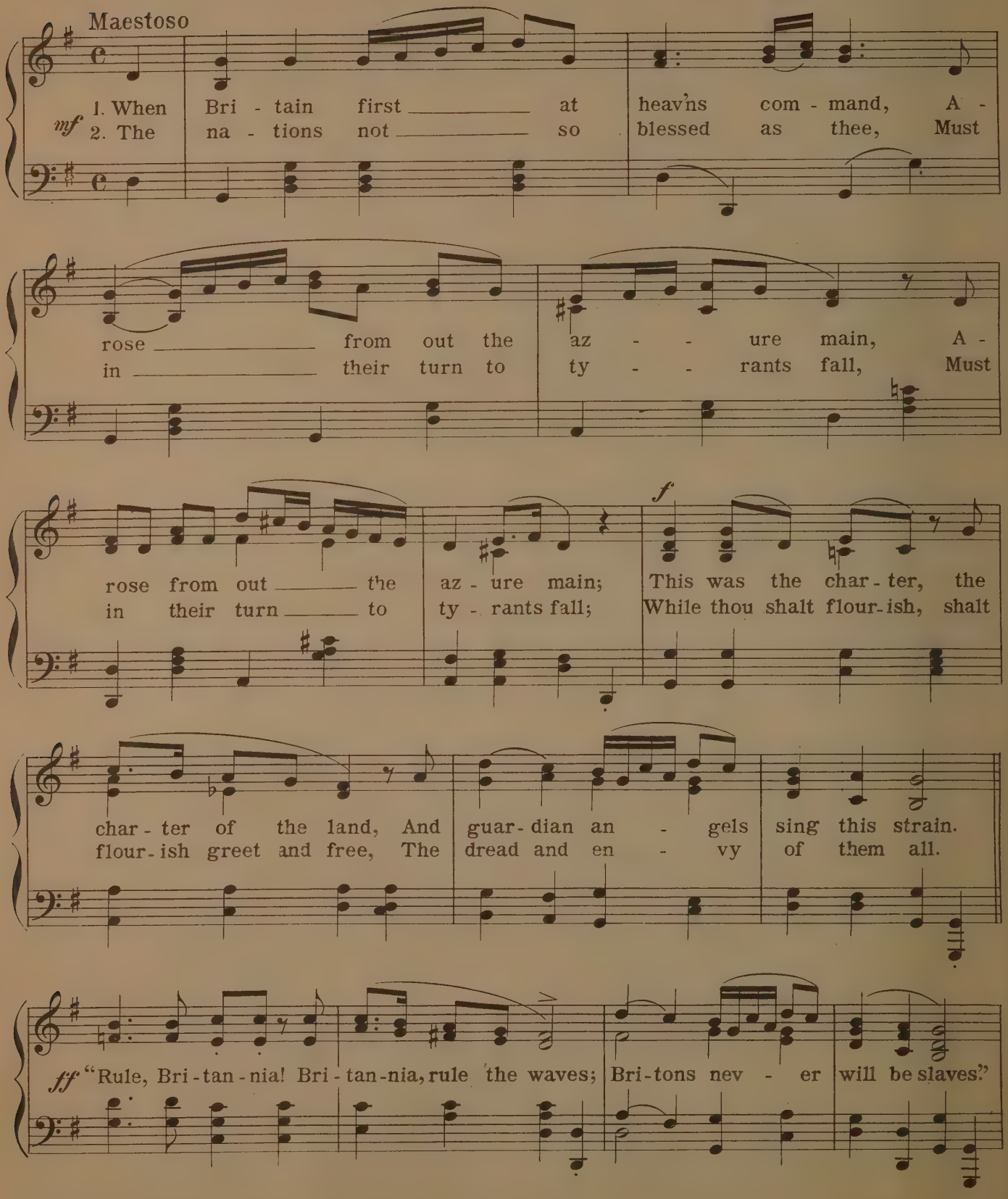
The British Grenadiers

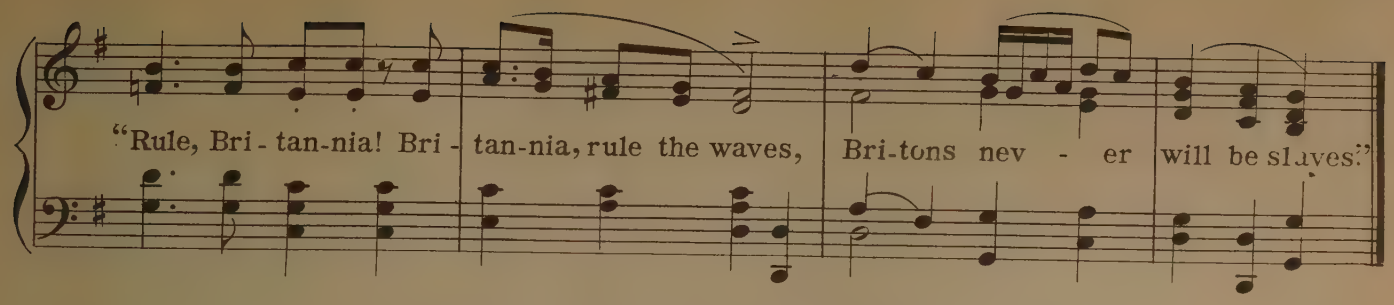

With Vigor
f
1. Some talk of A-lex-an-der, And some of Her-cu-les, Of
2. None of those an-cient he-roes e'er saw a can-non-ball, Or
Hec-tor and Ly-san-der, And such great names as these; But of
know the force of pow-der To slay their foes with-al; But
mf
all the world's brave he-roes There's none that can com-pare, With a
our brave boys do know it, And ban-ish all their fears, Sing-ing
tow, row, row, with a tow, row, row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a-diers.

English National Song

"Rule, Britannia"

THOMAS A. ARNE

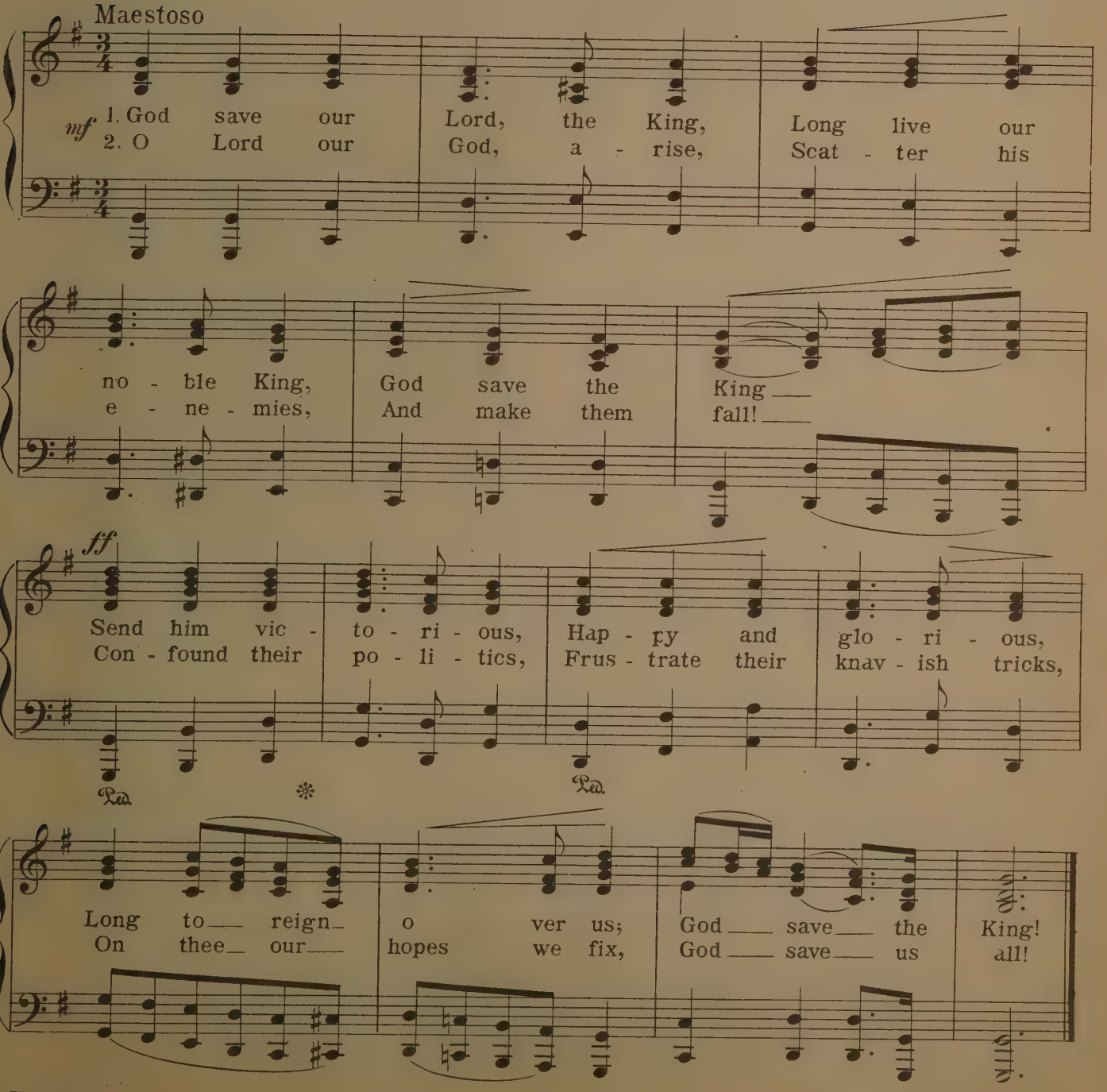

Maestoso
mf
1. When Bri - tain first at heav'ns com - mand, A -
2. The na - tions not so blessed as thee, Must
rose from out the az - ure main, A -
in their turn to ty - rants fall, Must
rose from out the az - ure main;
in their turn to ty - rants fall;
f
This was the char - ter, the
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt
char - ter of the land, And guar - dian an - gels sing this strain.
flour - ish greet and free, The dread and en - vy of them all.
ff "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er will be slaves."



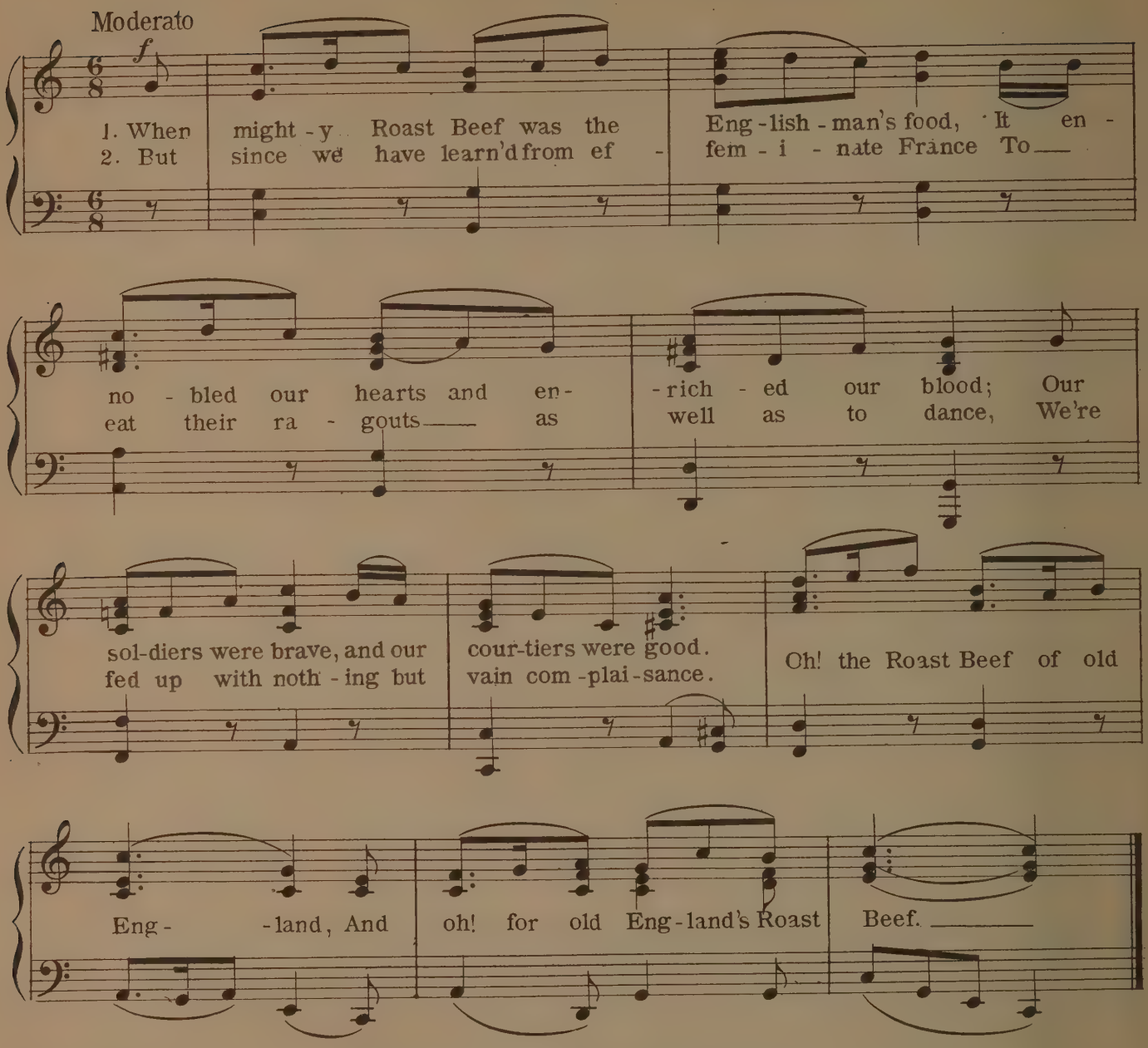
English National Hymn

"God Save The King"

HENRY CAREY


Maestoso
mf
1. God save our Lord, the King, Long live our
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his
no - ble King, God save the King
e - ne - mies, And make them fall!
ff
Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Con - found their po - li - tics, Frus - trate their knav - ish tricks,
Long to reign o ver us; God save the King!
On thee our hopes we fix, God save us all!

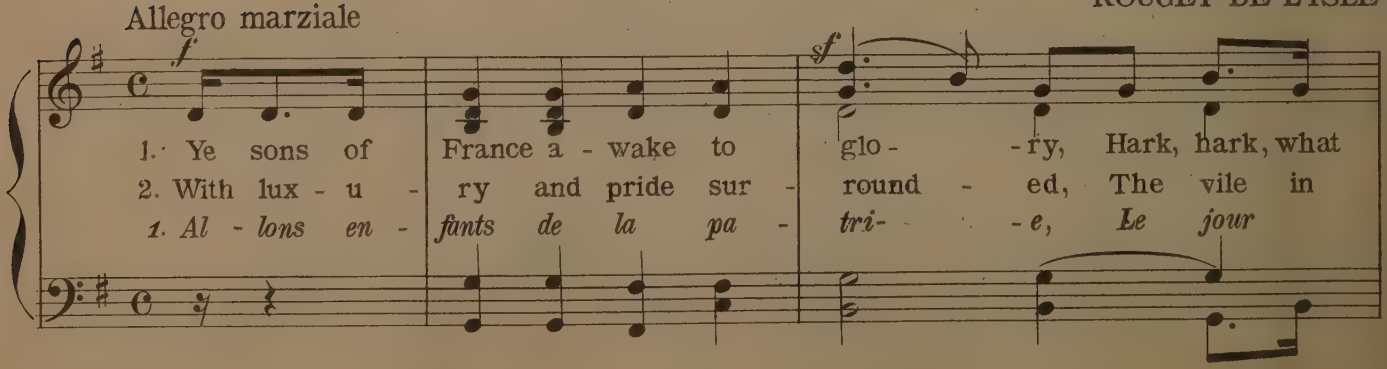
The Roast Beef Of Old England

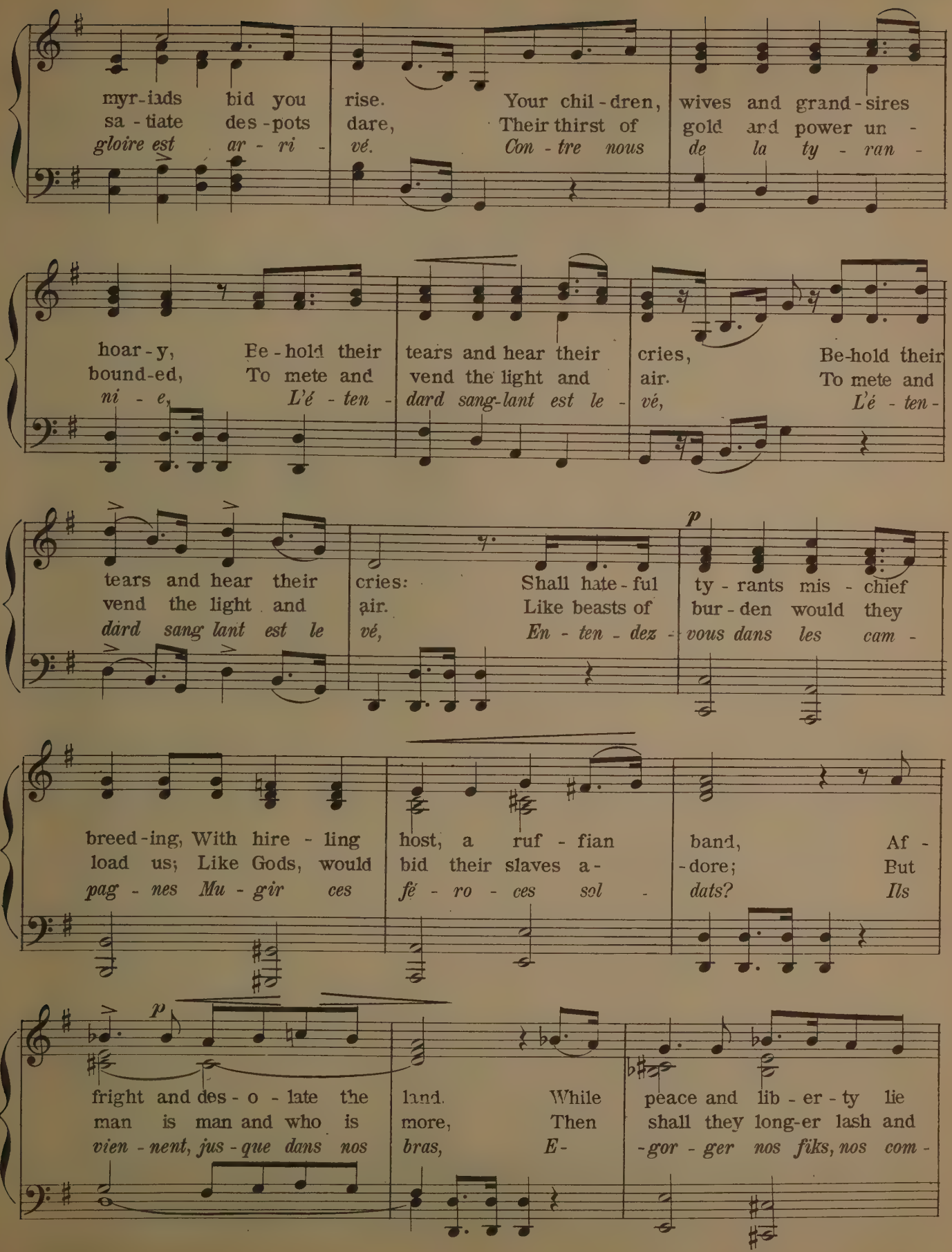

Moderato
f
1. When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food, It en-
2. But since we have learn'd from ef- fem-i-nate France To
nobled our hearts and en- richened our blood; Our
eat their ragouts as well as to dance, We're
soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh! the Roast Beef of old
England, And oh! for old England's Roast Beef.

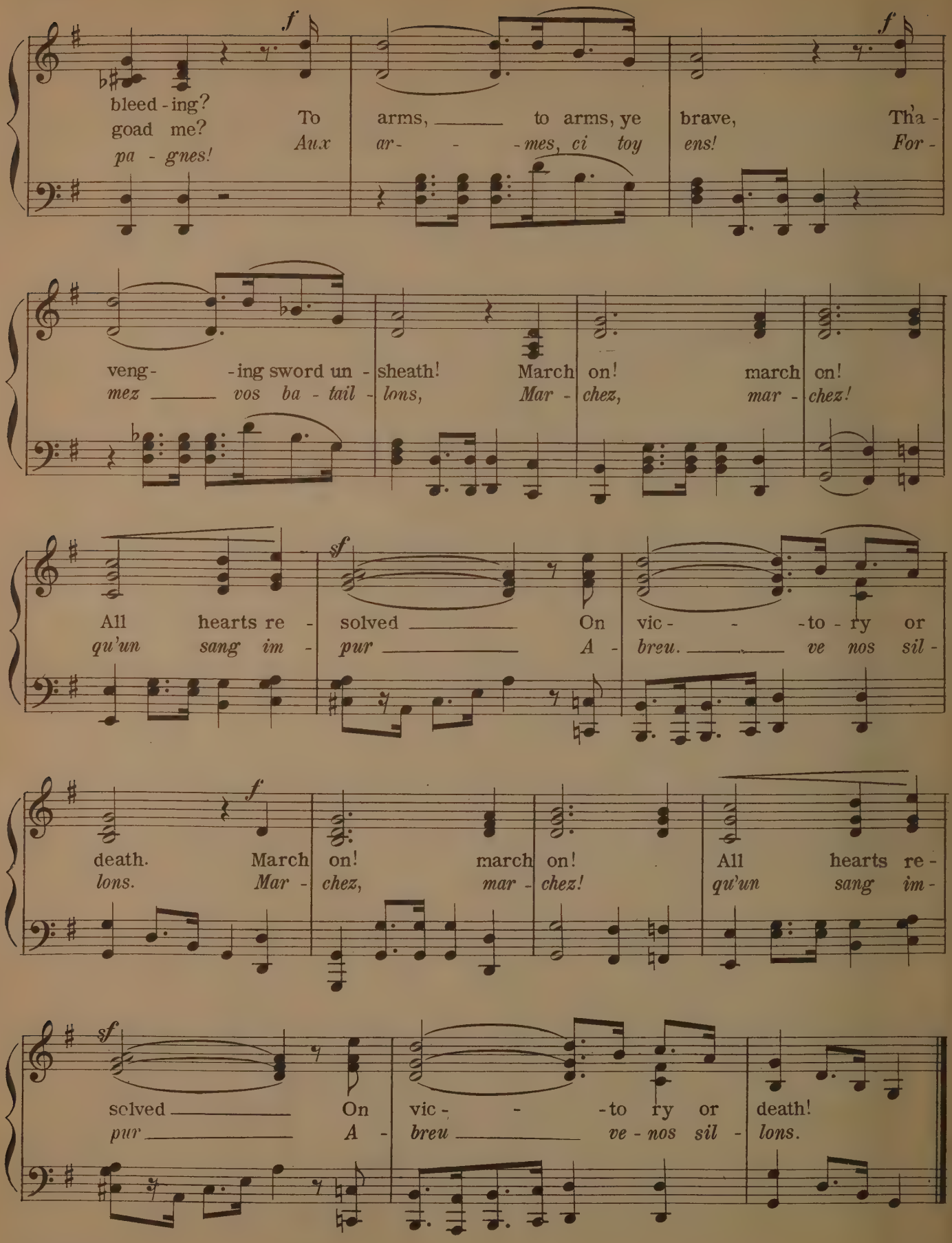
French National Song

The Marseillaise

ROUGET DE L'ISLE


Allegro marziale
f
sf
1. Ye sons of France awake to glory, Hark, hark, what
2. With luxury and pride surround ed, The vile in
1. Allons enfants de la patrie, Le jour


myr-iads bid you rise. Your chil-dren, wives and grand-sires
sa-tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst of gold and power un-
gloire est ar-ri- vé. Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-
hoar-y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their
bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and air. To mete and
ni-e, L'é-ten- dard sang-lant est le- vé, L'é-ten-
tears and hear their cries: Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief
vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur-den would they
dard sang lant est le vé, En-ten-dez- vous dans les cam-
p
breed-ing, With hire-ling host, a ruf-fian band, Af-
load us; Like Gods, would bid their slaves a- -dore; But
pag-nes Mu-gir ces fé-ro-ces sol- dats? Ils
p
fright and des-o-late the land. While peace and lib-er-ty lie
man is man and who is more, Then shall they long-er lash and
vien-nent, jus-que dans nos bras, E- -gor-ger nos fiks, nos com-

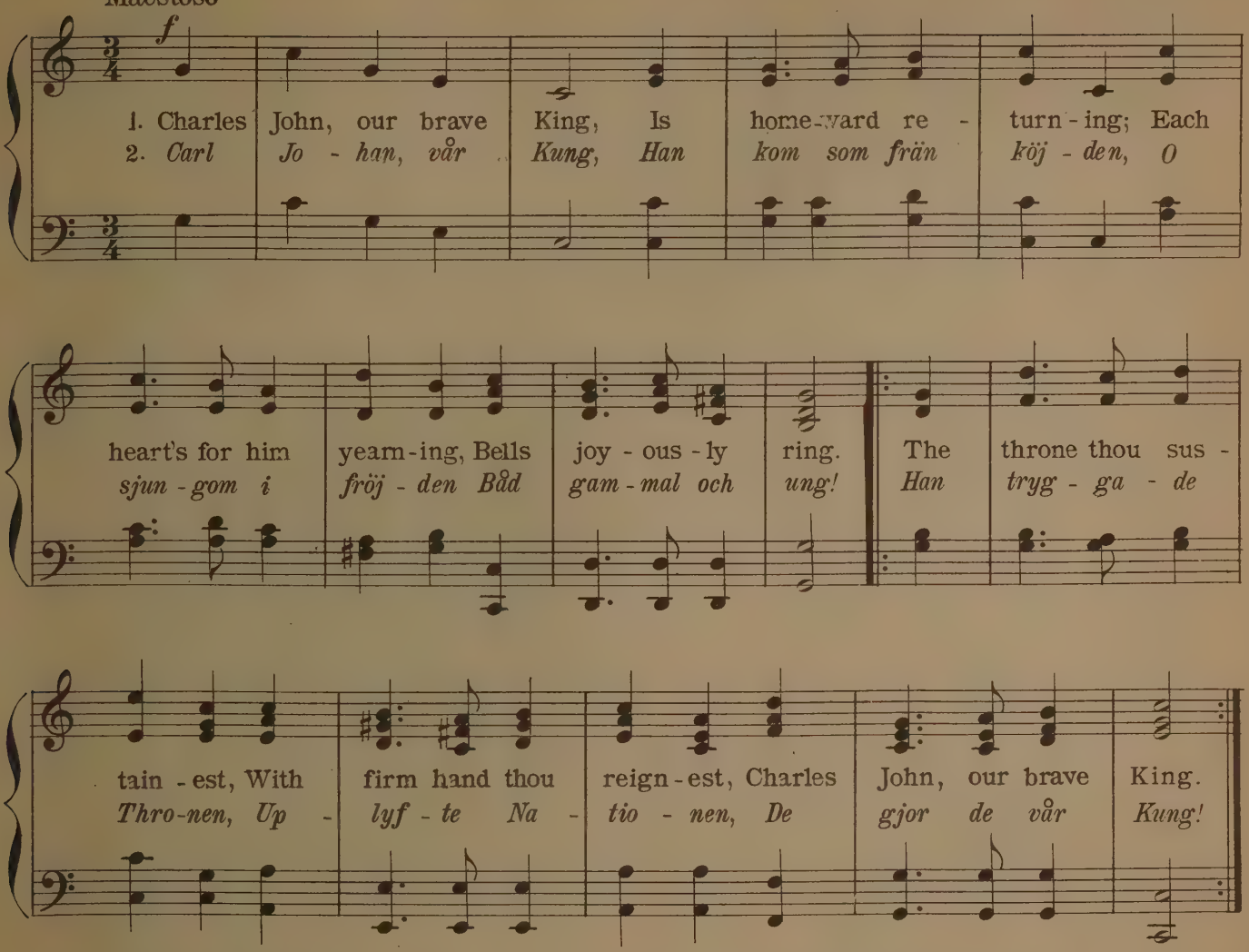

f
bleed - ing?
goad me?
pa - gnes!
To
Aux
arms, to arms, ye
ar- - -mes, ci toy
brave,
ens!
Tha -
For -
veng- -ing sword un - sheath!
mez vos ba - tail -
March on!
lons,
march on!
Mar - chez,
mar - chez!
sf
All hearts re -
qu'un sang im -
solved On
pur A -
vic- -to - ry or
breu. ve nos sil -
f
death.
lons.
March on!
Mar - chez,
march on!
mar - chez!
All hearts re -
qu'un sang im -
sf
solved On
pur A -
vic- -to ry or
breu ve - nos sil -
death!
lons.

Swedish National Song

(Charles John, Our Brave King)

J. DU PUY

Maestoso


f
1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home-ward re - turn - ing; Each
2. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung, Han kom som från köj - den, O
heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båd gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de
tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King.
Thro-nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, De gjor de vår Kung!

2

Ha! when our brave King
In battle is leading
To fame we are speeding!
His praises we'll sing.
:In peace he is glorious,
In war he's victorious,
Charles John, our brave King!:

3

All hail! O dear King!
Thou raisest thy nation
From all tribulation,
And plenty dost bring.
:Our cares thou dost lighten
Our homes thou dost brighten.
All hail! O dear King!:

2

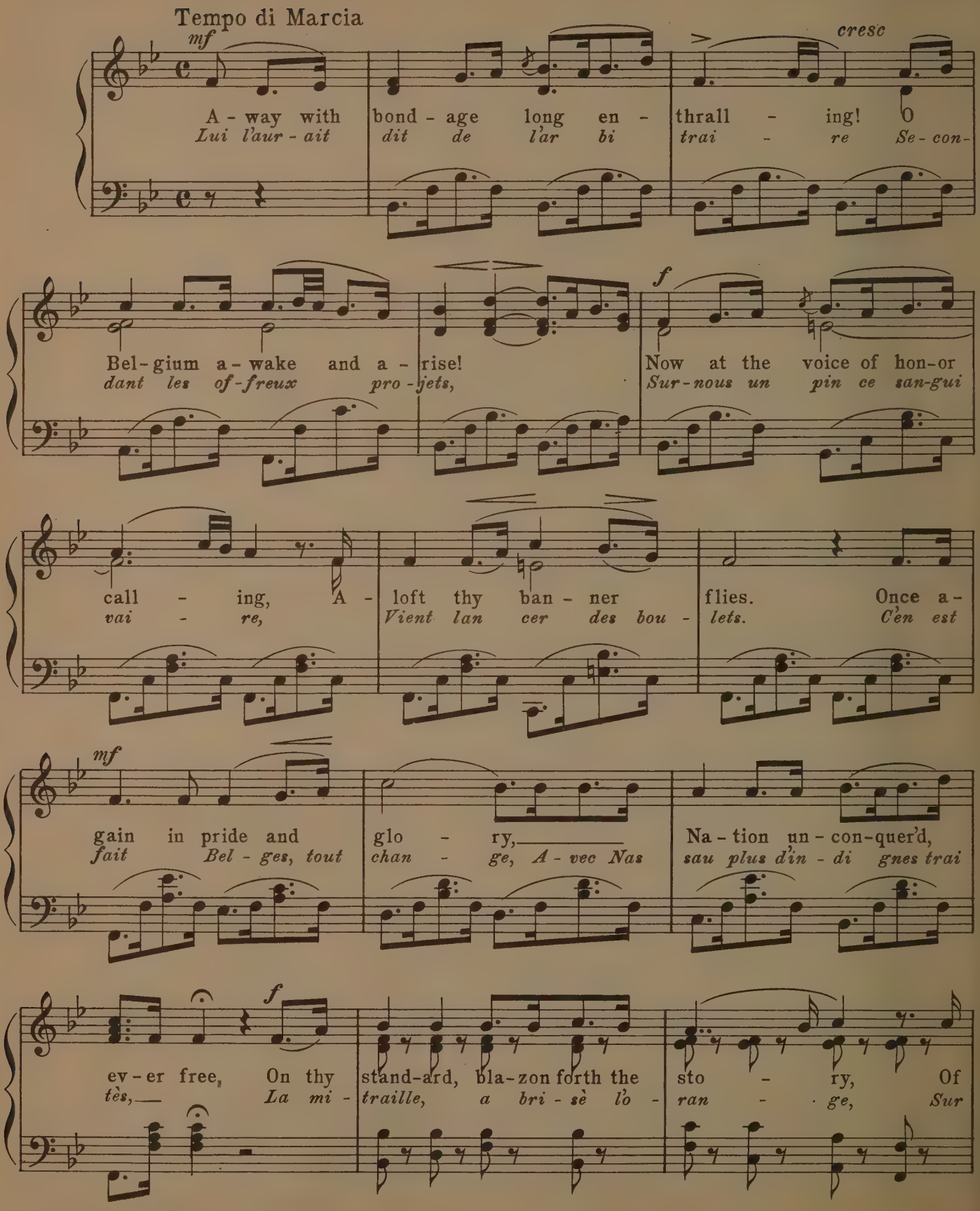
O följom vår Kung,
J krigiska tider
Till modiga strider,
Båd gammal och ung!
:Han vet föra svärdet
Men känner dock värdet
Af friden, vår Kung.:

3

Välsignom vår Kung.
Han ryckt oss ur nöden,
Till sällare öden
Båd gammal och ung
:Han bär för vår smärta
Ett faderligt hferta,
Välsignom vår Kung.:

La Brabanconne

Belgian Hymn


Tempo di Marcia
mf
cresc
A - way with bond - age long en - thrall - ing! O
Lui l'aur - ait dit de l'ar bi trai - re Se - con -
f
Bel - gium a - wake and a - rise! Now at the voice of hon - or
dant les of - freux pro - jets, Sur - nous un pin ce san - gui
call - ing, A - loft thy ban - ner flies. Once a -
vai - re, Vient lan cer des bou - lets. C'en est
mf
gain in pride and glo - ry, Na - tion un - con - quer'd,
fait Bel - ges, tout chan - ge, A - vec Nas sau plus d'in - di gnes trai
f
ev - er free, On thy stand - ard, bla - zon forth the sto - ry, Of
tès, La mi - traille, a bri - sè l'o - ran - ge, Sur

King and Law and Lib-er-ty! Once a-gain, in thy pride and
l'ar bre de la li-ber-tè, La-mi· traille a-bri-sè lo-

glo-ry, Na-tion un-con-quer'd ev-er free, On thy
ran-ge, Sur l'ar-bre de la li-ber-tè, Sur

cresc

largamente ff

stand-ard bla-zon forth the sto-ry Of King and Law and Lib-er-ty!
l'ar-bre de la li-ber-tè, Sur l'ar-bre de la li-ber-tè.

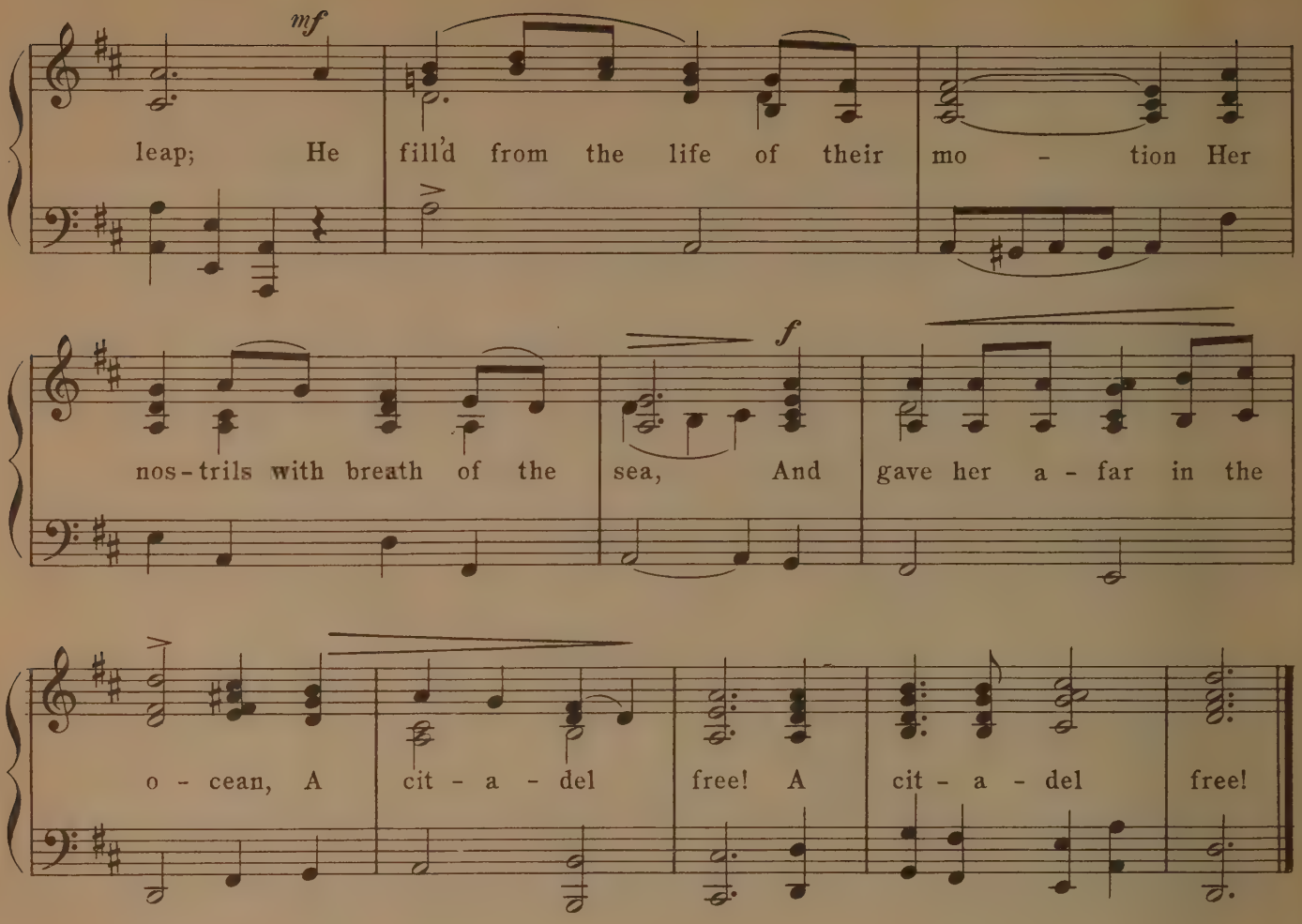
New Zealand's National Song

Maestoso

f

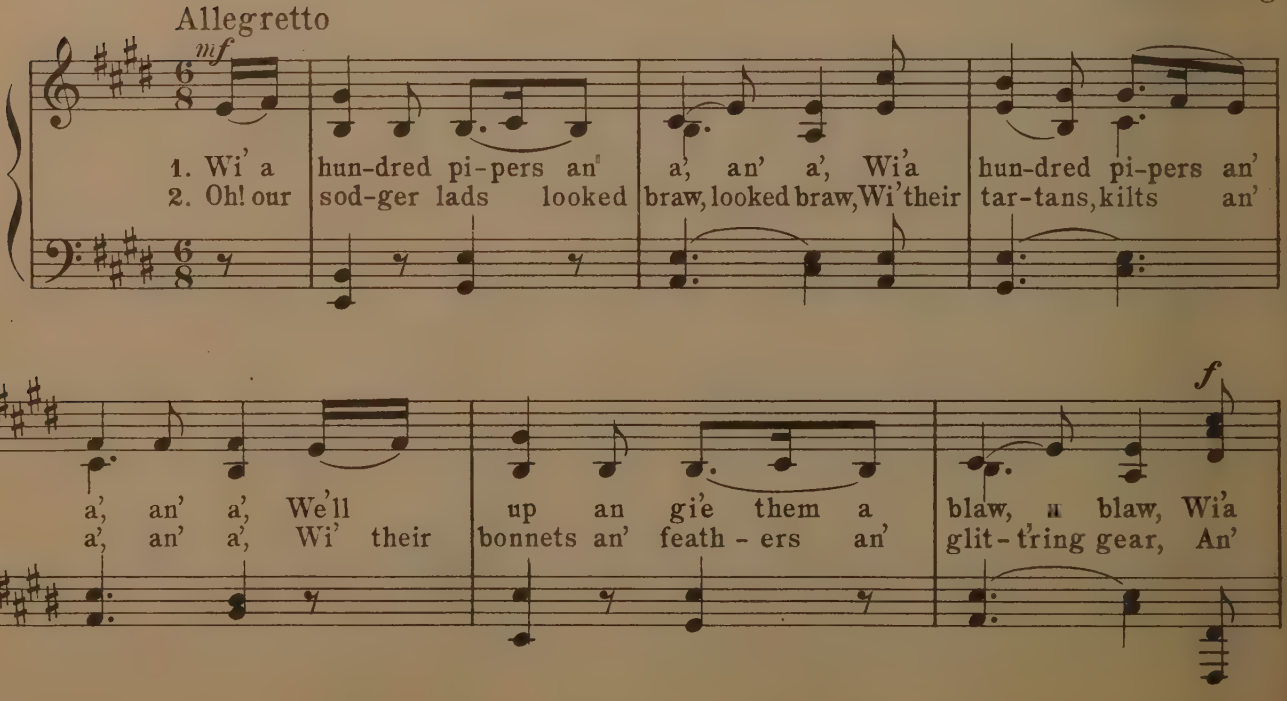
God girt her a-bout with the sur-ges, And winds of the mas-ter-less

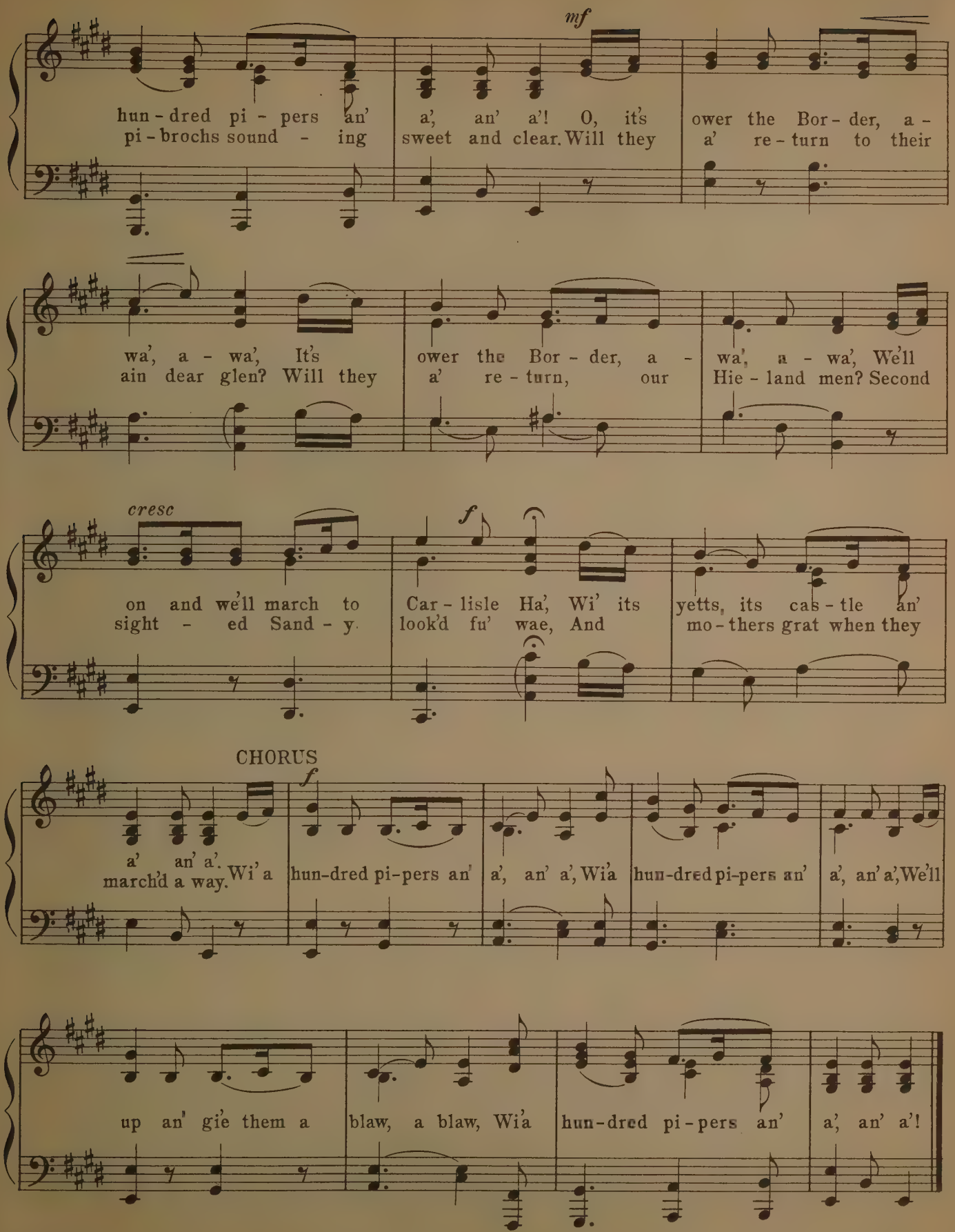
deep, Whose tu-mult up-rous-es and ur-ges Quick bil-lows to spar-kle and


mf
leap; He fill'd from the life of their mo - tion Her
f
nos-trils with breath of the sea, And gave her a - far in the
o - cean, A cit - a - del free! A cit - a - del free!

The Hundred Pipers

Scotch Song

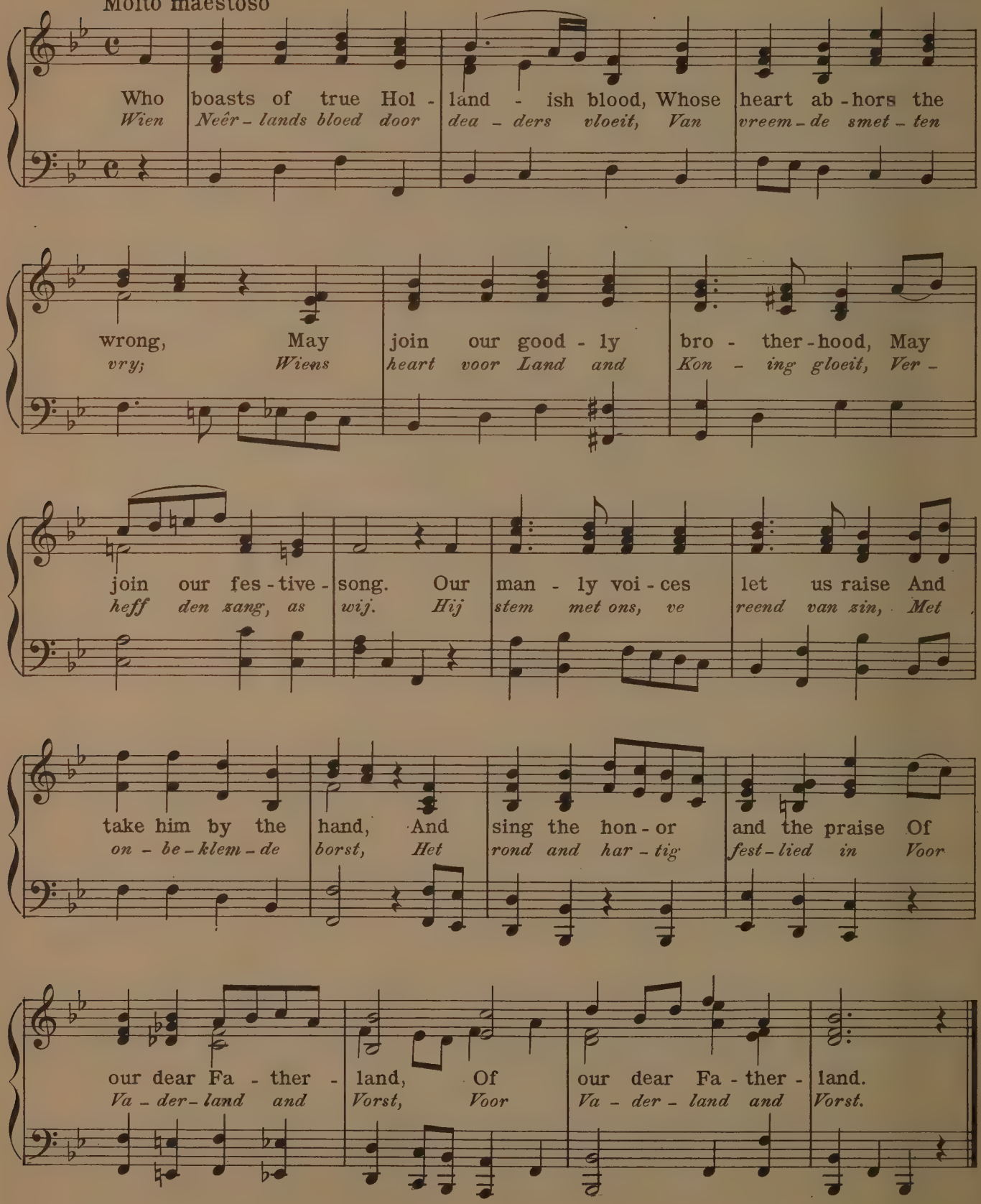

Allegretto
mf
1. Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an'
2. Oh! our sod-ger lads looked braw, looked braw, Wi' their tar-tans, kilts an'
f
a', an' a', We'll up an gi'e them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a
a', an' a', Wi' their bonnets an' feath - ers an' glit - t'ring gear, An'


mf
hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'! O, it's ower the Bor - der, a -
pi - brochs sound - ing sweet and clear. Will they a' re - turn to their
wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der, a - wa', a - wa', We'll
ain dear glen? Will they a' re - turn, our Hie - land men? Second
cresc
f
on and we'll march to Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle an'
sight - ed Sand - y. look'd fu' wae, And mo - thers grat when they
CHORUS
f
a' an' a'. Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll
march'd a way.
up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hun-dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'!

Holland's National Song

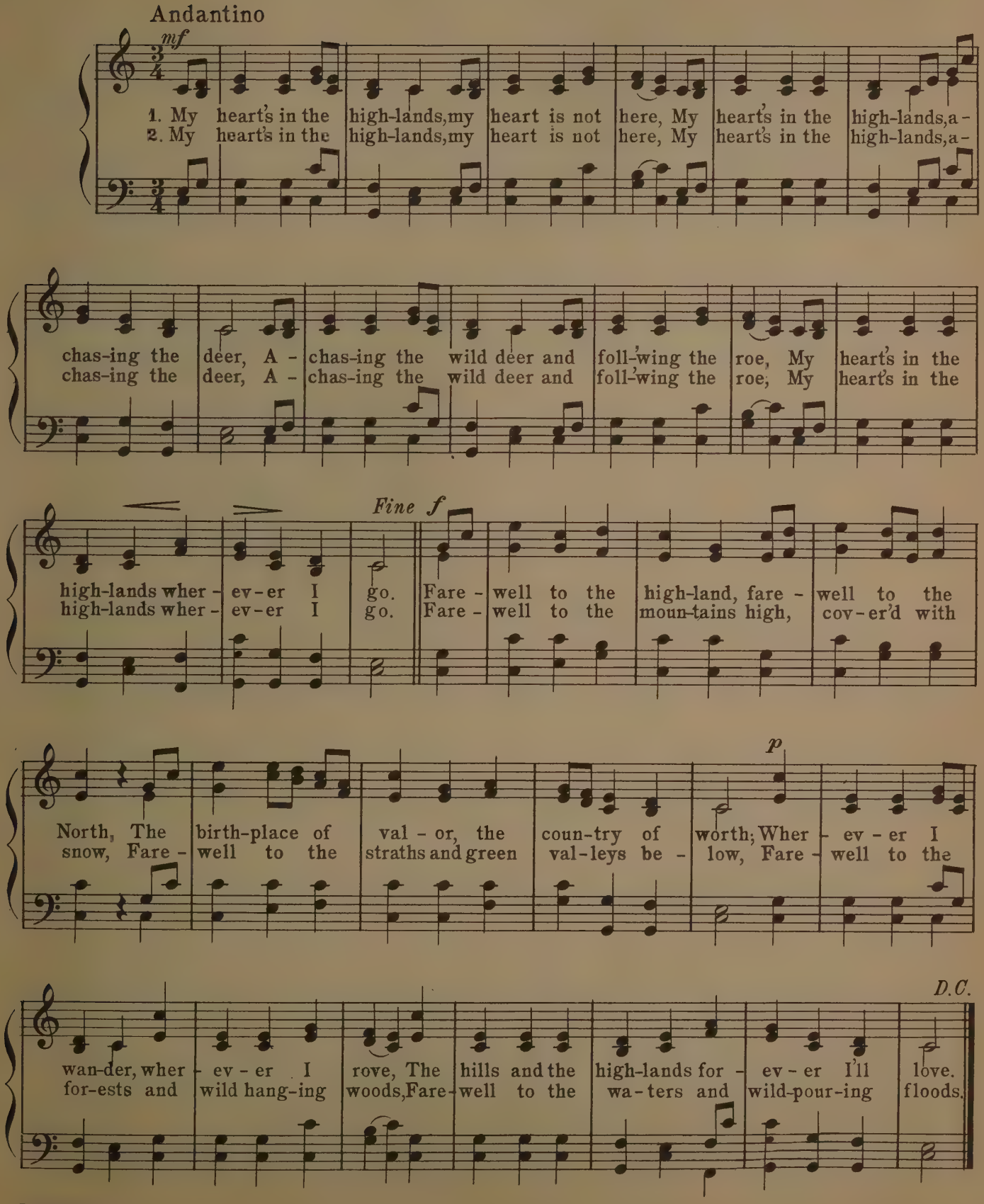
J. W. Wilms

Molto maestoso

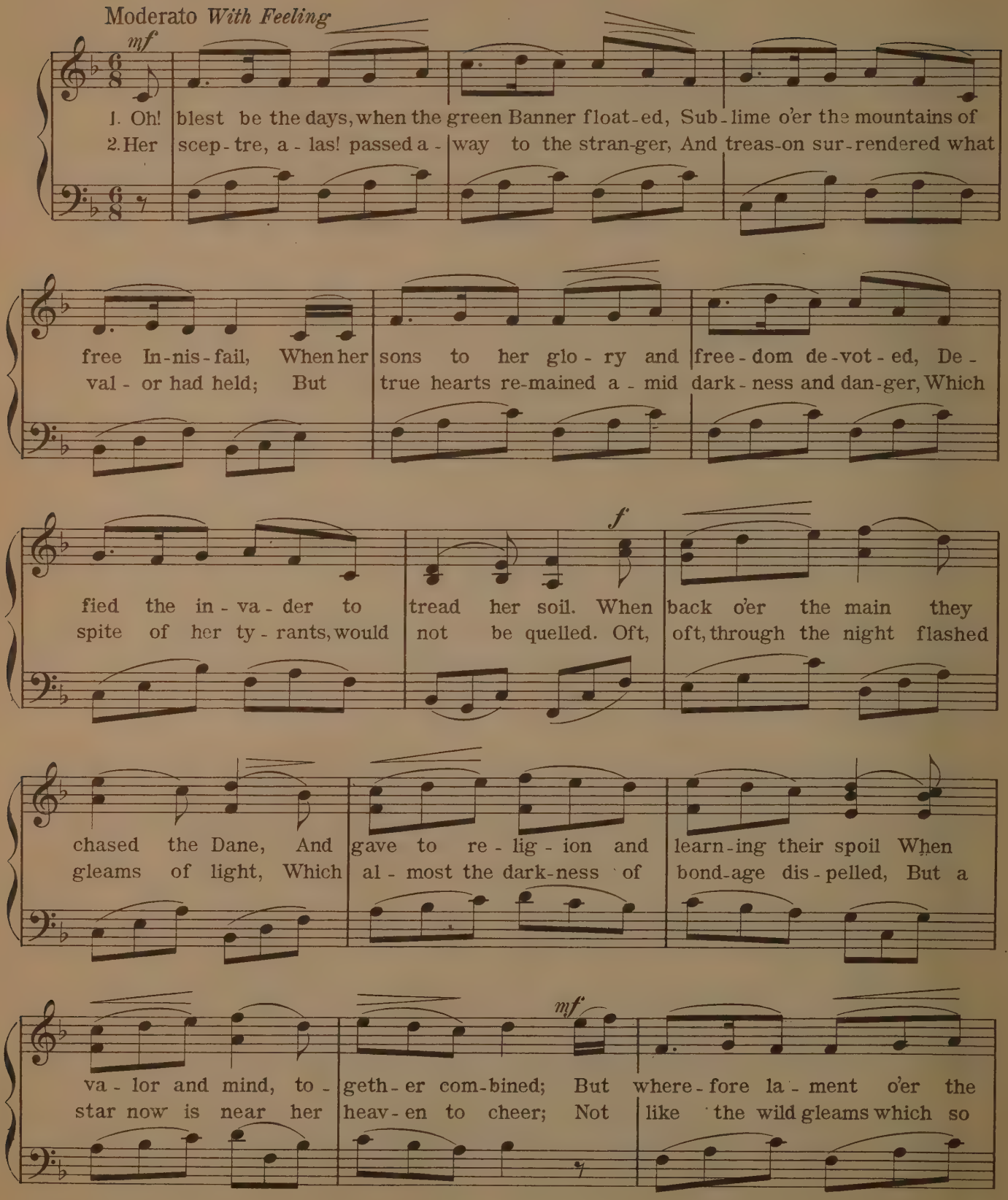

Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab - hors the
Wien Neêr - lands bloed door dea - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten
wrong, May join our good - ly bro - ther - hood, May
vry; Wiens heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeit, Ver -
join our fes - tive - song. Our man - ly voi - ces let us raise And
heff den zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve reend van zin, Met
take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or and the praise Of
on - be - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig fest - lied in Voor
our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.
Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va - der - land and Vorst.

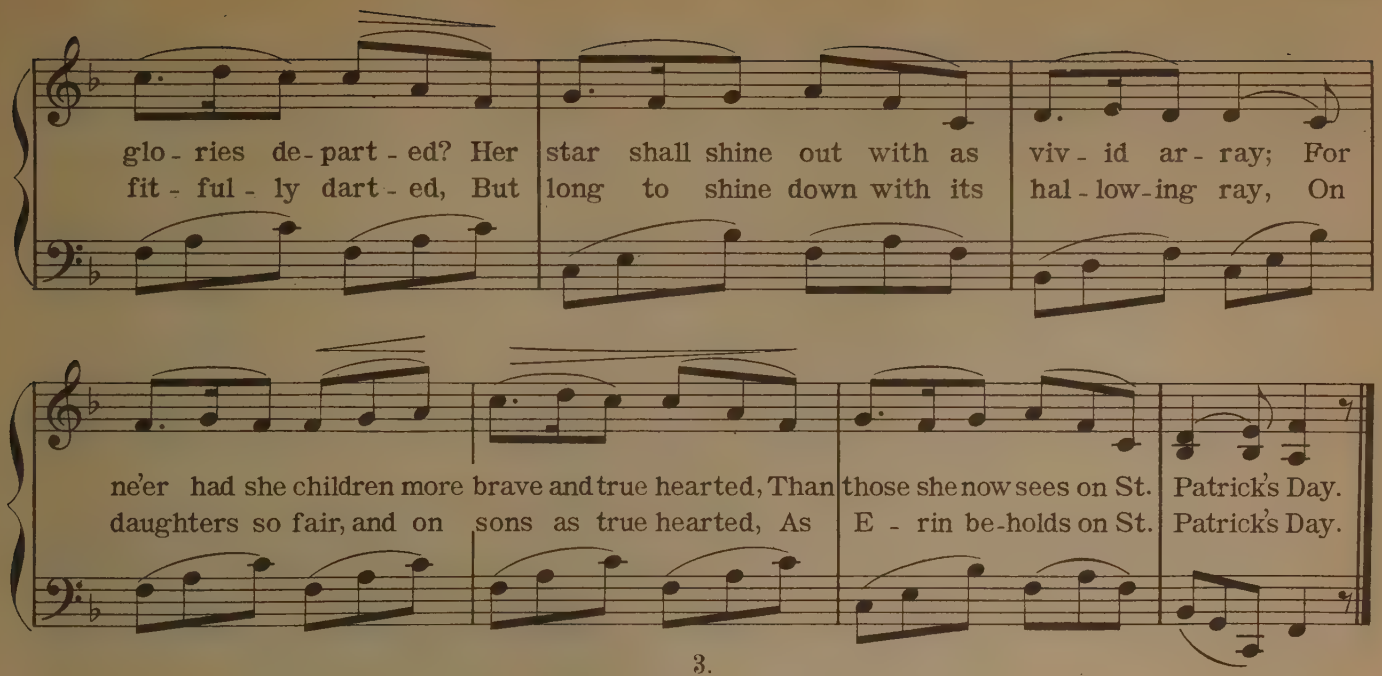
My Heart's In The Highlands

ROBERT BURNS


Andantino
mf
1. My heart's in the high-lands,my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands,a-
2. My heart's in the high-lands,my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands,a-
chas-ing the deer, A- chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the
chas-ing the deer, A- chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe; My heart's in the
Fine f
high-lands wher- ev-er I go. Fare- well to the high-land, fare- well to the
high-lands wher- ev-er I go. Fare- well to the moun-tains high, cov-er'd with
p
North, The birth-place of val-or, the coun-try of worth; Wher- ev-er I
snow, Fare- well to the straths and green val-leys be- low, Fare- well to the
D.C.
wan-der, wher- ev-er I rove, The hills and the high-lands for- ev-er I'll love.
for-ests and wild hang-ing woods, Fare- well to the wa-ters and wild-pour-ing floods.

St. Patrick's Day

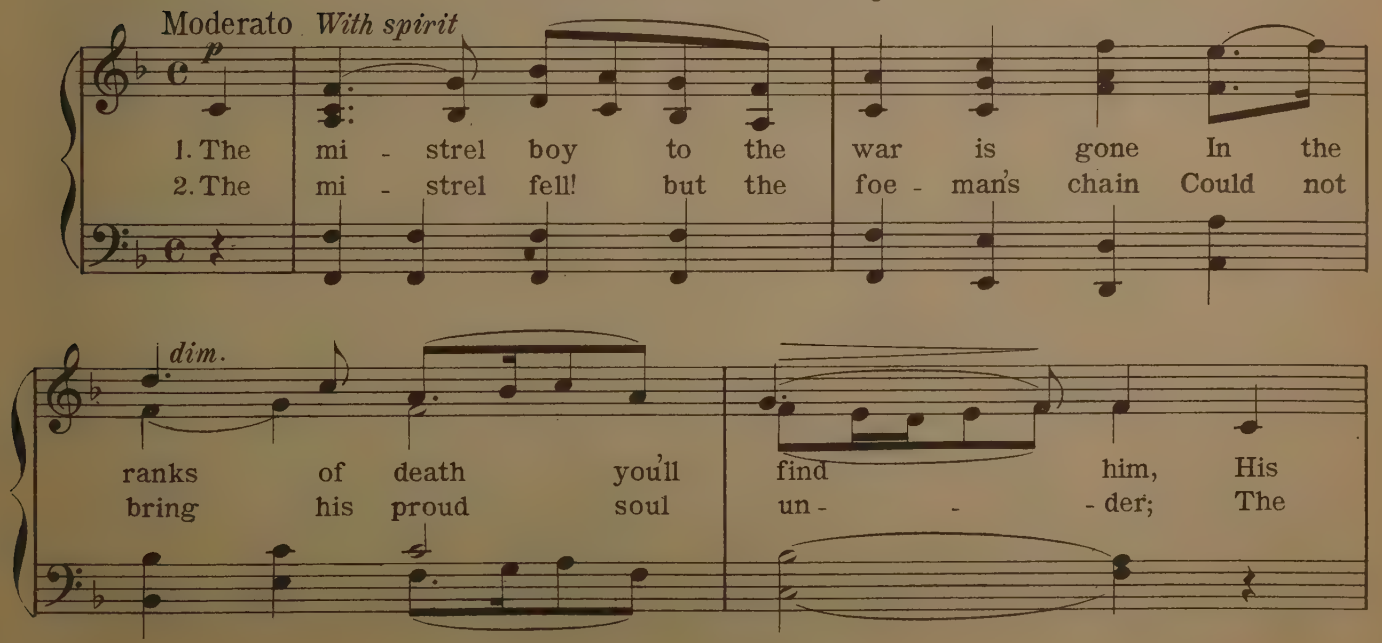

Moderato With Feeling
mf
1. Oh! blest be the days, when the green Banner float-ed, Sub-lime o'er the mountains of
2. Her scep-tre, a-las! passed a-way to the stran-ger, And treas-on sur-rendered what
free In-nis-fail, When her sons to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vot-ed, De-
val-or had held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which
f
fied the in-va-der to tread her soil. When back o'er the main they
spite of her ty-rants, would not be quelled. Oft, oft, through the night flashed
chased the Dane, And gave to re-lig-ion and learn-ing their spoil When
gleams of light, Which al-most the dark-ness of bond-age dis-pelled, But a
mf
va-lor and mind, to-geth-er com-bined; But where-fore la-ment o'er the
star now is near her heav-en to cheer; Not like the wild gleams which so

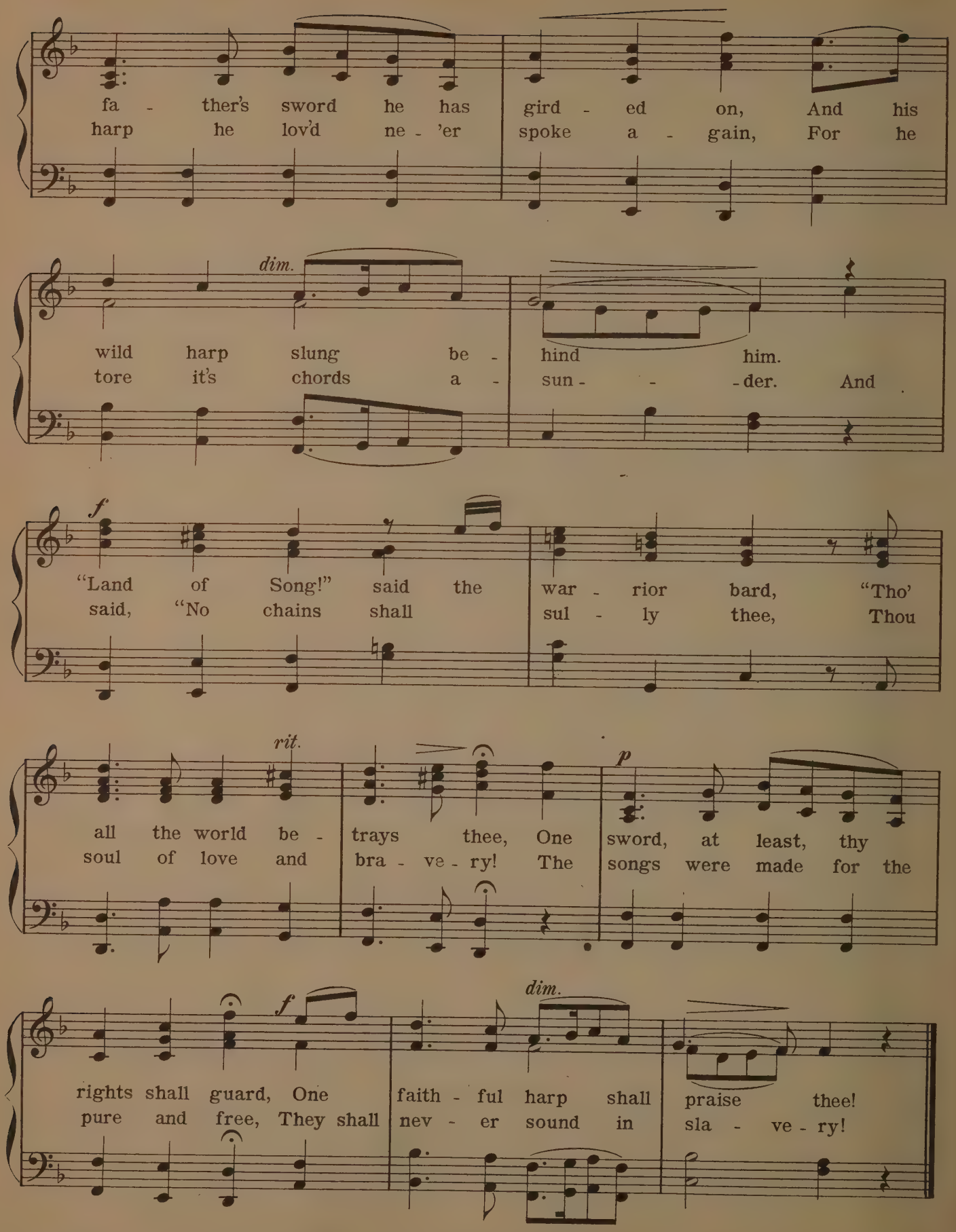

glo - ries de - part - ed? Her star shall shine out with as viv - id ar - ray; For
fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But long to shine down with its hal - low-ing ray, On
ne'er had she children more brave and true hearted, Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day.
daughters so fair, and on sons as true hearted, As E - rin be-holds on St. Patrick's Day.

3.

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,
And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen, *Irish Laws.*
Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children; in spired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true hearted,
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

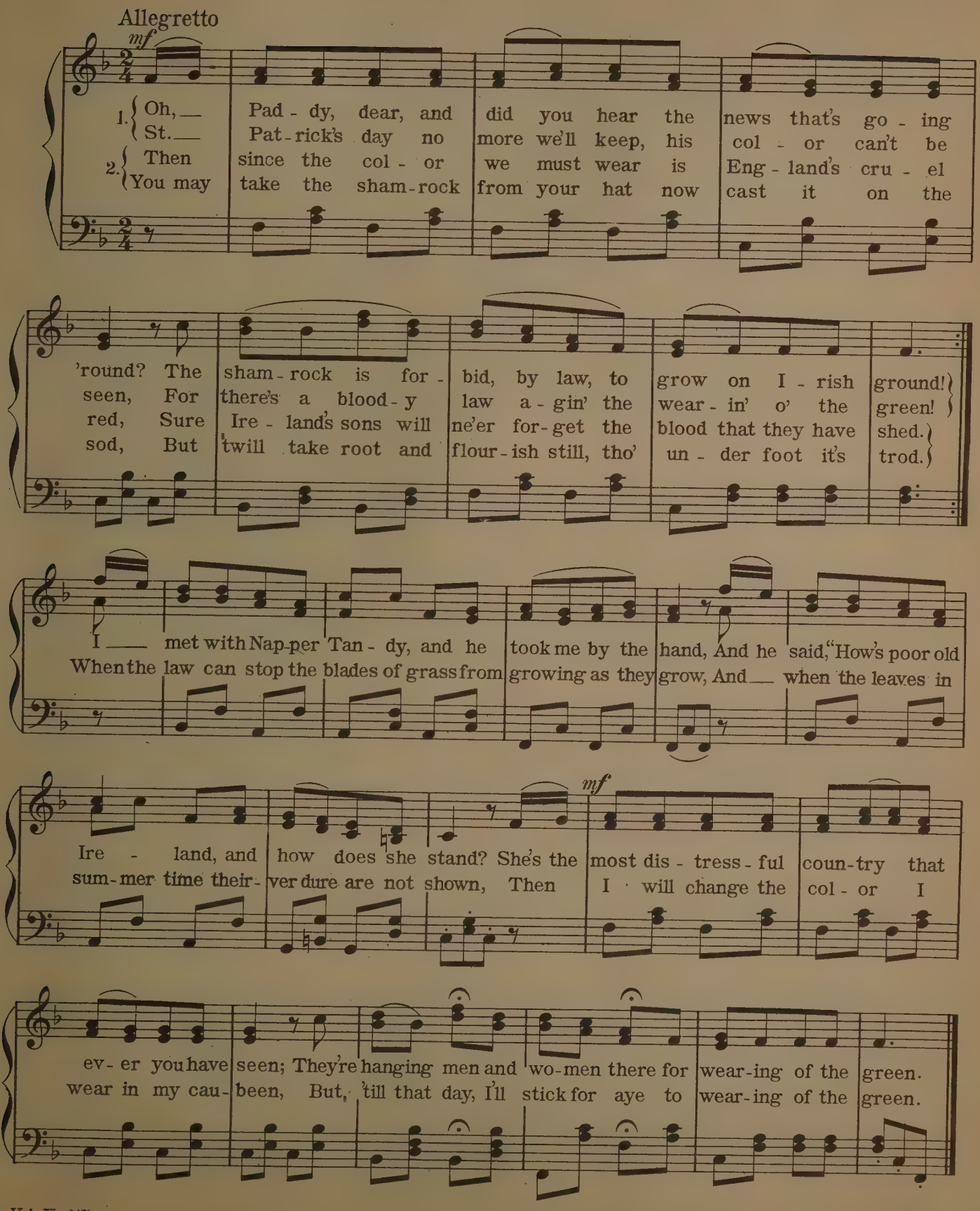
The Minstrel Boy


Moderato With spirit
p
1. The mi - strel boy to the war is gone In the
2. The mi - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not
dim.
ranks of death you'll find him, His
bring his proud soul un - - - der; The


fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
harp he lov'd ne - 'er spoke a - gain, For he
dim.
wild harp slung be - hind him.
tore it's chords a - sun - - - der. And
f
"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho'
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou
rit.
p
all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy
soul of love and bra - ve - ry! The songs were made for the
f
dim.
rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - ve - ry!

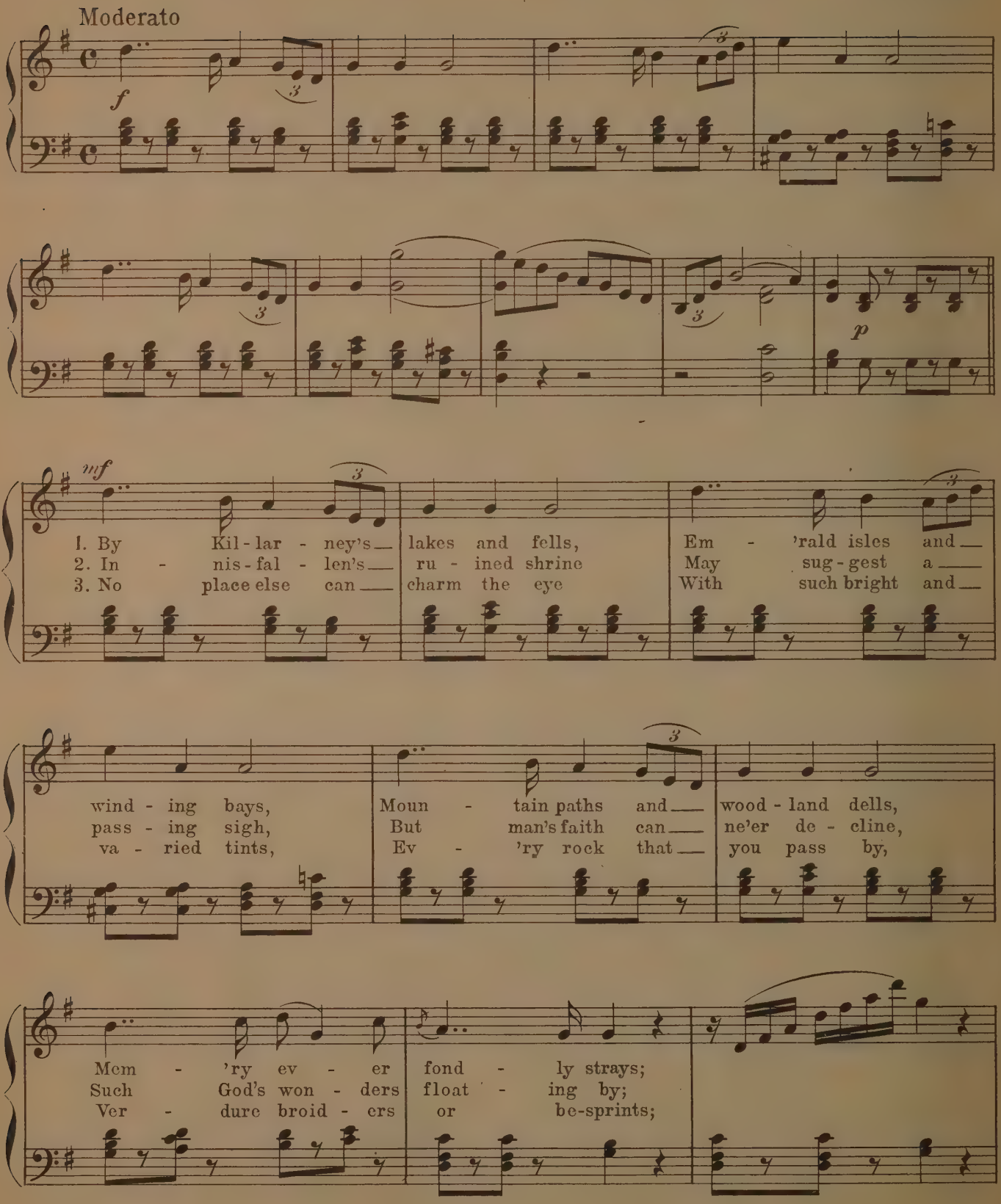
The Wearing of the Green

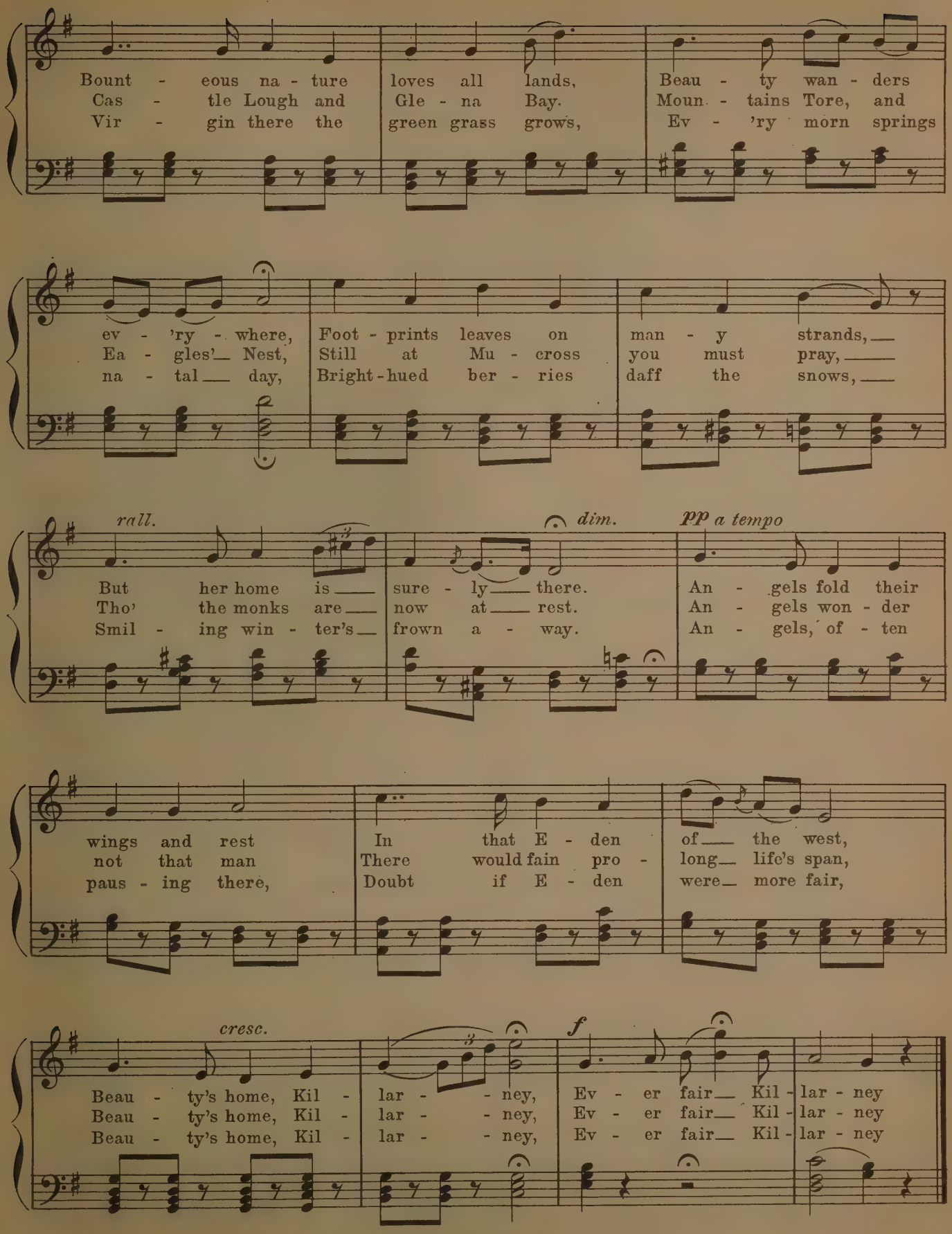
(Irish National Song)


Allegretto
mf
1. Oh, St.— Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing
Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el
You may take the sham - rock from your hat now cast it on the
'round? The sham - rock is for - bid, by law, to grow on I - rish ground!
seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green!
red, Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot it's trod.
I— met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, And he said, "How's poor old
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And— when the leaves in
mf
Ire - land, and how does she stand? She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that
sum - mer time their - ver dure are not shown, Then I will change the col - or I
ev - er you have seen; They're hanging men and wo - men there for wear - ing of the green.
wear in my cau - been, But, 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.

Killarney

M.W. Balfe

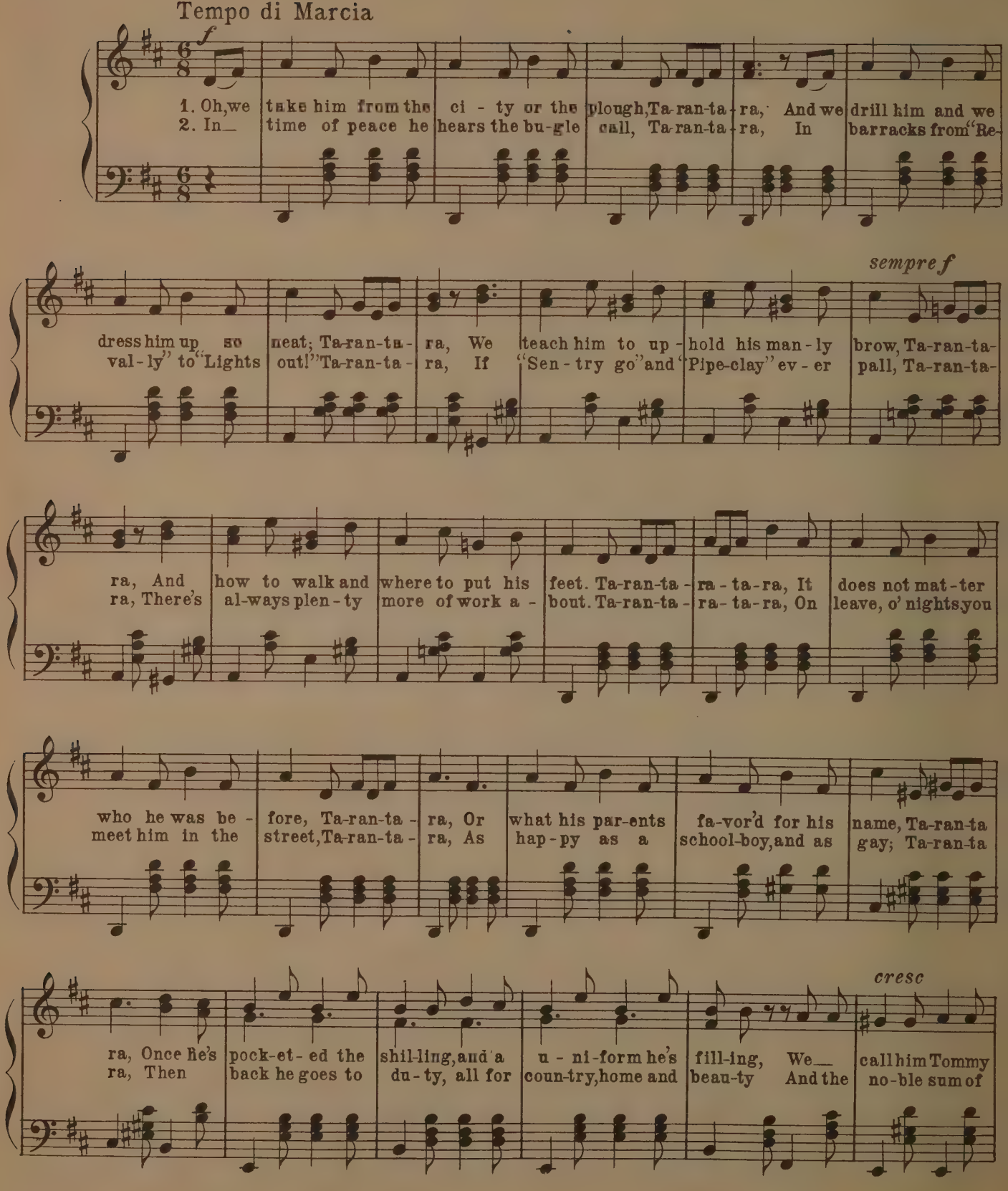

Moderato
f
p
mf
1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2. In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells,
pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,
Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;
Such God's won - ders float - ing by;
Ver - dure broid - ers or be-sprints;

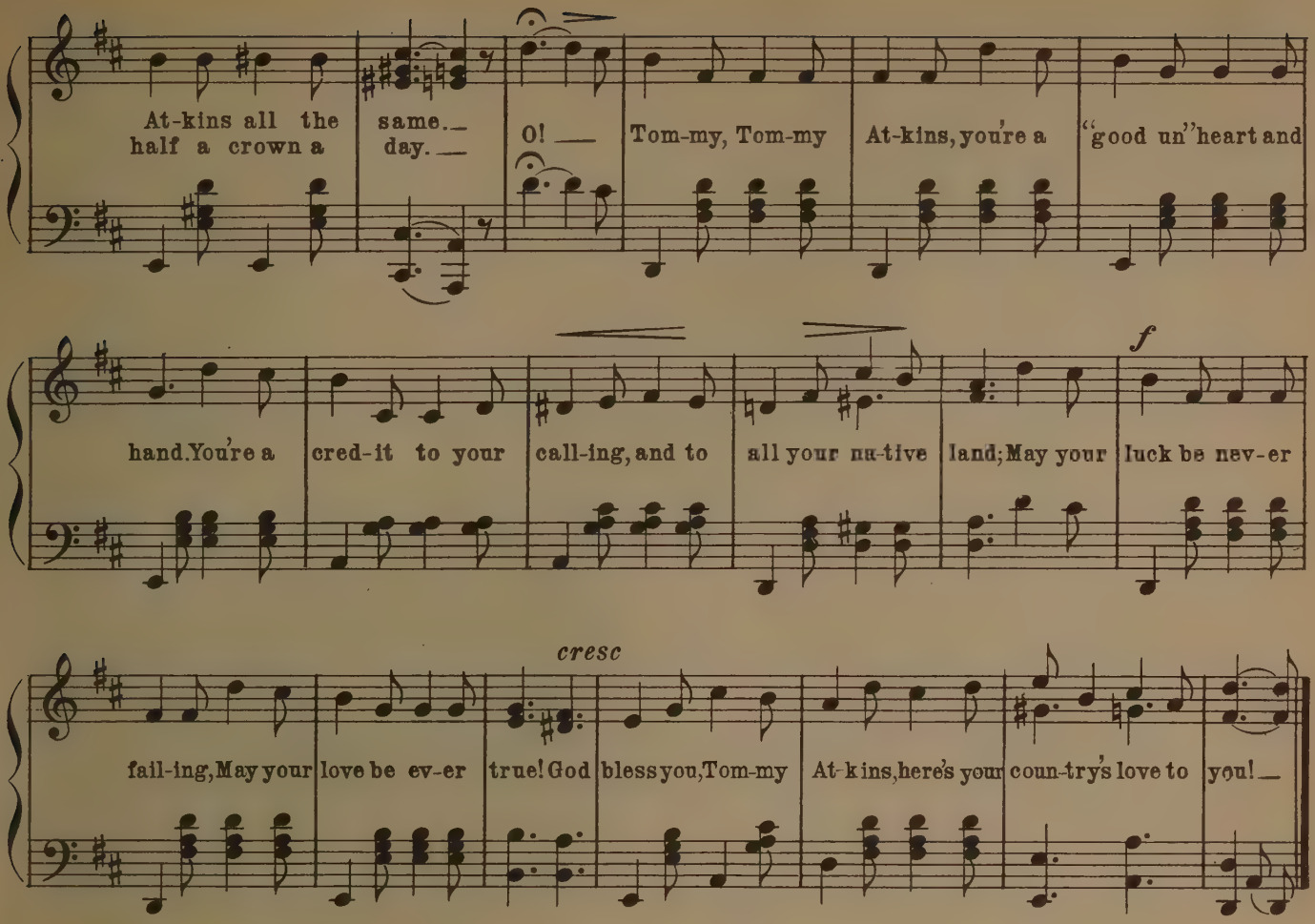

Bount - eous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay. Moun - tains Tore, and
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs
ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands,
Ea - gles'_ Nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray,
na - tal_ day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
rall.
dim.
pp a tempo
But her home is_ sure - ly_ there. An - gels fold their
Tho' the monks are_ now at_ rest. An - gels won - der
Smil - ing win - ter's_ frown a - way. An - gels, of - ten
wings and rest In that E - den of_ the west,
not that man There would fain pro - long_ life's span,
paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were_ more fair,
cresc.
f
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney

Private Tommy Atkins

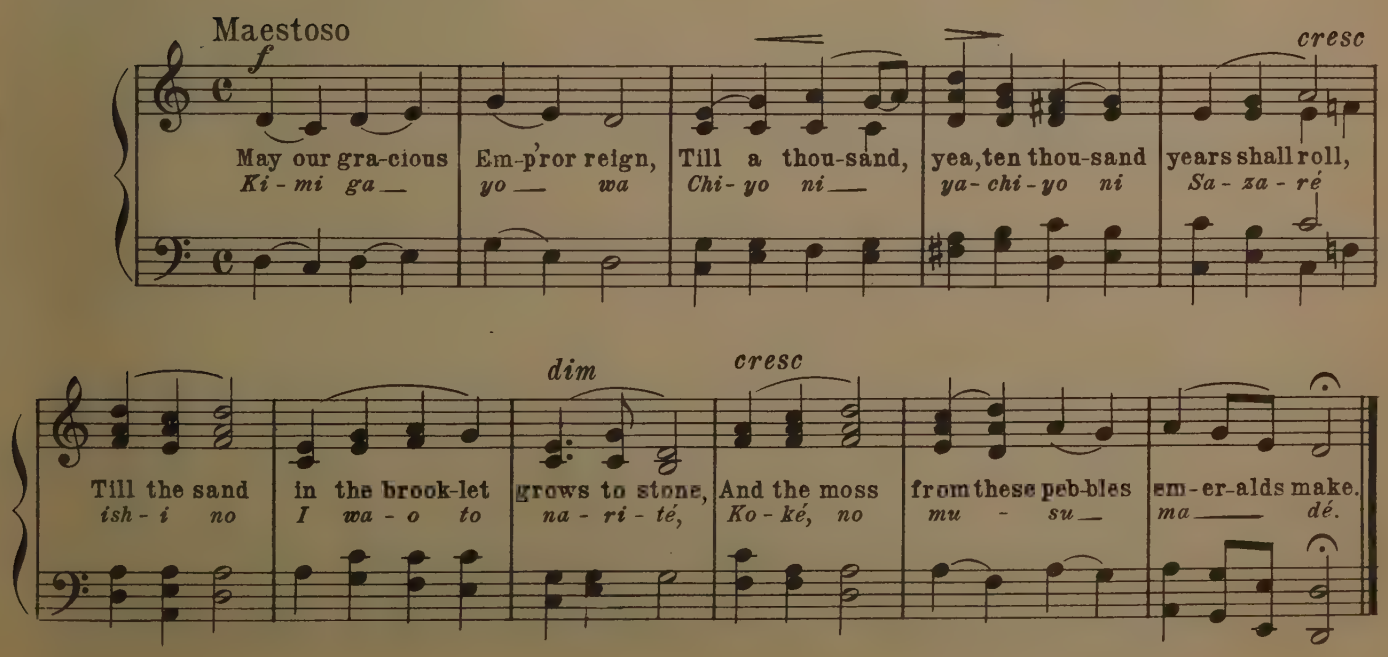
S. POTTER

Tempo di Marcia

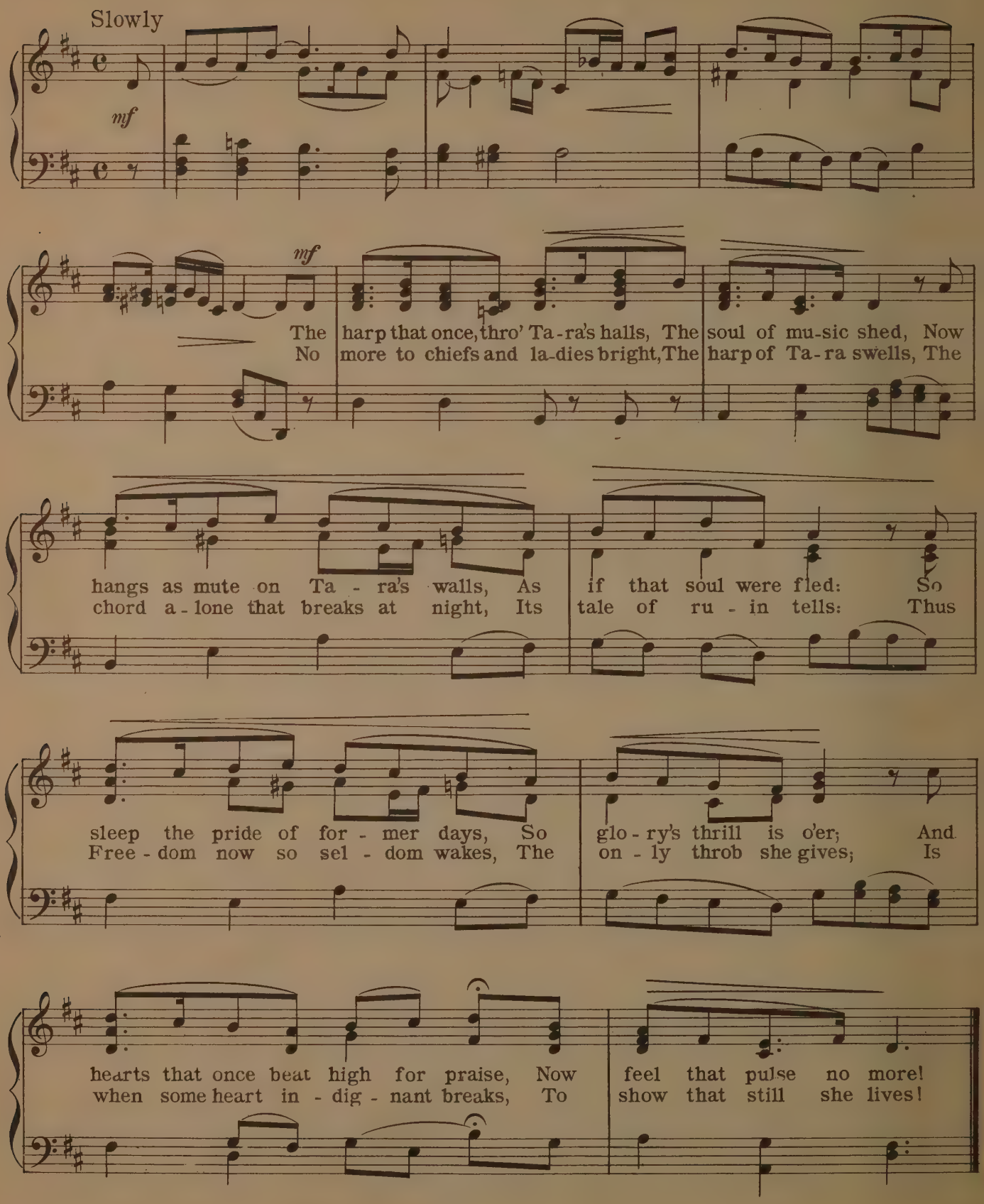

f
1. Oh, we take him from the ci - ty or the plough, Ta-ran-ta - ra, And we drill him and we
2. In_ time of peace he hears the bu-gle call, Ta-ran-ta - ra, In barracks from "Re-
sempre f
dress him up so neat; Ta-ran-ta - ra, We teach him to up - hold his man - ly brow, Ta-ran-ta-
val - ly" to "Lights out!" Ta-ran-ta - ra, If "Sen - try go" and "Pipe-clay" ev - er pall, Ta-ran-ta-
ra, And how to walk and where to put his feet. Ta-ran-ta - ra - ta - ra, It does not mat - ter
ra, There's al-ways plen - ty more of work a - bout. Ta-ran-ta - ra - ta - ra, On leave, o' nights you
who he was be - fore, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Or what his par-ents fa-vor'd for his name, Ta-ran-ta
meet him in the street, Ta-ran-ta - ra, As hap - py as a school-boy, and as gay; Ta-ran-ta
cresc
ra, Once he's pock-et - ed the shil-ling, and a u - ni-form he's fill-ing, We_ call him Tommy
ra, Then back he goes to du - ty, all for coun-try, home and beau-ty And the no-ble sum of



Japanese National Hymn



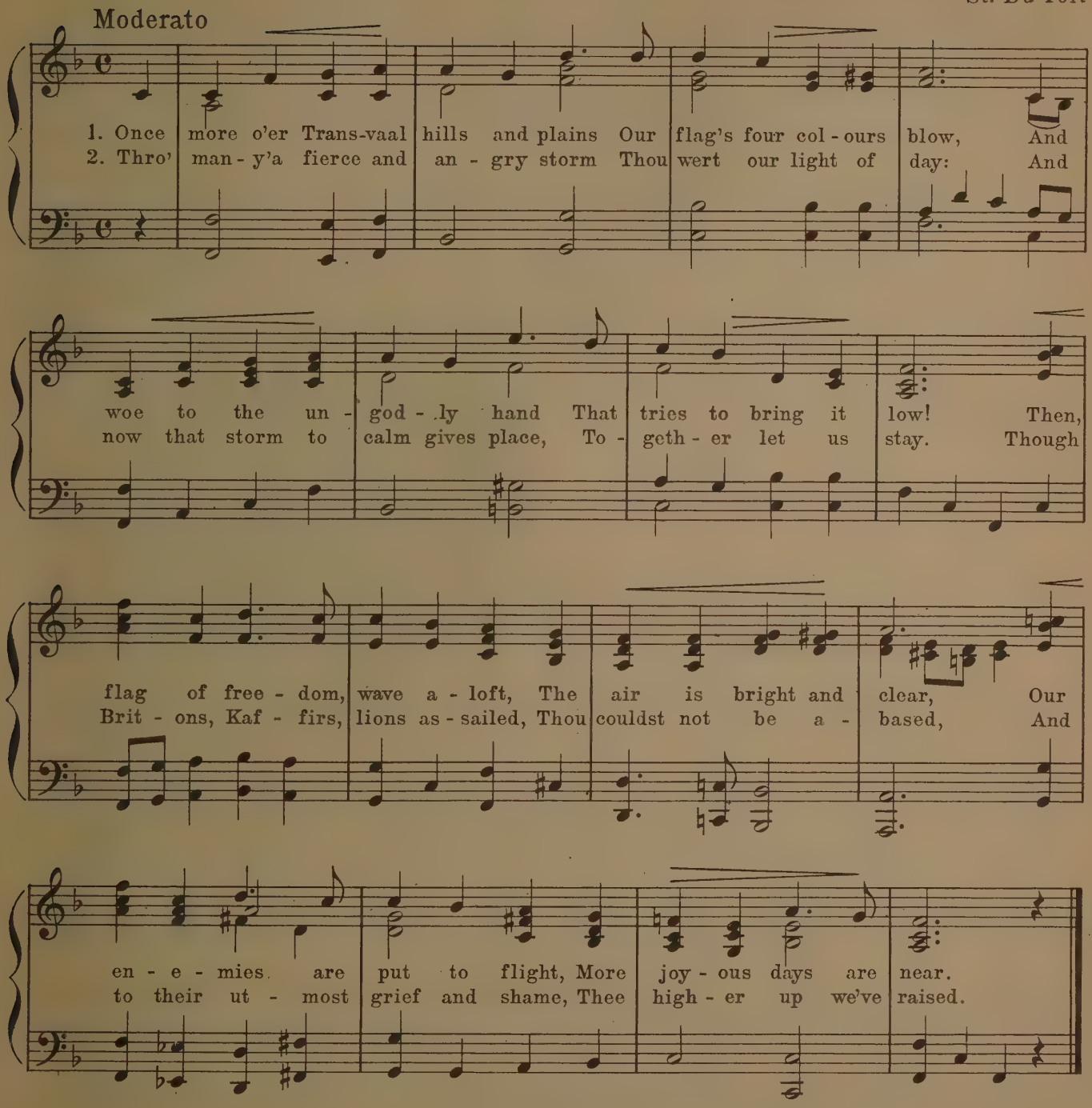
The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls


Slowly
mf
mf
The harp that once, thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now
No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells, The
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled: So
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: Thus
sleep the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives; Is
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

The Transvaal Flag

Boer Patriotic Song

St. Du Toit


Moderato
1. Once more o'er Trans-vaal hills and plains Our flag's four col - ours blow, And
2. Thro' man - y'a fierce and an - gry storm Thou wert our light of day: And
woe to the un - god - ly hand That tries to bring it low! Then,
now that storm to calm gives place, To - geth - er let us stay. Though
flag of free - dom, wave a - loft, The air is bright and clear, Our
Brit - ons, Kaf - firs, lions as - sailed, Thou couldst not be a - based, And
en - e - mies are put to flight, More joy - ous days are near.
to their ut - most grief and shame, Thee high - er up we've raised.

3. For four long years with words so fine
They talked our land away:
We wished no British, good or bad,
Alone we're bright and gay;
But as the vexing Briton stayed,
Our refuge lay in force;
Of trouble we'd had quite enough,
We had no other course.

4. And God has helped us England's yoke
From off our backs to pull;
Once more, O joy, we're bright and free,
Our flag waves beautiful.
We've shed some of our noblest blood,
But England have amazed;
And as the Lord has made us free,
So let His name be praised.

War Hymn of Garibaldi

Italian Patriotic Song

A. Olivieri

Tempo di marcia

f *mf*

To arms! To arms! The tombs they are
Al - l'ar mi! Al - l'ar mi! Si sco - pron le

riv - en, the dead are a ris - en, Our mar - tyrs have
tom - be, si le - va - noi mor - ti, i mar - ti - ri

burst from their se - pul - chre pri - son! Sword in hand and their
no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti! Le spa - de nel pu - gno, gli al -

heads wreathed with lau - rels of fame, And the fire of I - tal - ia in
lo - ri al-le chio - me, La fiam - ma il no - me dI - tal - ia sul

heart! A - way then now has - ten in bat - tle ar - ray - ing, Our
cor! Cor - ria - mo! Cor - ria - mo! Su, gio - va - ni schie - re! su al

flag to the free wind of hea - ven dis play-ing_ On the foe with the
ven - to per tut - to le no - stre ban die-re! Su tut - ti col

steel! on the foe with the fire! On the foe with the fire of I -
Fer ro, su tut - ti col fuo - co, su tut - ti col fuo - co, d'I -

tal - ia in heart. A - way from I - tal - ia! A - way from I -
ta - lia nel cor. Va fuo - ra d'I - ta - lia, Va fuo - ra ch'è

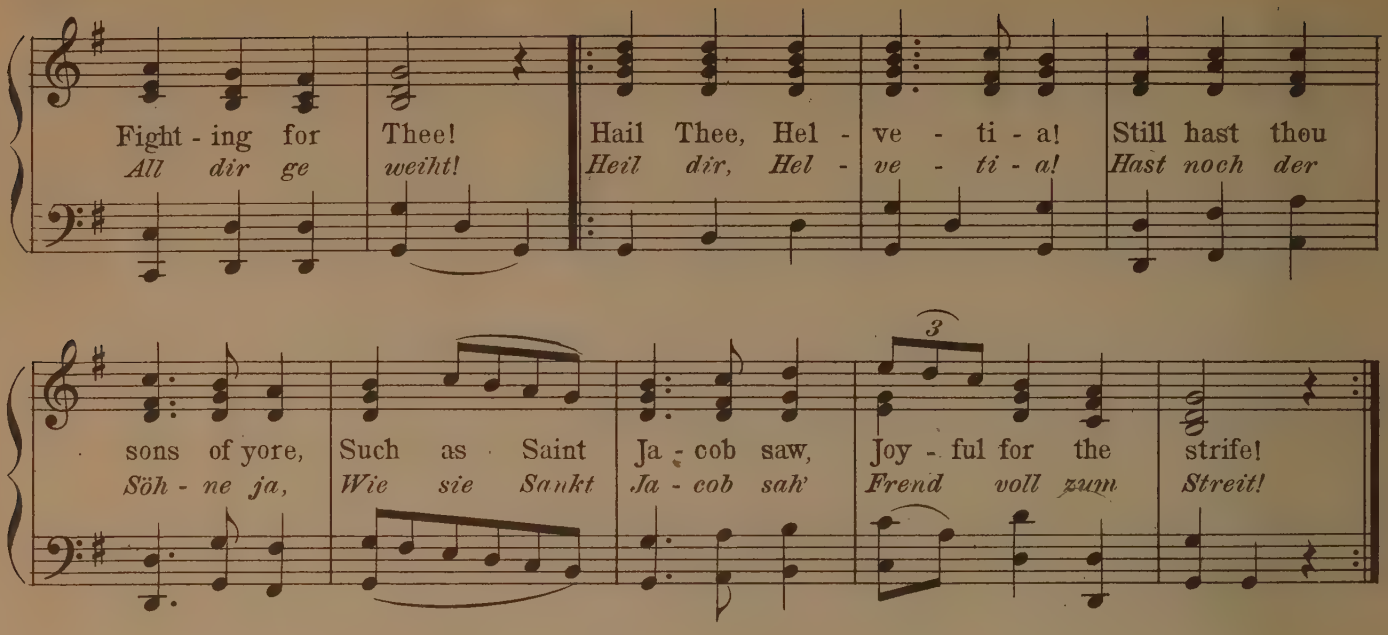
tal - ia! A - way from I - tal - ia! Now, stran - ger, a - way!
lo - ro, va fuo - ra d'I - ta - lia, d'I - ta - li - - - a!

Swiss National Hymn

Andante Vigoroso

Callst thou, my Fa - ther - land? See us with heart and hand,
Rufst du, mein Va - ter - land? Siehst uns mit Herz und Hand,

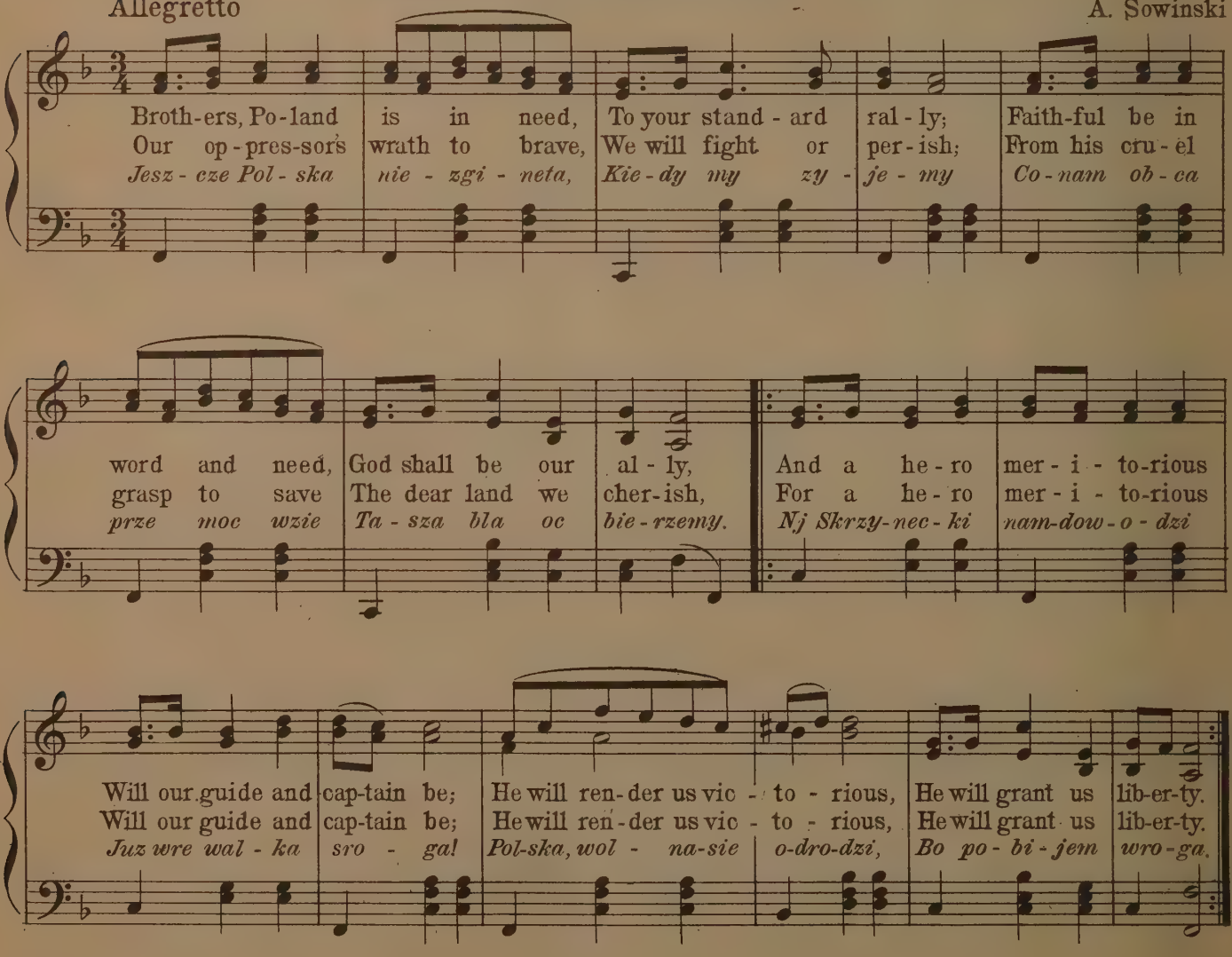
C.S.S.


Fight - ing for Thee! Hail Thee, Hel - ve - ti - a! Still hast thou
All dir ge weiht! Heil dir, Hel - ve - ti - a! Hast noch der
sons of yore, Such as Saint Ja - cob saw, Joy - ful for the strife!
Söh - ne ja, Wie sie Sankt Ja - cob sah' Frend voll zum Streit!
3

Polish National Song

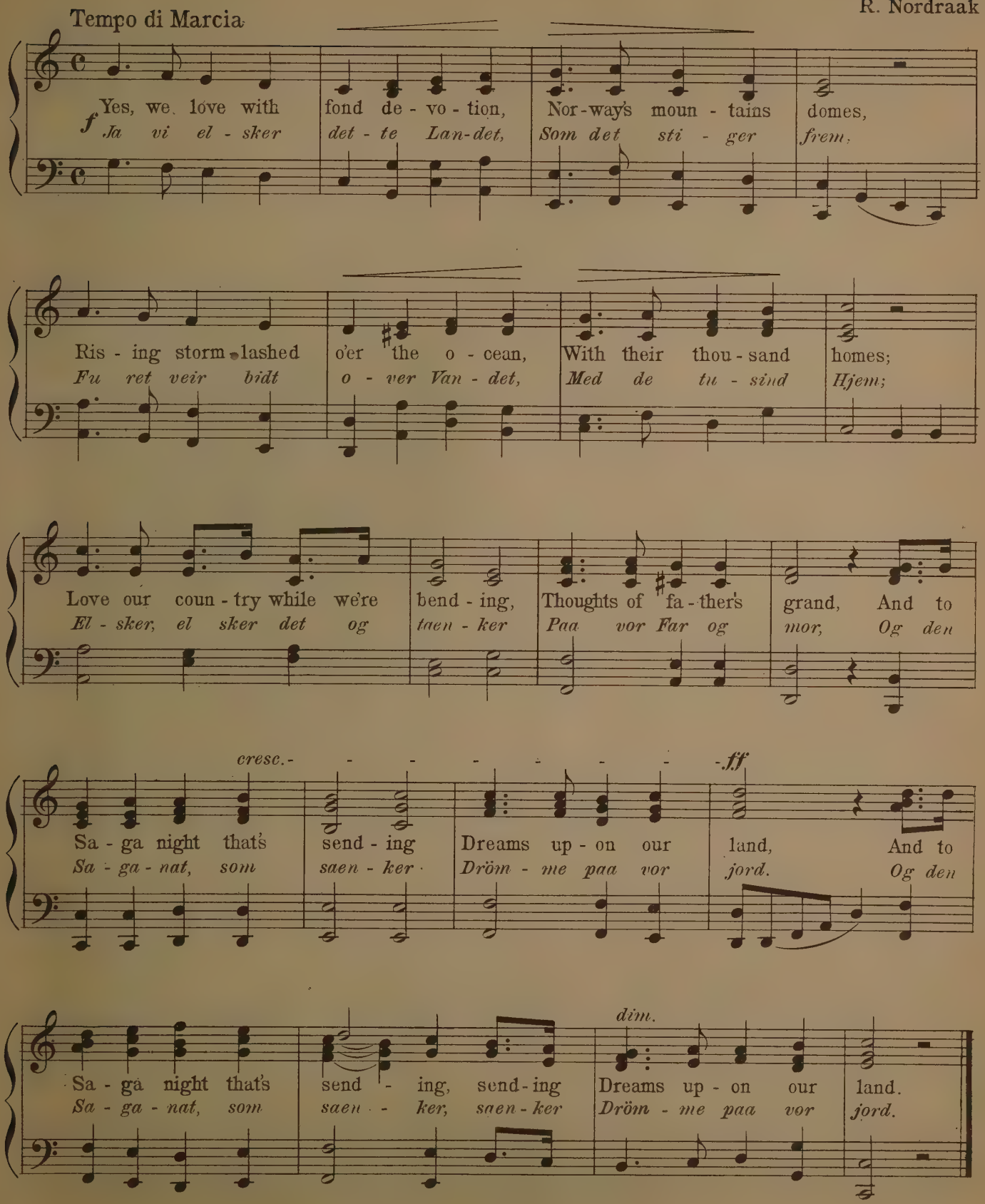
Allegretto

A. Sowinski

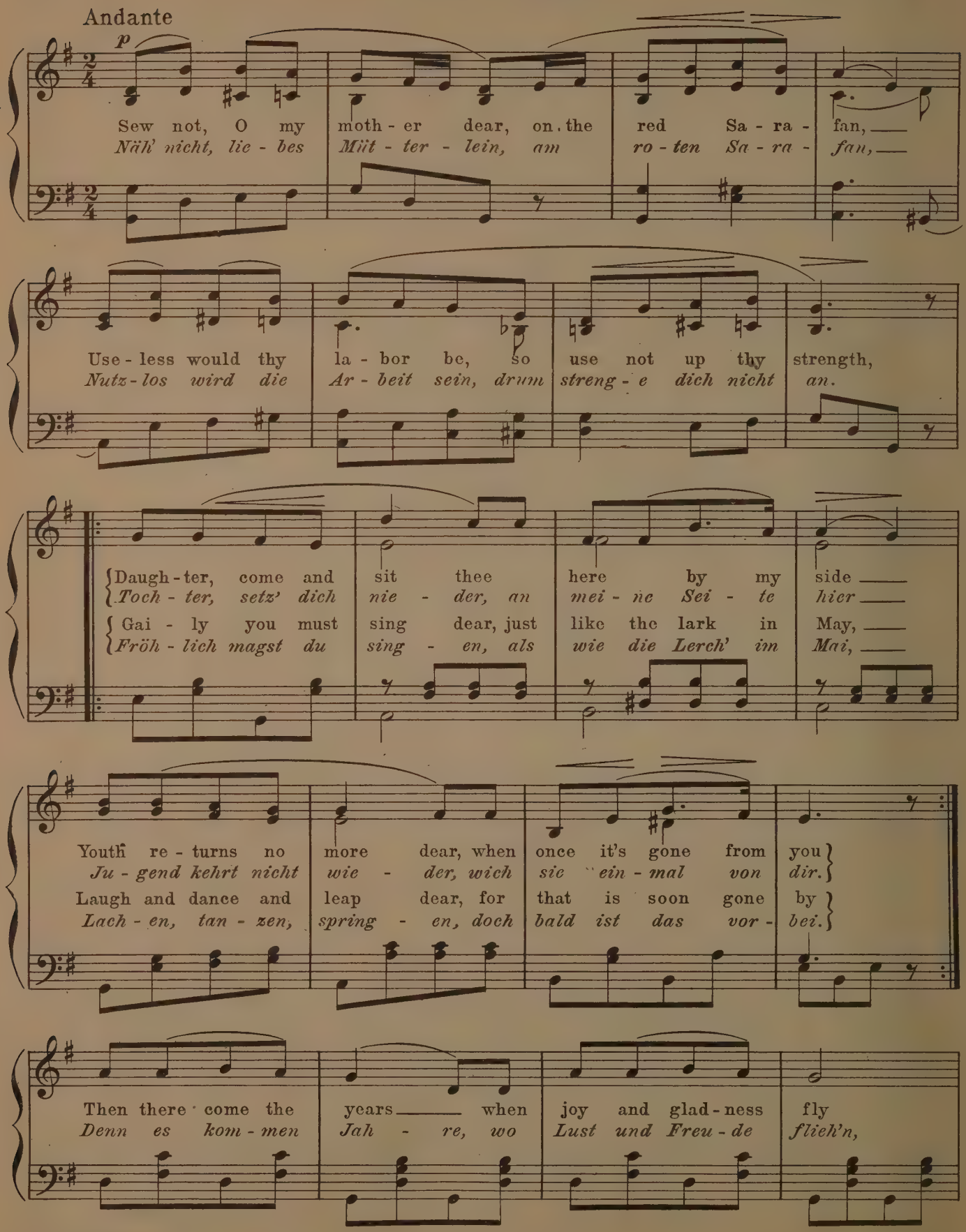

Broth-ers, Po-land is in need, To your stand - ard ral - ly; Faith-ful be in
Our op-pres-sors wrath to brave, We will fight or per - ish; From his cru - el
Jesz - cze Pol - ska nie - zgi - neta, Kie - dy my zy - je - my Co - nam ob - ca
word and need, God shall be our al - ly, And a he - ro mer - i - to-rious
grasp to save The dear land we cher-ish, For a he - ro mer - i - to-rious
prze moc wzie Ta - sza bla oc bie - rzemy. Nj Skrzy-nec - ki nam-dow - o - dzi
Will our guide and cap-tain be; He will ren-der us vic - to - rious, He will grant us lib-er-ty.
Will our guide and cap-tain be; He will ren-der us vic - to - rious, He will grant us lib-er-ty.
Juz wre wal - ka sro - ga! Pol-ska, wol - na-sie o-dro-dzi, Bo po - bi - jem wro - ga.

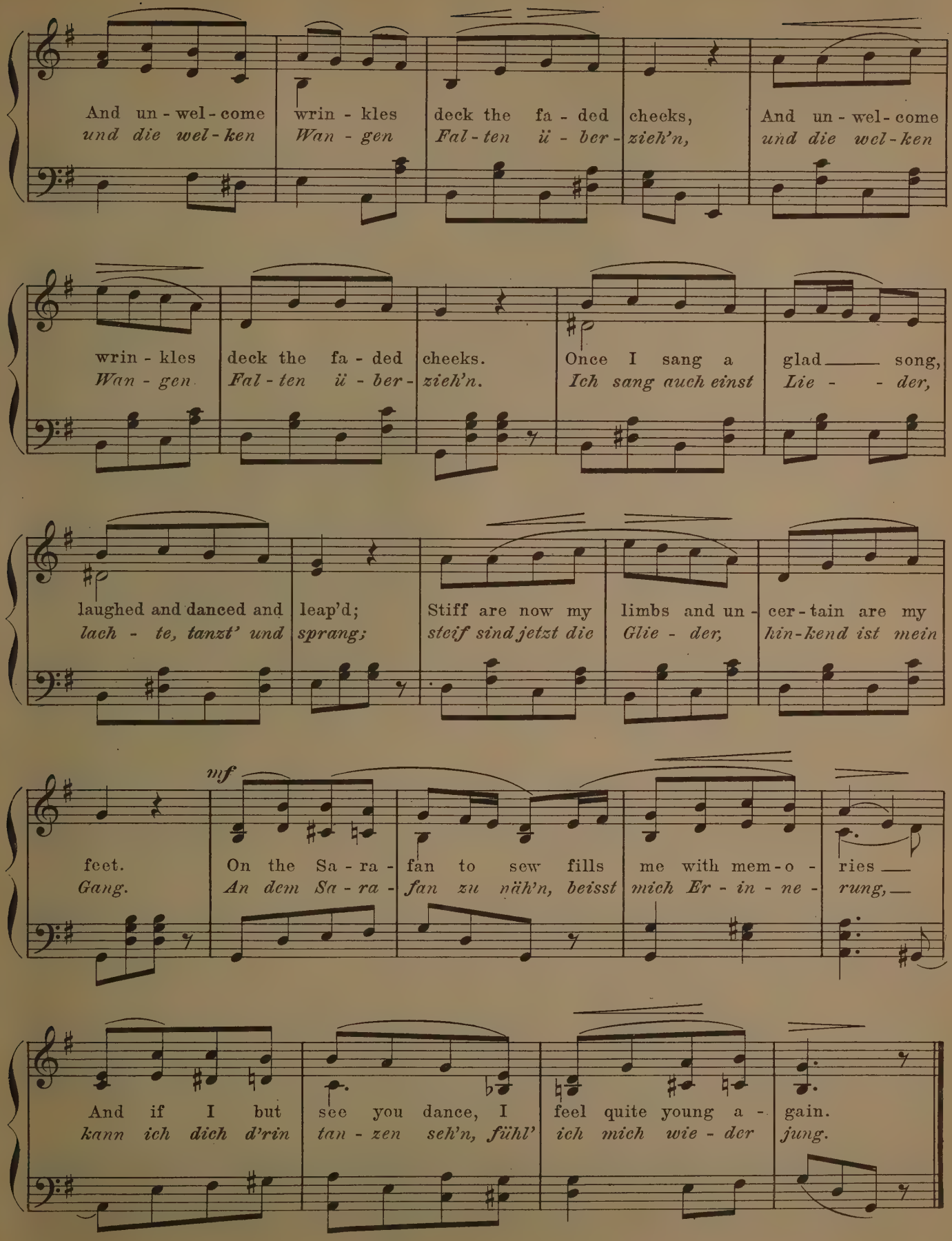
Norwegian National Hymn

R. Nordraak


Tempo di Marcia
f
Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion, Nor-way's moun - tains domes,
Ja vi el - sker det - te Lan-det, Som det sti - ger frem.
Ris - ing storm - lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou - sand homes;
Fu ret veir bidt o - ver Van - det, Med de tu - sind Hjem;
Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing, Thoughts of fa - ther's grand, And to
El - sker, el sker det og taen - ker Paa vor Far og mor, Og den
cresc.
ff
Sa - ga night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our land, And to
Sa - ga - nat, som saen - ker Drömme paa vor jord. Og den
dim.
Sa - ga night that's send - ing, send - ing Dreams up - on our land.
Sa - ga - nat, som saen - ker, saen - ker Drömme paa vor jord.

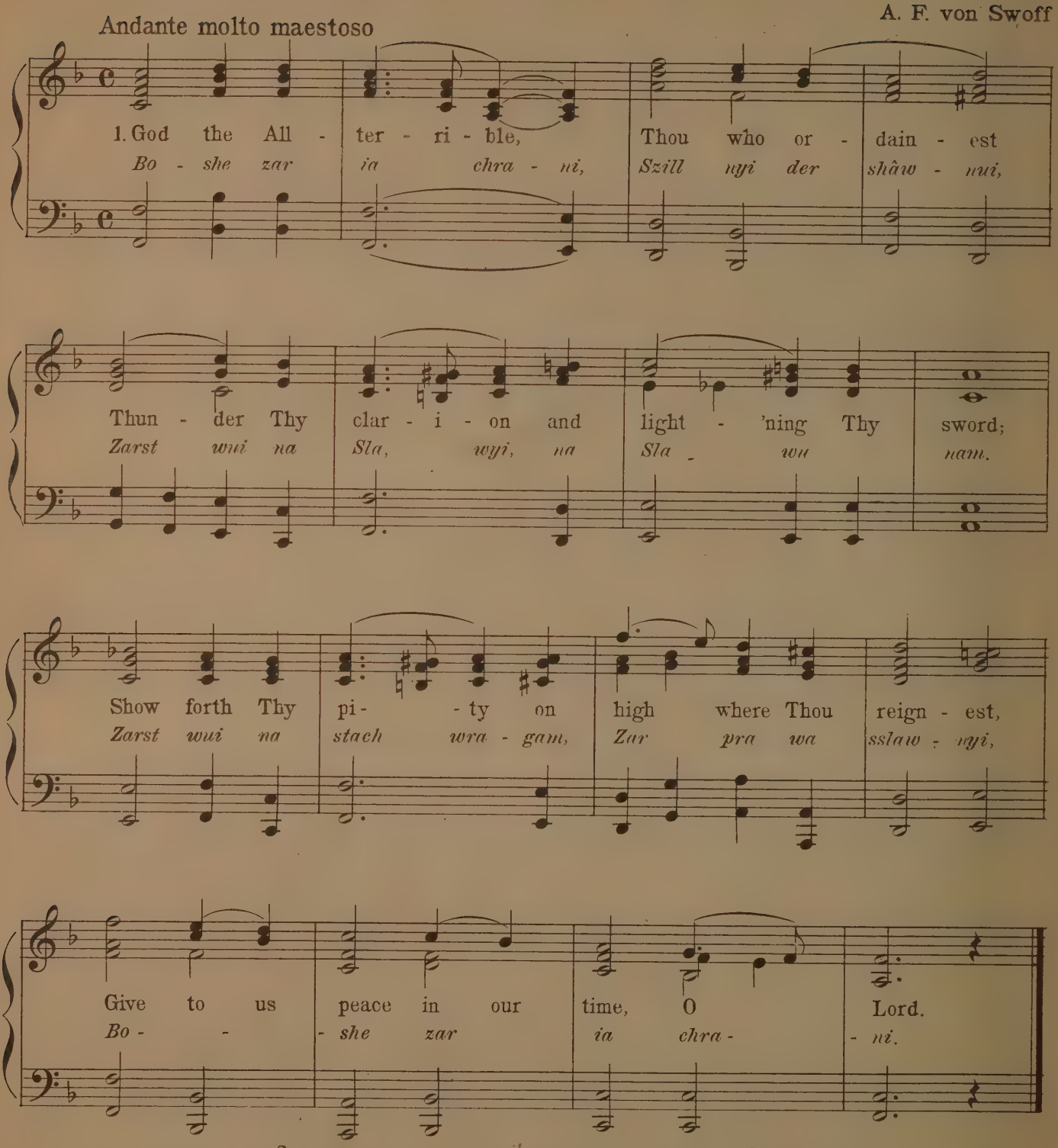
Russian National Song

The Scarlat Sarafan

Andante
p
Sew not, O my moth - er dear, on the red Sa - ra - fan,
Näh' nicht, lie - bes Müt - ter - lein, am ro - ten Sa - ra - fan,
Use - less would thy la - bor be, so use not up thy strength,
Nutz - los wird die Ar - beit sein, drum streng - e dich nicht an.
Daugh - ter, come and sit thee here by my side
Toch - ter, setz' dich nie - der, an mei - ne Sei - te hier
Gai - ly you must sing dear, just like the lark in May,
Fröh - lich magst du sing - en, als wie die Lerch' im Mai,
Youth re - turns no more dear, when once it's gone from you
Ju - gend kehrt nicht wie - der, wich sie ein - mal von dir.
Laugh and dance and leap dear, for that is soon gone by
Lach - en, tan - zen, spring - en, doch bald ist das vor - bei.
Then there come the years when joy and glad - ness fly
Denn es kom - men Jah - re, wo Lust und Freu - de flieh'n,


And un - wel - come wrin - kles deck the fa - ded cheeks, And un - wel - come
und die wel - ken Wan - gen Fal - ten ü - ber - zieh'n, und die wel - ken
wrin - kles deck the fa - ded cheeks. Once I sang a glad song,
Wan - gen Fal - ten ü - ber - zieh'n. Ich sang auch einst Lie - der,
laughed and danced and leap'd; Stiff are now my limbs and un - cer - tain are my
lach - te, tanzt' und sprang; steif sind jetzt die Glie - der, hin - kend ist mein
mf
feet. On the Sa - ra - fan to sew fills me with mem - o - ries
Gang. An dem Sa - ra - fan zu näh'n, beisst mich Er - in - ne - rung,
And if I but see you dance, I feel quite young a - gain.
kann ich dich d'rin tan - zen seh'n, fühl' ich mich wie - der jung.

Russian National Hymn

A. F. von Swoff


Andante molto maestoso
1. God the All - ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est
Bo - she zar ia chra - ni, Szill nyi der shâw - nui,
Thun - der Thy clar - i - on and light - 'ning Thy sword;
Zarst wui na Sla, wyi, na Sla - wu nam.
Show forth Thy pi- - ty on high where Thou reign - est,
Zarst wui na stach wra - gam, Zar pra wa sslaw - nyi,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Bo - - she zar ia chra - - ni.

2.

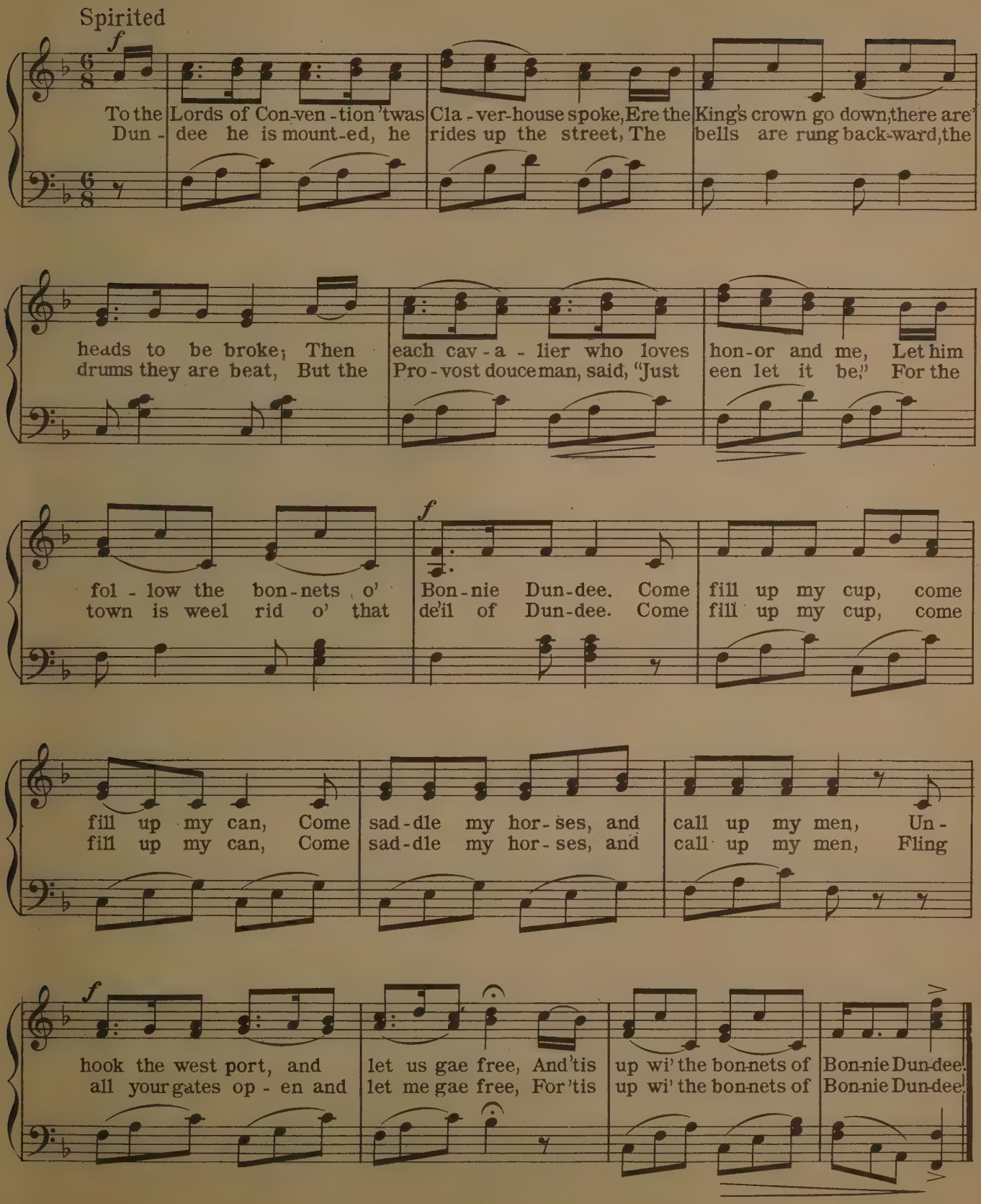
God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3.

God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

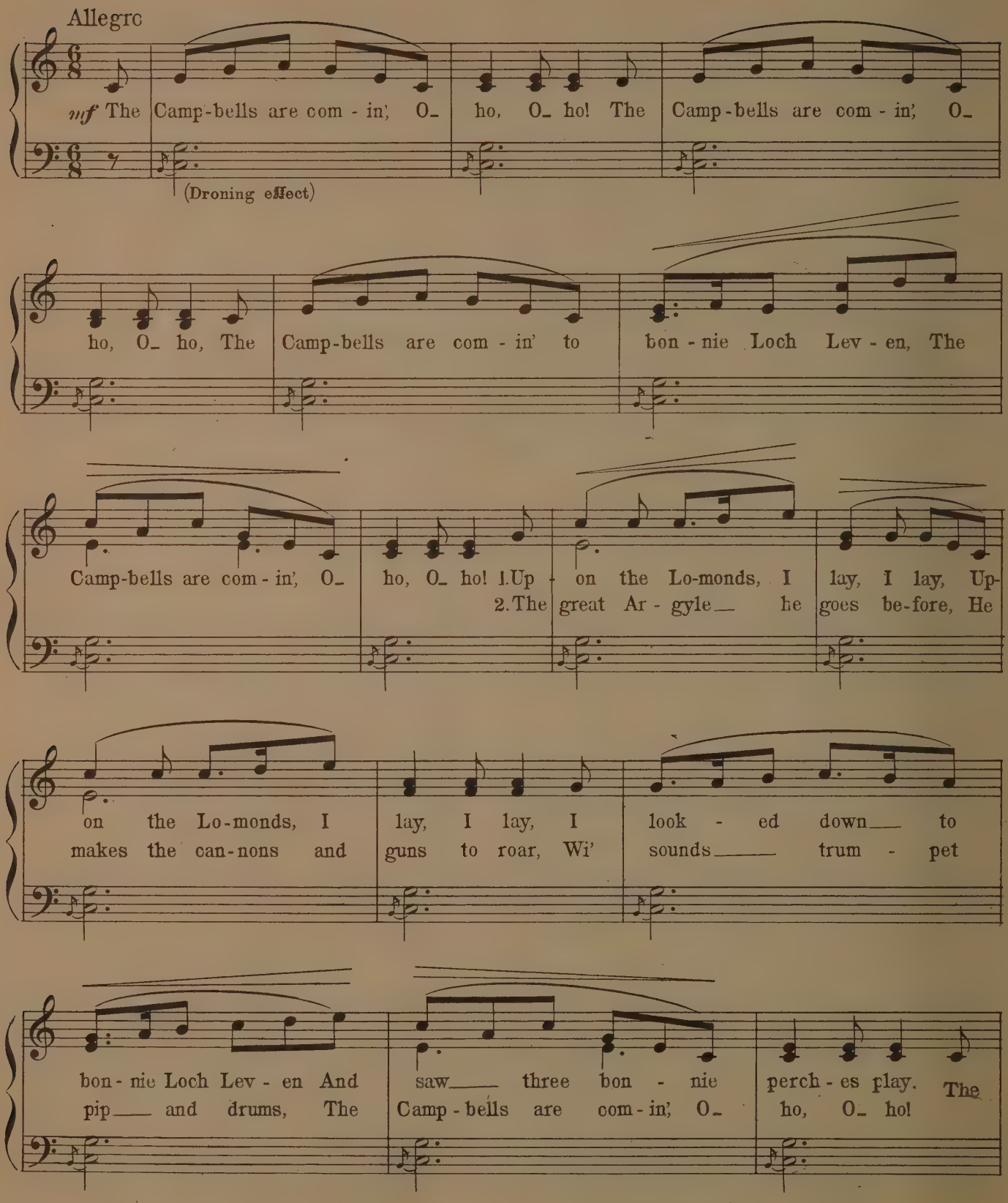
Scotch National Song

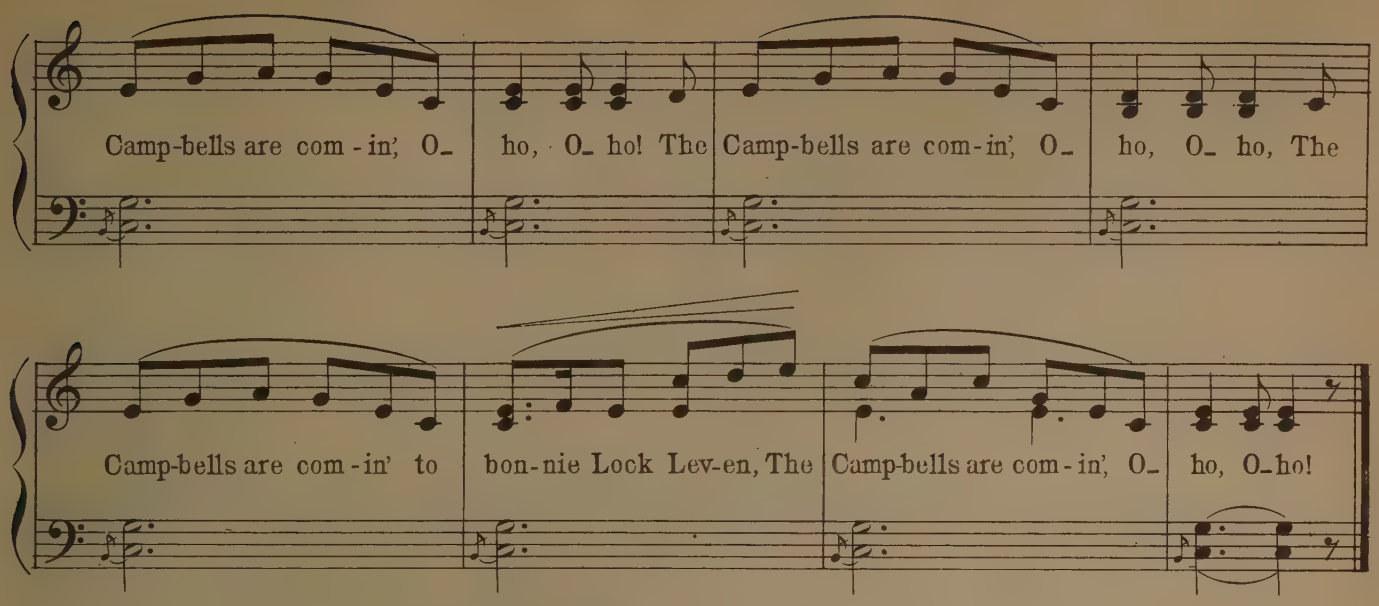
Bonnie Dundee


Spirited
f
To the Dun - dee
Lords of Con-ven - tion 'twas he is mount-ed, he
Cla - ver-house spoke, Ere the rides up the street, The
King's crown go down, there are bells are rung back-ward, the
heads to be broke; Then drums they are beat, But the
each cav - a - lier who loves Pro - vost douce man, said, "Just
hon-or and me, Let him een let it be," For the
fol - low the bon - nets o' town is weel rid o' that
f
Bon - nie Dun-dee. Come de'il of Dun-dee. Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my cup, come
fill up my can, Come fill up my can, Come
sad - dle my hor - ses, and sad - dle my hor - ses, and
call up my men, Un - call up my men, Fling
f
hook the west port, and all your gates op - en and
let us gae free, And 'tis let me gae free, For 'tis
up wi' the bon-nets of up wi' the bon-nets of
Bon-nie Dun-dee! Bon-nie Dun-dee!

The Campbells Are Coming

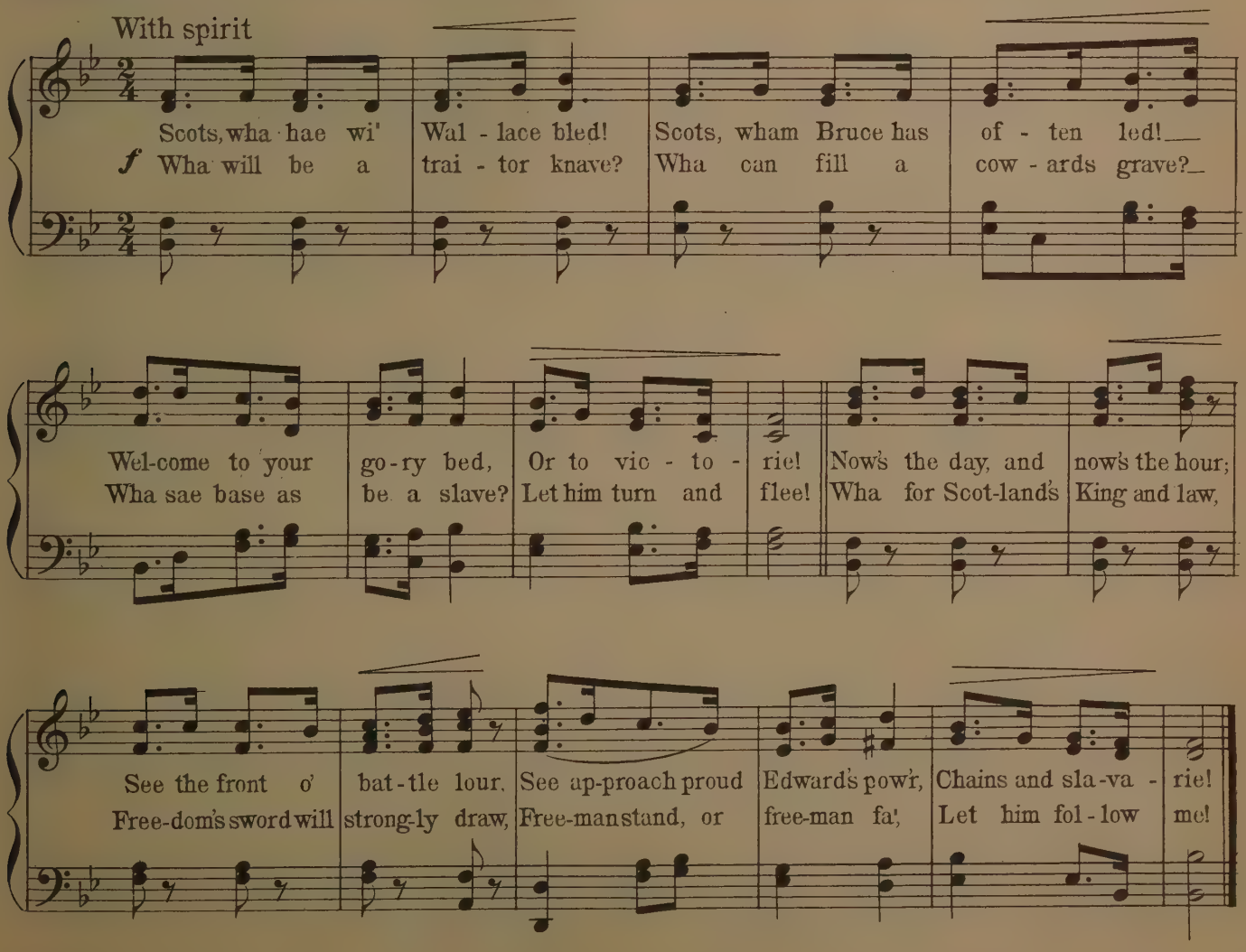
Scotch National Song


Allegro
mf The Camp-bells are com - in', O_ ho, O_ ho! The Camp-bells are com - in', O_
(Droning effect)
ho, O_ ho, The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The
Camp-bells are com - in', O_ ho, O_ ho! 1.Up - on the Lo-monds, I lay, I lay, Up-
2.The great Ar - gyle_ he goes be-fore, He
on the Lo-monds, I lay, I lay, I look - ed down_ to
makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi' sounds_ trum - pet
bon - nie Loch Lev - en And saw_ three bon - nie perch - es play. The
pip_ and drums, The Camp - bells are com - in', O_ ho, O_ ho!


Camp-bells are com-in', O- ho, O- ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O- ho, O- ho, The
Camp-bells are com-in' to bon-nie Lock Lev-en, The Camp-bells are com-in', O- ho, O-ho!

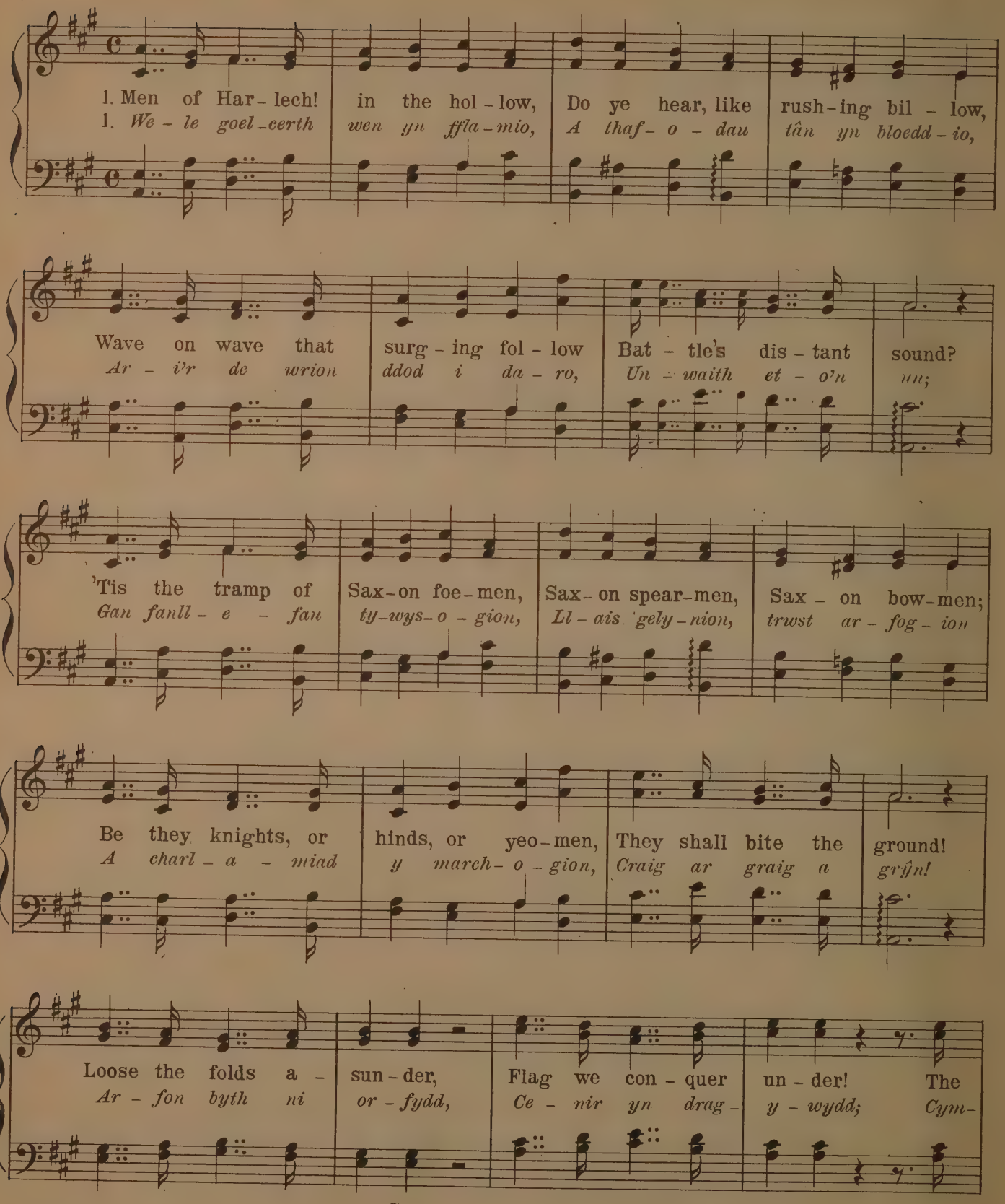
Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

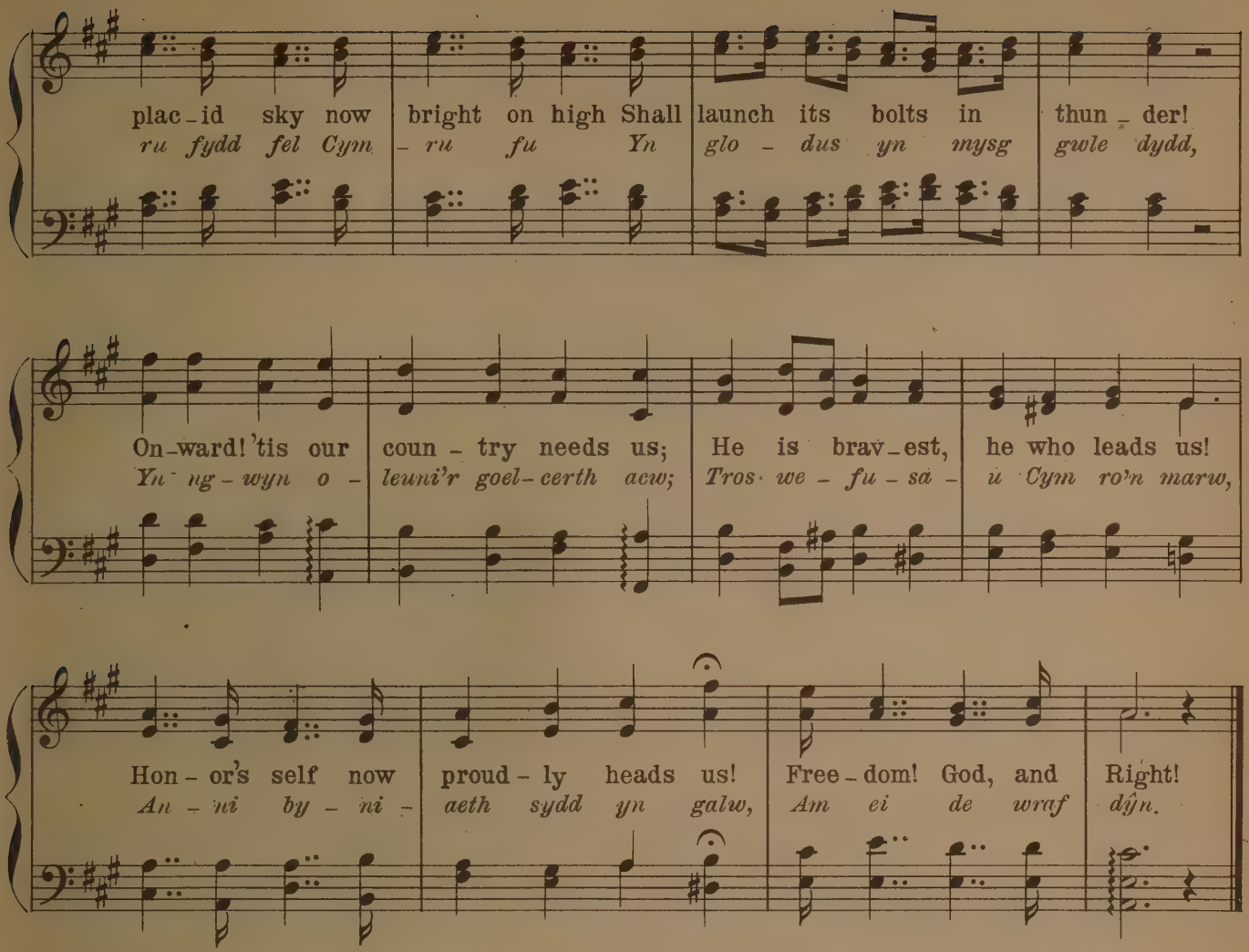
Robert Burns


With spirit
Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has of-ten led!
f Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a cow-ards grave?
Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day, and now's the hour;
Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot-land's King and law,
See the front o' bat-tle lour, See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-va-rie!
Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw, Free-man stand, or free-man fa', Let him fol-low me!

National Song Of Wales

March Of The Men Of Harlech


1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
1. We-le goel-certh wen yn ffla-mio, A thaf-o-dau tân yn bloedd-io,
Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Ar-i'r de wrion ddod i da-ro, Un-waith et-o'n un;
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men;
Gan fanll-e-fau ty-wys-o-gion, Ll-ais gely-nion, trwst ar-fog-ion
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl-a-miad y march-o-gion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
Ar-fon byth ni or-fydd, Ce-nir yn drag-y-wydd; Cym-


plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu Yn glo - dus yn mysg gwle dydd,
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r goel - certh acw; Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym ro'n marw,
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
An - ni by - ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de wraf dŷn.

2. Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow
Who would think of death or sorrow
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

2. *Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,*
Harlech! Harlech! cŵyd iw herlid;
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
Llamant fel y lli!
Llwyddianti'n lluyddon!
Rwystro bâr yr estron!
Cwybod yn ei galon gaiff,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele fâner Gwalia'i fyny
Rhyddid aiff a hi?